

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

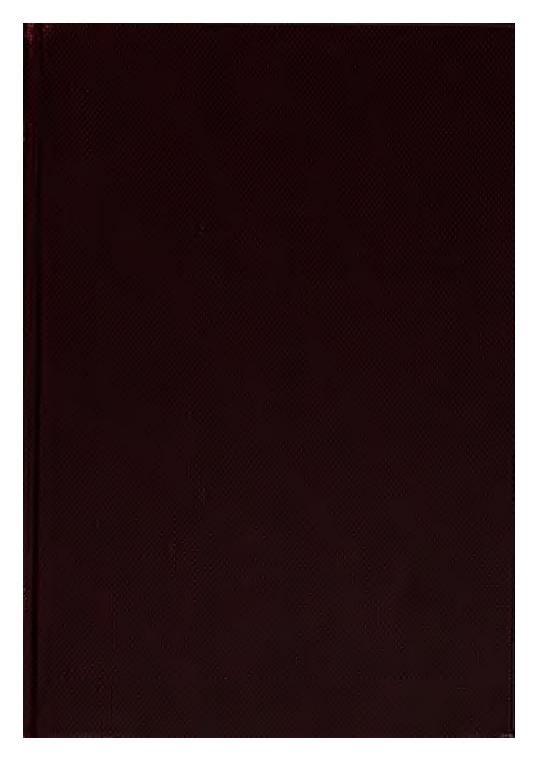
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + Refrain from automated querying Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at http://books.google.com/

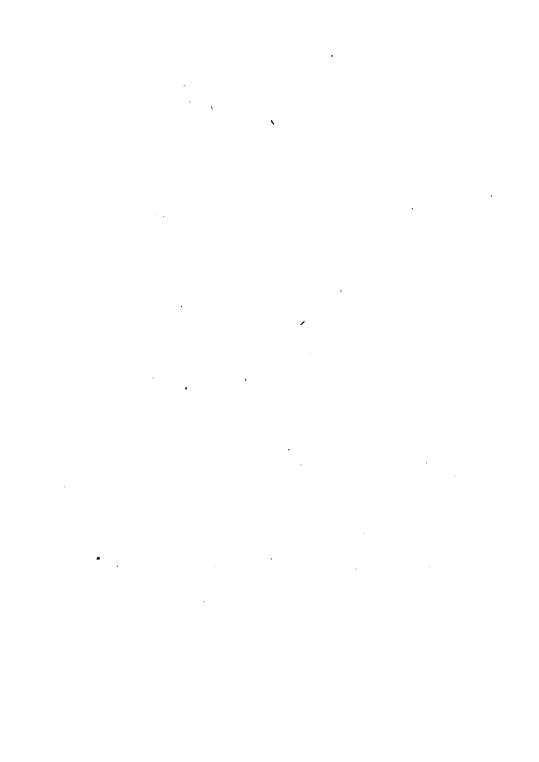




Barvard College Library

FROM

Prof E. W. Gurney





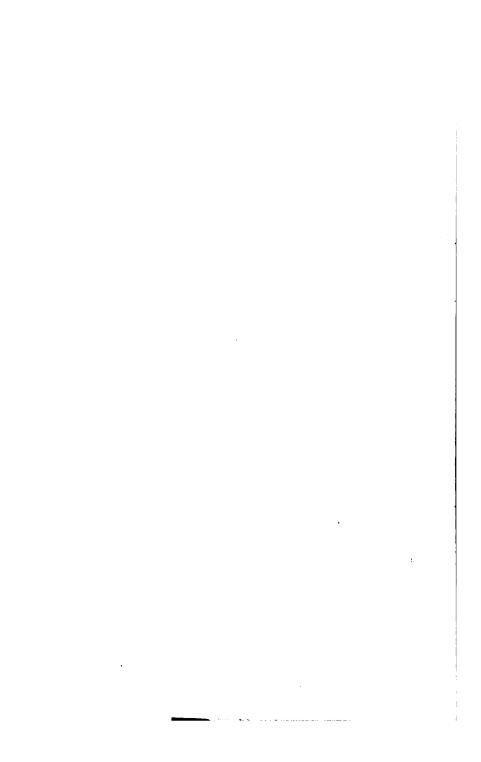
Barvard College Library

FRON

Prof E W. Gurney

,





A SHABBY GENTEEL STORY

ANT

OTHER TALES.

BY

WILLIAM M. THACKERAY.

NEW YORK:
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY,
90, 92 & 94 GRAND STREET.
1869.

22477.36.25

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY FROM THE ESTATE OF PROFESSOR E. W. GURNEY MAY 8, 1899.

31.14

· CONTENTS.

			PAGE.	
A SHABBY GENTERL STORY,				9
THE PROFFESSOR,				158
THE BEDFORD-ROW CONSPIRACY, .				177
A LITTLE DINNER AT TIMMINS'S.				243

. -

A SHABBY GENTEEL STORY.

CHAPTER I.

At that remarkable period when Louis XVIII. was restored a second time to the throne of his fathers, and all the English who had money or leisure rushed over to the Continent, there lived in a certain boarding-house at Brussels a genteel young widow, who bore the elegant name of Mrs. Wellesley Macarty.

In the same house and room with the widow lived her mamma, a lady who was called Mrs. Crabb. Both professed to be rather fashionable people. The Crabbs were of a very old English stock; and the Macartys were, as the world knows, county Cork people, related to the Sheenys, Finnigans, Clancys, and other distinguished families in their part of Ireland. But Ensign Wellesley Mac, not having a shilling, ran off with Miss Crabb, who possessed the same independence; and after having been married about six months to the lady, was carried off suddenly, on the 18th of June, 1815, by a disease very prevalent in those glorious times—the fatal cannon-shot morbus. He, and many hundred young fellows of his regiment, the Clonakilty Fencibles,

were attacked by this epidemic on the same day, at a place about ten miles from Brussels, and there perished. The ensign's lady had accompanied her husband to the Continent, and about five months after his death brought into the world two remarkably fine female children.

Mrs. Wellesley's mother had been reconciled to her daughter by this time,—for, in truth, Mrs. Crabb had no other child but her runaway Juliana, to whom she flew when she heard of her destitute condition. And, indeed, it was high time that some one should come to the young widow's aid; for as her husband did not leave money, nor any thing that represented money, except a number of tailors' and boot-makers' bills, neatly docketed in his writing-desk, Mrs. Wellesley was in danger of starvation, should no friendly person assist her.

Mrs. Crabb, then, came off to her daughter, whom the Sheenys, Finnigans, and Clancys, refused, with one scornful voice, to assist. The fact is, that Mr. Crabb had once been butler to a lord, and his lady a lady's maid; and at Crabb's death, Mrs. Crabb disposed of the Ram hotel and posting-house, where her husband had made three thousand pounds, and was living in genteel ease in a country town, when Ensign Macarty came, saw, and run away with Juliana. Of such a connexion, it was impossible that the great Clancys and Finnigans could take notice; and so once more widow Crabb was compelled to share with her daughter her small income of a hundred and twenty a-year.

Upon this, at a boarding-house in Brussels, the two managed to live pretty smartly, and to maintain an honourable reputation. The twins were put out, after the foreign fashion, to nurse, at a village in the neighbourhood; for Mrs. Macarty had been too ill to nurse them; and Mrs. Crabb could not afford to purchase that most expensive article, a private wet-nurse.

There had been numberless tiffs and quarrels between mother and daughter when the latter was in her maiden state; and Mrs. Crabb was, to tell the truth, in nowise sorry when her Jooly disappeared with the ensign,—for the old lady dearly loved a gentleman, and was not a little flattered at being the mother to Mrs. Ensign Macarty. Why the ensign should have run away with his lady at all, as he might have had her for the asking, is no business of ours; nor are we going to rake up old stories and village scandals which insinuate that Miss Crabb ran away with him, for with these points the writer and the reader have nothing to do.

Well, then, the reconciled mother and daughter lived once more together, at Brussels. In the course of a year, Mrs. Macarty's sorrow had much abated; and having a great natural love of dress, and a tolerably handsome face and person, she was induced, without much reluctance, to throw her weeds aside, and to appear in the most becoming and varied costumes which her means and ingenuity could furnish. Considering, indeed, the smallness of the former, it was agreed on all hands that Mrs. Crabb and her daughter deserved wonderful credit,-that is, they managed to keep up as respectable an appearance as if they had five hundred 4-year; and at church, at tea-parties, and abroad in the streets, to be what is called quite the gentlewomen. they starved at home, nobody saw it; if they patched and pieced, nobody (it was to be hoped) knew it; if they bragged about their relations and property, could any one say them nay? Thus they lived, hanging on with desperate energy to the skirts of genteel society; Mrs. Crabb, a sharp woman, rather respected her daughter's superior rank; and Mrs. Macarty did not quarrel so much as heretofore with her mamma, on whom herself and her two children were entirely dependent.

While affairs were at this juncture, it happened that a young Englishman, James Gann, Esq., of the great oil-house of Gann, Blubbery and Gann (as he took care to tell you before you had been an hour in his company),—it happened, I say, that James Gann, Esq., came to Brussels for a month, for the purpose of perfecting himself in the French language; and while in that capital went to lodge at the very boarding-house which contained Mrs. Crabb and her daughter. was young, weak, inflammable; he saw and adored Mrs. Wellesley Macarty; and she, who was at this period all but engaged to a stout, old, wooden-legged Scotch regimental surgeon, pitilessly sent Dr. M'Lint about his business, and accepted the addresses of Mr. Gann. How the young man arranged matters with his papa, the senior partner, I don't know; but it is certain that there was a quarrel, and afterwards a reconciliation; and it is also known that James Gann fought a duel with the surgeon,—receiving the Æsculapian fire, and discharging his own bullet into the azure skies. About nine thousand times, in the course of his after-years, did Mr. Gann narrate the history of the combat; it enabled him to go through life with the reputation of a man of courage, and won for him, as he said with pride, the hand of his Juliana: perhaps this was rather a questionable benefit.

One part of the tale, however, honest James never did dare to tell, except when peculiarly excited by wrath or liquor; it was this: that on the day after the wedding, and in the presence of many friends who had come to offer their congratulations, a stout nurse, bearing a brace of chubby little ones, made her appearance; and these rosy urchins, springing forward at the sight of Mr. James Gann, shouted, affectionately, "Maman! Maman!" at which the lady, blushing rosy red, said, "James, these two are yours;" and poor James well nigh fainted at this sudden paternity so put upon him. "Children!" screamed he, aghast; "whose children?" at which Mrs. Crabb, majestically checking him said, "These, my dear James, are the daughters of the gallant and good Ensign Macarty, whose widow you yesterday led to the altar. May you be happy with her, and may these blessed children (tears) find in you a father, who shall replace him that fell in the field of glory !"

Mrs. Crabb, Mrs. James Gann, Mrs. Major Lolly, Mrs. Piffler, and several ladies present, set up a sob immediately; and James Gann, a good-humoured, soft-hearted man, was quite taken aback. Kissing his lady hurriedly, he vowed that he would take care of the poor little things; and proposed to kiss them likewise; which caress the darlings refused with many roars. Gann's fate was sealed from that minute; and he was properly henpecked by his wife and mother-in-law during the life of the latter. Indeed, it was to Mrs. Crabb that the stratagem of the infant concealment was

due; for when her daughter innocently proposed to have or to see the children, the old lady strongly pointed out the folly of such an arrangement, which might, perhaps, frighten away Mr. Gann from the delightful matrimonial trap into which (lucky rogue!) he was about to fall.

Soon after the marriage, the happy pair returned to England, occupying the house in Thames Street, city, until the death of Gann, senior; when his son, becoming head of the firm of Gann and Blubbery, quitted the dismal precincts of Billingsgate and colonised in the neighbourhood of Putney; where a neat box, a couple of spare bed-rooms, a good cellar, and a smart gig to drive into and out from town, made a real gentleman of him. Mrs. Gann treated him with much scorn, to be sure, called him a sot, and abused hugely the male companions that he brought down with him to Putney. Honest James would listen meekly, would yield, and would bring down a brace more friends the next day, with whom he would discuss his accustomed number of bottles of port. About this period, a daughter was born to him, called Caroline Brandenburg Gann; so named after a large yellow mansion near Hammersmith, and an injured queen who lived there at the time of the little girl's birth, and who was greatly compassioned and patronised by Mrs. James Gann, and other ladies of distinction. Mrs. James was a lady in those days, and gave evening parties of the very first order.

At this period of time, Mrs. James Gann sent the twins, Rosalind Clancy and Isabella Finnigan Wellesley Macarty, to a boarding-school for young ladies, and grumbled much at the amount of the half-year's bill

which her husband was called upon to pay for them; for though James discharged them with perfect good humour, his lady began to entertain a mean opinion indeed of her pretty young children. They could expect no fortune, she said, from Mr. Gann, and she wondered that he should think of bringing them up expensively, when he had a darling child of his own, for whom he was bound to save all the money that he could lay by.

Grandmamma, too, doted on the little Caroline Brandenburgh, and vowed that she would leave her three thousand pounds to this dear infant; for in this way does the world show its respect for that most respectable thing prosperity. Who in this life get the smiles, and the acts of friendship, and the pleasing legacies?—The rich. And I do, for my part, heartily wish that some one would leave me a trifle—say twenty thousand pounds—being perfectly confident that some one else would leave me more; and that I should sink into my grave worth a plum at least.

Little Caroline then had her maid, her airy nursery, her little carriage to drive in, the promise of her grand-mamma's consols, and that priceless treasure—her mamma's undivided affection. Gann, too, loved her sincerely, in his careless, good-humoured way; but he determined, notwithstanding, that his step-daughters should have something handsome at his death, but—but for a great Bur.

Gann and Blubbery were in the oil line,—have we not said so? Their profits arose from contracts for lighting a great number of streets in London; and about this period Gas came into use. Gann and Blubbery appeared in the Gazette; and, I am sorry to say,

so bad had been the management of Blubbery,—so great the extravagance of both partners and their ladies,—that they only paid their creditors fourteen pence halfpenny in the pound.

When Mrs. Crabb heard of this dreadful accident— Mrs. Crabb, who dined thrice a-week with her son-inlaw: who never would have been allowed to enter the house at all had not honest James interposed his good nature between her quarrelsome daughter and herself-Mrs. Crabb, I say, proclaimed James Gann to be a swindler, a villain, a disreputable, tipsy, vulgar man, and made over her money to the Misses Rosalind Clancy and Isabella Sheeny Macarty; leaving poor little Caroline without one single maravedi. Half of 1500 pounds allotted to each was to be paid at marriage, the other half on the death of Mrs. James Gann, who was to enjoy the interest thereof. Thus do we rise and fall in this world—thus does Fortune shake her swift wings, and bid us abruptly to resign the gifts (or rather loans) which we have had from her.

How Gann and his family lived after their stroke of misfortune, I know not; but as the failing tradesman is going through the process of bankruptcy, and for some months afterwards, it may be remarked, that he has usually some mysterious means of subsistence—stray spars of the wreck of his property, on which he manages to seize, and to float for a while. During his retirement, in an obscure lodging in Lambeth, where the poor fellow was so tormented by his wife as to be compelled to fly to the public-house for refuge, Mrs. Crabb died; a hundred a-year thus came into the possession of Mrs. Gann; and some of James's friends, who

thought him a good fellow in his prosperity, came forward, and furnished a house, in which they placed him, and came to see and comfort him. Then they came to see him not quite so often; then they found out that Mrs. Gann was a sad tyrant, and a silly woman; then the ladies declared her to be insupportable, and Gann to be a low, tipsy fellow: and the gentlemen could but shake their heads, and admit that the charge was true. Then they left off coming to see him altogether; for such is the way of the world, where many of us have good impulses, and are generous on an occasion, but are wearied by perpetual want, and begin to grow angry at its importunities—being very properly vexed at the daily recurrence of hunger, and the impudent unreasonableness of starvation. Gann, then, had a genteel wife and children, a furnished house, and a hundred pounds a-year. How should he live? The wife of James Gann, Esq., would never allow him to demean himself by taking a clerk's place; and James himself, being as idle a fellow as ever was known, was fain to acquiesce in this determination of hers, and to wait for some more genteel employment. And a curious list of such genteel employments might be made out, were one inclined to follow this interesting subject far; shabby compromises with the world, into which poor fellows enter, and still fondly talk of their "position," and strive to imagine that they are really working for their bread.

Numberless lodging-houses are kept by the females of families who have met with reverses: are not "boarding-houses, with a select musical society, in the neighbourhood of the squares," maintained by such?

Do not the gentlemen of the boarding-houses issue forth every morning to the city, or make-believe to go thither, on some mysterious business which they have? After a certain period, Mrs. James Gann kept a lodging-house (in her own words, received "two inmates into her family"), and Mr. Gann had his mysterious business.

In the year 1835, when this story begins, there stood in a certain back street in the town of Margate a house, on the door of which might be read in gleaming brass the name of Mr. Gann. It was the work of a single smutty servant-maid to clean this brass plate every morning, and to attend as far as possible to the wants of Mr. Gann, his family, and lodgers; and his house being not very far from the sea, and as you might, by climbing up to the roof, get a sight between two chimneys of that multitudinous element, Mrs. Gann set down her lodgings as fashionable; and declared on her cards that her house commanded "a fine view of the sea."

On the wire window-blind of the parlour was written, in large characters, the word Office; and here it was that Gann's services came into play. He was very much changed, poor fellow! and humbled; and from two cards that hung outside the blind, I am led to believe that he did not disdain to be agent to the "London and Jamaica Ginger-Beer Company," and also for a certain preparation called "Gaster's Infants' Farinacio, or Mothers' Invigorating Substitute,"—a damp, black, mouldy, half-pound packet of which stood in permanence at one end of the "office" mantelpiece; while a fly-blown ginger-beer bottle occupied the other extremi

ty. Nothing else indicated that this ground-floor chamber was an office, except a huge black inkstand, in which stood a stumpy pen, richly crusted with ink at the nib, and to all appearance for many months enjoying a sinecure.

To this room you saw every day, at two o clock, the employé from the neighbouring hotel bring two quarts of beer; and if you called at that hour, a tremendous smoke, and smell of dinner, would gush out upon you from the "office," as you stumbled over sundry battered tin dish-covers, which lay gaping at the threshold. Thus had that great bulwark of gentility, the dining at six o'clock, been broken in; and the reader must therefore judge that the house of Gann was in a demoralised state.

Gann certainly was. After the ladies had retired to the back parlour (which, with yellow gauze round the frames, window-curtains, a red silk cabinet piano, and an album, was still tolerably genteel), Gann remained, to transact business in the office. This took place in the presence of friends, and usually consisted in the production of a bottle of gin from the corner-cupboard, or, mayhap, a litre of brandy, which was given by Gann with a knowing wink, and a fat finger placed on a twinkling red nose: when Mrs. G. was out, James would also produce a number of pipes, that gave this room a constant and agreeable odour of shag-tobacco.

In fact, Mr. Gann had nothing to do from morning till night. He was now a fat, bald-headed man, of fifty; a dirty dandy on week-days, with a shawl waist-coat, a tuft of hair to his great double chin, a snuffy shirt-frill, and enormous breast-pin and seals: he had a

pilot-coat, with large mother-of-pearl buttons, and always wore a great rattling telescope, with which he might be seen for hours on the sea-shore or the pier. examining the ships, the bathing machines, the ladies' schools as they paraded up and down the Esplanade, and all other objects which the telescopic view might give him. He knew every person connected with every one of the Deal and Dover coaches, and was sure to be witness to the arrival or departure of several of them in the course of the day; he had a word for the hostler about "that grey mare," a nod for the "shooter" or guard, and a bow for the dragsman; he could send parcels for nothing up to town; had twice had Sir Runible Tumble (the noble driver of the Flash-o'-lightninglight-four-inside-post-coach) "up at his place," and took care to tell you that some of the party were pretty considerably "sewn up," too. He did not frequent the large hotels; but in revenge he knew every person who entered or left them; and was a great man at the Bag of Nails and the Magpie and Punchbowl, where he was president of a club; he took the bass in "Mynheer Van Dunk." "the Wolf." and many other morsels of concerted song, and used to go backwards and forwards to London in the steamers as often as ever he liked, and have his "grub," too, on board. Such was James Gann. Many people, when they wrote to him, addressed him James Gann, Esq.

His reverses and former splendours afforded a neverfailing theme of conversation to honest Gann and the whole of his family; and it may be remarked, that such pecuniary misfortunes, as they are called, are by no means misfortunes to people of certain dispositions, but actual pieces of good luck. Gann, for instance, used to drink liberally of port and claret, when the house of Gann and Blubbery was in existence, and was henceforth compelled to imbibe only brandy and gin. Now he loved these a thousand times more than the wine: and had the advantage of talking about the latter, and of his great merit in giving them up. In those prosperous days, too, being a gentleman, he could not frequent the public-house as he did at present; and the sanded tavern-parlour was Gann's supreme enjoyment. He was obliged to spend many hours daily in a dark unsavoury room in an alley off Thames Street; and Gann hated books and business, except of other people's. His tastes were low; he loved public-house jokes and company; and now being fallen, was voted at the Bag of Nails and the Magpie before-mentioned a tip-top fellow and real gentleman, whereas he had been considered an ordinary vulgar man by his fashionable associates at Putney. Many men are there who are made to fall, and to profit by the tumble.

As for Mrs. G., or Jooly as she was indifferently called by her husband, she, too, had gained by her losses. She bragged of her former acquaintances in the most extraordinary way, and to hear her you would fancy that she was known and connected to half the peerage. Her chief occupation was taking medicine, and mending and altering of her gowns. She had a huge taste for cheap finery, loved raffics, tea-parties, and walks on the pier, where she flaunted herself and daughters as gay as butterflies. She stood upon her rank, did not fail to tell her lodgers that she was "a gentlewoman," and was mighty sharp with Becky the maid, and poor Carry, her youngest child.

For the tide of affection had turned now, and the "Misses Wellesley Macarty" were the darlings of their mother's heart, as Caroline had been in the early days of Putney prosperity. Mrs. Gann respected and loved her elder daughters, the stately heiresses of fifteen hundred pounds, and scorned poor Caroline, who was likewise scorned (like Cinderella in the sweetest of all stories) by her brace of haughty, thoughtless sisters. These young women were tall, well-grown, blackbrowed girls, little scrupulous, fond of fun, and having great health and spirits. Caroline was pale and thin, and had fair hair and meek grey eyes; nobody thought her a beauty in her moping cotton gown; whereas the sisters, in flaunting printed muslins, with pink scarfs, and artificial flowers, and brass ferronières and other fallals, were voted very charming and genteel by the Ganns' circle of friends. They had pink cheeks, white shoulders, and many glossy curls stuck about their shining foreheads, as damp and as black as leeches. Such charms, madam, cannot fail of having their effect: and it was very lucky for Caroline that she did not possess them, for she might have been rendered as vain, frivolous, and vulgar, as these young ladies were.

While these enjoyed their pleasures and tea-parties abroad, it was Carry's usual fate to remain at home, and help the servant in the many duties which were required n Mrs. Gann's establishment. She dressed that lady and her sisters, brought her papa his tea in bed, kept the lodgers' bells, bore their scoldings, if they were ladies, and sometimes gave a hand in the kitchen if any extra pie-crust or cookery was required. At two she made a little toilet for dinner, and was employed on

numberless household darnings and mending in the long evenings, while her sisters giggled over the jingling piano, mamma sprawled on the sofa, and Gann was over his glass at the club. A weary lot, in sooth, was yours, poor little Caroline! since the days of your infancy, not one hour of sunshine, no friendship, no cheery play-fellows, no mother's love; but that being dead, the affections which would have crept round it, withered and died too. Only James Gann, of all the household, had a good-natured look for her, and a coarse word of kindness; nor, indeed, did Caroline complain, nor shed many tears, nor call for death, as she would if she had been brought up in genteeler circles. The poor thing did not know her own situation; her misery was dumb and patient; it is such as thousands and thousands of women in our society bear, and pine, and die of; made up of sums of small tyrannies, and long indifference, and bitter wearisome injustice, more dreadful to bear than any tortures that we of the stronger sex are pleased to cry A?! A?! about. In our intercourse with the world (which is conducted with that kind of cordiality that we see in Sir Harry and my lady in a comedy—a couple of painted, grinning fools, talking parts that they have learned out of a book); as we sit and look at the smiling actors, we get a glimpse behind the scenes, from time to time, and alas for the wretched nature that appears there !-- among women especially, who deceive even more than men, having more to hide, feeling more, living more than we who have our business, pleasure, ambition, which carries us abroad. Ours are the great strokes of misfortune, as they are called, and theirs the small miseries. While the male thinks, labours, and battles without, the domestic woes and wrongs are the lot of the women; and the little ills are to bad, so infinitely fiercer and bitterer than the great, that I would not change my condition—no, not to be Helen, Queen Elizabeth, Mrs. Coutts, or the luckiest she m history.

Well, then, in the manner we have described lived the Gann family. Mr. Gann all the better for his "misfortunes," Mrs. Gann little the worse; the two young ladies greatly improved by the circumstance, having been cast thereby into a society where their expected two thousand pounds made great heiresses of them; and poor Caroline, as luckless a being as any that the wide sun shone upon. Better to be alone in the world and utterly friendless, than to have sham friends and no sympathy; ties of kindred which bind one as it were to the corpse of relationship, and oblige one to bear through life the weight and the embraces of this lifeless, cold connexion.

I do not mean to say that Caroline would ever have made use of this metaphor, or suspected that her connexion with her mamma and sisters was any thing so loathsome. She only felt that she was ill-treated, and had no companion; but was not on that account envious, only humble and depressed, not desiring so much to resist as to bear injustice, and hardly venturing to think for herself. This tyranny and humility served her in place of education, and formed her manners, which were wonderfully gentle and calm. It was strange to see such a person growing up in such a family; the neighbours spoke of her with much scornful compassion. "A poor half-witted thing," they said,

"who could not say be to a goose;" and I think it is one good test of gentility to be thus looked down on by vulgar people.

It is not to be supposed that the elder girls had reached their present age without receiving a number of offers of marriage, and being warmly in love a great many times. But many unfortunate occurrences had compelled them to remain in their virgin condition. There was an attorney who had proposed to Rosalind; but finding that she would receive only 750l. down, instead of 1500l., the monster had jilted her pitilessly, handsome as she was. An apothecary, too, had been smitten by her charms; but to live in a shop was beneath the dignity of a Wellesley-Macarty, and slie waited for better things. Lieutenant Swabber of the coast-guard service, had lodged two months at Gann's; and if letters, long walks, and town-talk could settle a match, a match between him and Isabella must have taken place. Well, Isabella was not married; and the lieutenant, a colonel in Spain, seemed to have given up all thoughts of her. She meanwhile consoled herself with a gay young wine-merchant, who had lately established himself at Brighton, kept a gig, rode out with the hounds, and was voted perfectly genteel; and there was a certain French marguess, with the most elegant black mustachios, who had made a vast impression upon the heart of Rosalind, having met her first at the circulating library, and afterwards, by the most extraordinary series of chances, coming upon her and her sister daily in their walks upon the pier.

Meek little Caroline, meanwhile, trampled upon though she was, was springing up to womanhood; and though pale, freckled, thin, meanly dressed, had a certain charm about her which some people might prefer to the cheap splendours and rude red and white of the Misses Macarty. In fact we have now come to a period of her history when, to the amaze of her mamma and sisters, and not a little to the satisfaction of James Gann, Esquire, she actually inspired a passion in the breast of a very respectable young man.

CHAPTER II.

HOW MRS. GANN RECEIVED TWO LODGERS.

It was the winter season when the events recorded in this history occurred; and as at that period not one out of a thousand lodging-houses in Margate are let, Mrs. Gann, who generally submitted to occupy her own first and second floors during this cheerless season, considered herself more than ordinarily lucky when circumstances occurred which brought no less than two lodgers to her establishment.

She had to thank her daughters for the first inmate; for, as these two young ladies were walking one day down their own street, talking of the joys of the ast season, and the delight of the raffles and singing t the libraries, and the intoxicating pleasures of the Vauxhall balls, they were remarked and evidently admired by a young gentleman who was sauntering listlessly up the street.

He stared, and it must be confessed that the fasci-

nating girls stared too, and put each other's head into each other's bonnet, and giggled and said, "Lor!" and then looked hard at the young gentleman again. Their eyes were black, their cheeks were very red. Fancy how Miss Bella's and Miss Linda's hearts beat when the gentleman, dropping his glass out of his eye, actually stepped across the street, and said, "Ladies, I am seeking for lodgings, and should be glad to look at those which I see are to let in your house."

"How did the conjurer know it was our house?' thought Bella and Linda (they always thought in couples),—from the very simple fact that Miss Bella had just thrust into the door a latch-key.

Most bitterly did Mrs. James Gann regret that she had not on her best gown when a stranger—a stranger in February—actually called to look at the lodgings. She made up, however, for the slovenliness of her dress by the dignity of her demeanour; and asked the gentleman for references, informed him that she was a gentlewoman, and that he would have peculiar advantages in her establishment; and, finally, agreed to receive him at the rate of twenty shillings per week. The bright eyes of the young ladies had done the business; but to this day Mrs. James Gann is convinced that her peculiar dignity of manner, and great fluency of brag regarding her family, have been the means of bringing hundreds of lodgers to her house, who but for her would never have visited it.

"Gents," said Mr. James Gann at the Bag of Nails that very evening, "we have got a new lodger, and I'll stand glasses round to his jolly good health!"

The new lodger, who was remarkable for nothing

except very black eyes, a sallow face, and a habit of smoking segars in bed until noon, gave his name George Brandon, Esq. As to his temper and habits, when humbly requested by Mrs. Gann to pay in advance, he laughed and presented her with a bank-note, never quarrelled with a single item in her bills, walked much, and ate two mutton-chops per diem. The young ladies, who examined all the boxes and letters of the lodgers, as young ladies will, could not find one single document relative to their new inmate, except a tavernbill of the Albion, to which the name of George Brandon, Esquire, was prefixed. Any other papers which might elucidate his history, were locked up in a Bramah box, likewise marked G. B.; and though these were but unsatisfactory points by which to judge a man's character, there was a something about Mr. Brandon which caused all the ladies at Mrs. Gann's to vote he was quite a gentleman.

When this was the case, I am happy to say it would not unfrequently happen that Miss Rosalind or Miss Isabella would appear in the lodger's apartments, bearing in the breakfast-cloth, or blushingly appearing with the weekly bill, apologising for mamma's absence, "and hoping that every thing was to the gentleman's liking."

Both the Misses Wellesley Macarty took occasion to visit Mr. Brandon in this manner; and he received both with such a fascinating ease and gentlemanlike freedom of manner, scanning their points from head to foot, and fixing his great black eyes so earnestly in their faces, that the blushing creatures turned away abashed, and yet pleased, and had many conversations about him.

- "Law, Bell," said Miss Rosalind, "what a chap that Brandon is! I don't half like him, I do declare!" Than which there can be no greater compliment from a woman to a man.
- "No more do I neither," says Bell. "The man stares so, and says such things! Just now, when Becky brought his paper and sealing-wax—the silly girl brought black and red too—I took them up to ask which he would have, and what do you think he said!"
 - "Well, dear, what!" said Mrs. Gann.
- "Miss Bell," says he, looking at me, and with such eyes! "I'll keep every thing: the red wax, because it's like your lips; the black wax, because it's like your hair; and the satin paper, because it's like your skin! Wasn't it genteel?"
 - "Law, now!" exclaimed Mrs. Gann.
- "Upon my word, I think it's very rude!" said Miss Lindy; "and if he'd have said so to me, I'd have slapped his face for his imperence!" And much to her credit, Miss Lindy went to his room ten minutes after to see if he would say any thing to her. What Mr. Brandon said, I never knew; but the little pang of envy which had caused Miss Lindy to retort sharply upon her sister, had given place to a pleased good-humour, and she allowed Bella to talk about the new lodger as much as ever she liked.

And now if the reader is anxious to know what was Mr. Brandon's character, he had better read the following letter from him. It was addressed to no less a person than a viscount; and given, perhaps, with some little ostentation to Becky, the maid, to carry to the

post. Now Becky, before she executed such errands, always showed the letters to her mistress or one of the young ladies (it must not be supposed that Miss Caroline was a whit less curious on these matters than her sisters); and when the family beheld the name of Lord Viscount Cinqbars upon the superscription, their respect for their lodger was greater than ever it had been:—

MARGATE, January 1885.

"MY DEAR VISCOUNT,—For a reason I have, on coming down to Margate, I with much gravity informed the people of the White Hart that my name was Brandon, and intend to bear that honourable appellation during my stay. For the same reason (I am a modest man, dear Simon, and love to do good in secret), I left the public hotel immediately, and am now housed in private lodgings, humble, and at a humble price. I am here, thank Heaven, quite alone. Robinson Crusoe had as much society in his island, as I in this of Thanet. In compensation I sleep a great deal, do nothing, and walk much, silent, by the side of the roaring sea, like Calchas, priest of Apollo.

"The fact is, that until papa's wrath is appeased, I must live with the utmost meekness and humility, and have barely enough money in my possession to pay such small current expenses as fall on me here, where strangers are many and credit does not exist. I pray you, therefore, to tell Mr. Snipson the tailor, Mr. Jackson the bootmaker, honest Solomonson the discounter of bills, and all such friends in London and Oxford as may make inquiries after me, that I am at this very moment at the city of Munich in Bavaria, from which I shall not return until my marriage with Miss Goldmore, the great Indian heiress; who, upon my honour, will have me, I believe, any day for the asking.

"Nothing else will satisfy my honoured father I know, whose purse has already bled pretty freely for me, I must confess, and who has taken the great oath that never is broken, to bleed no more unless this marriage is brought about. Come it must. I can't work, I can't starve, and I can't live under a thousand a year.

"Here, to be sure, the charges are not enormous; for your edification read my week's bill:—

'George Brandon, Esquire,

'To b	Mrs. James Gann.			
	£.	8.	. d.	
A week's lodging	1	0	0	
Breakfast, cream, eggs	0	9	0	
Dinner (fourteen mutton-chops)	. 0	10	6	
Fire, boot-cleaning, &c	. 0	3	6	
•	£2	8	0	

^{&#}x27;Settled, Juliana Gann.'

"Juliana Gann! Is it not a sweet name! it sprawls over half the paper. Could you but see the owner of the name, my dear fellow! I love to examine the customs of natives of all countries, and upon my word there are some barbarians in our own; less known, and more worthy of being known, than Hottentots, wild Irish, Otaheiteans, or any such savages. If you could see the airs that this woman gives herself; the rouge, ribands, rings, and other female gimeracks that she wears; it you could hear her reminiscences of past times, 'when she and Mr. Gann moved in the very genteelest circles of society;' of the peerage, which she knows by heart; and of the fashionable novels, in every word of which she believes, you would be proud of your order, and admire the intense respect which the canaille show towards it. There never was such an old woman, not even our tutor at Christchurch.

"There is a he Gann, a vast, bloated old man, in a rough coat, who has met me once, and asked me, with a grin, if my mutton-chops was to my liking? The satirical monster! What can I cat in this place but mutton-chops? A great bleeding beefsteak, or a filthy, reeking gigot à l'eau, with a turnip poultice! I should die if I did. As for fish in a watering-place, I never

touch it; it is sure to be bad. Nor care I for little, sinewy, dry black-legged fowls. Cutlets are my only resource, I have them nicely enough broiled by a little humble companion of the family (a companion, ye gods, in this family!), who blushed hugely when she confessed that the cooking was hers, and that her name was Caroline. For drink I indulge in gin, of which I consume two wine glasses daily, in two tumblers of cold water; it is the only liquor that one can be sure to fine genuine in a common house in England.

"This Gann, I take it, has similar likings, for I hear him oc casionally at midnight floundering up the stairs (his boots lie dirty in the passage)—floundering, I say, up the stairs, and cursing the candlestick, whence escape now and anon the snuffers and extinguisher, and with brazen rattle disturb the silence of the night. Thrice a-week, at least, does Gann breakfast in bed—sure sign of pridian intoxication; and thrice a-week, in the morning, I hear a hoarse voice roaring for 'my soda-water.' How long have the rogues drunk soda-water?

"At nine, Mrs. Gann and daughters are accustomed to breakfast; a handsome pair of girls, truly, and much followed, as I hear, in the quarter. These dear creatures are always paying me visits—visits with the tea-kettle, visits with the newspaper (one brings it, and one comes for it); but the one is always at the other's heels, and so one cannot show oneself to be that dear, gay seducing fellow that one has been, at home and on the Continent. Do you remember cette chere marquise at Pau? That cursed conjugal pistol-bullet still plays the deuce with my shoulder. Do you remember Betty Bundy, the butcher's daughter? A pretty race of fools are we to go mad after such women, and risk all-oaths, prayers, promises, long wearisome ourtships-for what? for vanity, truly. When the battle is ver, behold your conquest! Betty Bundy is a vulgar country wench; and cette belle marquise is old, rouged, and has false Vanitas, vanitatum / what a moral man I will be some day or other!

"I have found an old acquaintance (and be hanged to him!), who has come to lodge in this very house. Do you recollect at Rome a young artist, Fitch by name, the handsome gaby with the large beard, that mad Mrs. Carrickfergus was doubly mad about? On the second floor of Mrs. Gann's house dwells this youth. His beard brings the gamins of the streets trooping and yelling about him; his fine braided coats have grown somewhat shabby now; and the poor fellow is, like your humble servant (by the way, have you a 500 franc billet to spare?)—like your humble servant, I say, very low in pocket. The young Andrea bears up gaily, however; twangles the guitar, paints the worst pictures in the world, and pens sonnets to his imaginary mistress's eyebrow. Luckily the rogue did not know my name, or I should have been compelled to unbosom to him; and when I called out to him, dubious as to my name, 'Don't you know me? I met you in Rome. My name is Brandon,' the painter was perfectly satisfied, and majestically bade me welcome.

"Fancy the continence of this young Joseph—he has absolutely run away from Mrs. Carrickfergus! 'Sir,' said he, with some 'hesitation and blushes, when I questioned him about the widow, 'I was compelled to leave Rome in consequence of the fatal fondness of that woman. I am an 'andsome man, sir—I know it—all the chaps in the Academy want me for a model; and that woman, sir, is sixty. Do you think I would ally myself with her; sacrifice my happiness for the sake of a creature that's as hugly as an 'arpy? I'd rather starve, sir. I'd rather give up my hart, and my 'opes of rising in it, than do a haction so dishhhhonorable.'

"There is a stock of virtue for you! and the poor fellow half-starved. He lived at Rome upon the seven portraits that the Carrickfergus ordered of him, and, as I fancy, now does not make twenty pounds in the year. O rare chastity! O wondrous silly hopes! O motus animorum, atque O certamina tanta!—pulveris exigui jactu, in such an insignificant little lump of mud as this! Why the deuce does not the fool marry the widow! His betters would. There was a captain of dragoons, an Italian prince, and four sons of Irish peers, all at her feet; but the Cockney's beard and whiskers have overcome them all. Here my paper has come to an end; and I have the honour to bid your lordship a respectful farewell.

"G. B."

Of the young gentleman who goes by the name of Brandon the reader of the above letter will not be so misguided, we trust, as to have a very exalted opinion. The noble viscount read this document to a supper party in Christchurch, in Oxford, and left it in a bowl of milk-punch; whence a scout abstracted it, and handed it over to us. My lord was twenty years of age when he received the epistle; and had spent a couple of years abroad, before going to the university, under the guardianship of the worthy individual who called himself George Brandon.

Mr. Brandon was the son of a half-pay colonel, of good family, who, honouring the great himself, thought his son would vastly benefit by an acquaintance with them, and sent him to Eton, at cruel charges upon a slender purse. From Eton the lad went to Oxford, took honours there, frequented the best society, followed with a kind of proud obsequiousness all the tufts of the university, and left it owing exactly two thousand pounds. Then there came storms at home; fury on the part of the stern old "governor;" and final payments of the But while this settlement was pending, Master George had contracted many more debts among billdiscounters, and was glad to fly to the Continent as tutor to young Lord Cingbars, in whose company he learned every one of the vices in Europe; and having a good natural genius, and a heart not unkindly, had used these qualities in such an admirable manner as to be at twenty-seven utterly ruined in purse and principle -an idler, a spendthrift, and a glutton. He was free of his money; would spend his last guinea for a sensual gratification; would borrow from his neediest friend;

had no kind of conscience or remorse left, but believed himself to be a good-natured devil-may-care fellow; had a good deal of wit, and indisputably good manners, and a pleasing, dashing frankness, in conversation with men. I should like to know how many such scoundrels our universities have turned out; and how much ruin has been caused by that accursed system, which is called in England "the education of a gentleman." Go, my son, for ten years to a public school, that "world in miniature;" learn "to fight for yourself" against the time when your real struggles shall begin. Begin to be selfish at ten years of age: study for other ten years: get a competent knowledge of boxing, swimming, rowing, and cricket, with a pretty knack of Latin hexameters, and a decent smattering of Greek plays,-do this and a fond father shall bless you-bless the two thousand pounds which he has spent in acquiring all these benefits for you. And, besides, what else have you not learned! You nave been many hundreds of times to chapel, and have learned to consider the religious service performed there as the vainest parade in the world. If your father is a grocer, you have been beaten for his sake, and have learned to be ashamed of him. have learned to forget (as how should you remember, being separated from them for three-fourths of your time?) the ties and natural affections of home. have learned, if you have a kindly heart and an open hand, to compete with associates much more wealthy than yourself; and to consider money as not much, but honour—the honour of dining and consorting with your betters—as a great deal. All this does the publicschool and college-boy learn; and wo be to his knowledge! Alas, what natural tenderness and kindlyclinging filial affection is he taught to trample on and despise! My friend Brandon had gone through this process of education, and had been irretrievably ruined by it—his heart and his honesty had been ruined by it, hat is to say;* and he had received, in return for them, a small quantity of classics and mathematics—pretty compensation for all he had lost in gaining them!

But I am wandering most absurdly from the point; right or wrong, so nature and education had formed Mr. Brandon, who is one of a considerable class. Well, this young gentleman was established at Mrs. Gann's house; and we are obliged to enter into all these explanations concerning him, because they are necessary to the right understanding of our story—Brandon not being altogether a bad man, nor much worse than many a one who goes through a course of regular selfish swindling all his life long, and dies religious, resigned, proud of himself, and universally respected by others: for this eminent advantage has the getting-and-keeping scoundrel over the extravagant and careless one.

One day, then, as he was gazing from the window of his lodging-house, a cart, containing a vast number

^{*}What does the author mean? We must take leave to tell him that this is the silliest sentimentality in the world. If he means that a boy at a public school might learn more than Homer and Euclid, we agree with him; and if he would insinuate that a lad at a university may be led into temptations and excesses which may ruin his family and the whole prospects of his future life, we agree with him too. But all this is his own fault; he will learn to be cautious afterwards.

of easels, portfolios, wooden-cases of pictures, and a small carpet-bag that might hold a change of clothes, stopped at the door. The vehicle was accompanied by a remarkable young fellow, dressed in a frock-coat covered over with frogs, a dirty turned-down shirt-collar with a blue satin cravat, and a cap placed wonderfully on one ear, who had evidently hired apartments at Mr. Gann's. This new lodger was no other than Mr. Andrew Fitch; or, as he wrote on his cards, without the prefix,

ANDREA FITCH.

Preparations had been made at Gann's for the reception of Mr. Fitch, whose aunt (an auctioneer's lady in the town) had made arrangements that he should board and lodge with the Gann family, and have the apartments on the second floor as his private rooms. In these, then, young Andrea was installed. He was a youth of a poetic temperament, loving solitude; and where is such to be found more easily than on the storm-washed shores of Margate in winter? Then the boarding-house keepers have shut up their houses, and gone away in anguish; then the taverns take their carpets up, and you can have your choice of a hundred and twenty beds in any one of them; then but one dismal waiter remains to superintend this vast echoing pile of loneliness, and the landlord pines for summer; then the flies for Ramsgate stand tenantless beside the pier; and about four sailors, in pea-jackets, are to be

seen in the three principal streets; in the rest, silence, silence, closed shutters, torpid chimneys, enjoying their unnatural winter sinecure—not the clack of a patten echoing over the cold dry flags!

This solitude had been chosen by Mr. Brandon for good reasons of his own; Gann and his family would have fled, but that they had no other house wherein to take refuge; and Mrs. Hammerton, the auctioneer's lady, felt so keenly the kindness which she was doing to Mrs. Gann, in providing her with a lodger at such a period, that she considered herself fully justified in extracting from the latter a bonus of two guineas, threatening on refusal to send her darling nephew to a rival establishment over the way.

Andrea was here, then, in the loneliness that he loved,—a fantastic youth, who lived but for his art; to whom the world was like the Coburg Theatre, and he in a magnificent costume acting a principal part. art, and his beard and whiskers, were the darlings of His long pale hair fell over a high polished his heart. brow, which looked wonderfully thoughtful; and yet no man was more guiltless of thinking. He was always putting himself into attitudes; he never spoke the truth; and was so entirely affected and absurd, as to be quite honest at last: for it is my belief that the man did not know truth from falsehood any longer, and was when he was alone, when he was in company, nay, when he was unconscious and sound asleep snoring in bed, one complete lump of affectation. When his apartments on the second floor were arranged according to his fancy, they made a tremendous show. had a large Gothic chest, in which he put his wardrobe (namely, two velvet waistcoats, four varied satin under ditto, two pairs braided trousers, two shirts, half-a-dozen false collars, and a couple of pairs of dreadfully dilapidated Blucher boots). He had some pieces of armour; some China jugs and Venetian glasses; some bits of old damask rags, to drape his doors and windows; and a rickety lay-figure, in a Spanish hat and cloak, over which slung a long Toledo rapier, and a guitar, with a riband of dirty skyblue.

Such was our poor fellow's stock in trade. He had some volumes of poems—Lalla Rookh, and the sterner compositions of Byron: for, to do him justice, he hated Don Juan, and a woman was in his eyes an angel: a rangel, alas! he would call her, for nature and the circumstances of his family had taken sad Cockney advantages over Andrea's pronunciation.

The Misses Wellesley Macarty were not, however, very squeamish with regard to grammar, and, in this dull season, voted Mr. Fitch an elegant young fellow. His immense beard and whiskers gave them the highest opinion of his genius; and before long the intimacy between the young people was considerable, for Mr. Fitch insisted upon drawing the portraits of the whole family. He painted Mrs. Gann in her rouge and ribands, as described by Mr. Brandon; Mr. Gann, who said that his picture would be very useful to the artist, as every soul in Margate knew him; and the Misses Macarty (a neat group, representing Miss Bella embracing Miss Linda, who was pointing to a pianoforte).

"I suppose you'll do my Carry next," said Mr. Gann, expressing his approbation of the last picture.

"Law, sir," said Miss Linda, "Carry, with her red hair!—it would be ojus."

"Mr. Fitch might as well paint Becky, our maid," said Miss Bella.

"Carry is quite impossible, Gann," said Mrs. Gann she hasn't a gown fit to be seen in. She's not been at church for thirteen Sundays in consequence."

"And more shame for you, ma'am," said Mr. Gann, who liked his child: "Carry shall have a gown, and the best of gowns." And jingling three-and-twenty shillings in his pocket, Mr. Gann determined to spend them all in the purchase of a robe for Carry. But, alas, the gown never came; half the money was spent that very evening at the Bag of Nails.

"Is that—that young lady, your daughter?" said Mr. Fitch, surprised, for he fancied Carry was a humble companion of the family.

"Yes, she is, and a very good daughter, too; sir," answered Mr. Gann. "Fetch and Carry I call her, or else Carryvan—she's so useful: An't you, Carry?"

"I'm very glad if I am, papa," said the young lady who was blushing violently, and in whose presence all this conversation had been carried on.

"Hold your tongue, miss," said her mother; "you are very expensive to us, that you are, and need not brag about the work you do. You would not live on charity, would you, like some folks (here she looked fiercely at Mr. Gann); and if your sisters and me tarve to keep you and some folks, I presume you are bound to make us some return."

When any allusion was made to Mr. Gann's idleness and extravagance, or his lady showed herself in any way inclined to be angry, it was honest James's habit not to answer, but to take his hat and walk

abroad to the public-house; or if haply she scolded him at night, he would turn his back and fall a snoring. These were the only remedies he found for Mrs. James's bad temper; and the first of them he adopted on hearing these words of his lady, which we have just now transcribed.

Poor Caroline had not her father's refuge of flight, but was obliged to stay and listen: and a wondrous eloquence, God wot! had Mrs. Gann upon the subject of her daughter's ill conduct. The first lecture Mr. Fitch heard, he set down Caroline for a monster. she not idle, sulky, scornful, and a sloven? For these and many more of her daughter's vices Mrs. Gann vouched, declaring that Caroline's misbehaviour was hastening her own death, and finishing by a fainting fit. In the presence of all these charges, there stood Miss Caroline, dumb, stupid, and careless; nay, when the fainting-fit came on, and Mrs. Gann fell back on the sofa, the unfeeling girl took the opportunity to retire, and never offered to smack her mamma's hands, to give her the smelling-bottle, or to restore her with a glass of water.

One stood close at hand; for Mr. Fitch, when this first fit occurred, was sitting in the Gann parlour, painting that Lady's portrait; and he was making towards her with his tumbler, when Miss Linda cried out, "Stop! the water's full of paint!" and straightway burst out laughing. Mrs. Gann jumped up at this, cured suddenly, and left the room, looking somewhat foolish.

"You don't know ma," said Miss Linda, still giggling; "she's always fainting." "Poor thing!" cried Fitch; "very nervous, I suppose?"

"Oh, very!" answered the lady, exchanging arch glances with Miss Bella.

"Poor, dear lady!" continued the artist; "I pity her from my hinmost soul. Doesn't the himmortal bard of Havon observe, how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child? And is it true, ma'am, that that young woman has been the ruin of her family?"

"Ruin of her fiddlestick!" replied Miss Bella. "Law, Mr. Fitch, you don't know mayet: she is in one of her tantrums."

"What, then, it isn't true?" cried simple-minded Fitch; to which neither of the young ladies made any answer in words: nor could the little artist comprehend why they looked at each other, and burst out laughing. But he retired pondering on what he had seen and heard; and being a very soft young fellow, most implicitly believed the accusations of poor dear Mrs. Gann, and thought her daughter Caroline was no better than a Regan or Goneril.

A time, however, was to come when he should believe her to be a most pure and gentle Cordelia: and of this change in Fitch's opinions we shall speak in Chapter III.

CHAP, III.

A SHABBY GENTREL DINNER, AND OTHER INCIDENTS OF A LIKE NATURE.

Mr. Brandon's letter to Lord Cingbars produced, as we have said, a great impression upon the family of Gann; an impression which was considerably increased by their lodger's subsequent behaviour: for although the persons with whom he now associated were of a very vulgar, ridiculous kind, they were by no means so low or ridiculous that Mr. Brandon should not wish to appear before them in the most advantageous light; and, accordingly, he gave himself the greatest airs when in their company, and bragged incessantly of his acquaintance and familiarity with the nobility. Brandon was a tuft-hunter of the genteel sort; his pride being quite as slavish, and his haughtiness as mean and cringing, in fact, as poor Mrs. Gann's stupid wonder and respect for all the persons whose names are written with titles before them. O free and happy Britons, what a miserable, truckling, cringing race you are!

The reader has no doubt encountered a number of such swaggerers in the course of his conversation with the world—men of a decent middle rank, who affect to despise it, and herd only with persons of the fashion. This is an offence in a man which none of us can forgive; we call him tuft-hunter, lickspittle, sneak, un-

manly; we hate, and profess to despise him. I fear it is no such thing. We envy Lickspittle, that is the fact: and therefore hate him. Were he to plague us with the stories of Jones and Brown, our familiars, the man would be a simple bore, his stories heard patiently; but o soon as he talks of my lord or the duke, we are in arms against him. I have seen a whole merry party in Russell Square grow suddenly gloomy and dumb, because a pert barrister, in a loud, shrill voice, told a story of Lord This or the Marquess of That. We all hated that man; and I would lay a wager that every one of the fourteen persons assembled round the boiled turkey and saddle of mutton (not to mention side-dishes from the pastry-cook's opposite the British Museum)-I would wager, I say, that every one was muttering inwardly, "A plague on that fellow! he knows a lord, and I never spoke to more than three in the whole course of my life." To our betters we can reconcile ourselves, if you please, respecting them very sincerely, laughing at their jokes, making allowance for their stupidities, meekly suffering their insolence; but we can't pardon our equals going beyond us. A friend of mine who lived amicably and happily among his friends and relatives at Hackney, was on a sudden disowned by the latter, cut by the former, and doomed in innumerable prophecies to ruin, because he kept a footboy,—a harmless, little blowsy-faced urchin, in light snuff-coloured clothes, glistering over with sugar-loaf buttons. There is another man, a great man, a literary man, whom the public loves, and who took a sudden leap from obscurity into fame and wealth. This was a crime; but he bore his rise with so much modesty, that even his brethren

of the pen did not envy him. One luckless day he set up a one-horse chaise; from that minute he was doomed.

"Have you seen his new carriage?" says Snarley.

"Yes," says Yow; "he's so consumedly proud of it, that he can't see his old friends while he drives."

The fact is that our author, not much accustomed to the whip, is in a little flurry when he takes the reins, and looks at his horse's head during the whole drive.

"Ith it a donkey-cart," lisps Simper, "thith gwand new cawwaige? I always thaid that the man, from hith thtile, wath fitted to be a vewy dethent cothtermonger."

"Yes, yes," cries old Candour, "a sad pity indeed!—dreadfully extravagant, I'm told—bad health—expensive family—works going down every day—and now he must set up a carriage, forsooth!"

Snarley, Yow, Simper, Candour, hate their brother. If he is ruined, they will be kind to him and just; but he is successful and we be to him!

* * * * * * *

This trifling digression of half a page or so, although it seems to have nothing to do with the story in hand, has, nevertheless, the strongest relation to it; and you shall hear what.

In one word, then, Mr. Brandon bragged so much, and assumed such airs of superiority, that after a while he perfectly disgusted Mrs. Gann and the Misses Macarty, who were gentlefolks themselves, and did not at all like his way of telling them that he was their better. Mr. Fitch was swallowed up in his hart, as he called it, and cared nothing for Brandon's airs. Gann, being a low-

spirited fellow, completely submitted to Mr. Brandon, and looked up to him with deepest wonder. And poor little Caroline followed her father's faith, and in six weeks after Mr. Brandon's arrival at the lodgings had grown to believe him the most perfect, finished, polished, agreeable of mankind. Indeed, the poor girl had never seen a gentleman before, and towards such her gentle heart turned instinctively. Brandon never offended her by hard words: insulted her by cruel scorn, such as she met with from her mother and her sisters: there was a quiet manner about the man quite different to any that she had before seen amongst the acquaintances of her family; and if he assumed a tone of superiority in his conversation with her and the rest, Caroline felt that he was their superior, and as such admired and respected him.

What happens when in the innocent bosom of a girl of sixteen such sensations arise? What has happened ever since the world began?

I have said that Miss Caroline had no friend in the world but her father, and must here take leave to recall that assertion;—a friend she most certainly had, and that was honest Becky, the smutty maid, whose name has been mentioned before. Miss Caroline had learned, in the course of a life spent under the tyranny of her mamma, some of the notions of the latter, and would have been very much offended to call Becky her friend: but friends, in fact, they were; and a great comfort it was for Caroline to descend to the calm kitchen from the stormy back-parlour, and there vent some of her little woes to the compassionate servant of all work.

When Mrs. Gann went out with her daughters, Becky

would take her work and come and keep Miss Caroline company; and, if the truth must be told, the greatest enjoyment the pair used to have was in these afternoons, when they read together out of the precious greasy marble-covered volumes that Mrs. Gann was in the habit of fetching from the library. Many and many a tale had the pair so gone through. I can see them over Manfrone; or the One-handed Monk—the room dark, the street silent, the hour ten—the tall, red, lurid candlewick waggling down, the flame flickering pale upon Miss Caroline's pale face as she read out, and lighting up honest Becky's goggling eyes, who sat silent, her work in her lap: she had not done a stitch of it for an hour. As the trap-door slowly opens, and the scowling Alonzo, bending over the sleeping Imoinda, draws his pistol, cocks it, looks well if the priming be right, places it then to the sleeper's ear, and-thunder-under-under -down fall the snuffers! Becky has had them in hand for ten minutes, afraid to use them. Up starts Caroline, and flings the book back into her mamma's basket. It is that lady returned with her daughters from a teaparty, where two young gents from London have been mighty genteel indeed.

For the sentimental, too, as well as for the terrible, Miss Caroline and the cook had a strong predilection, and had wept their poor eyes out over *Thaddeus of Warsaw* and the *Scottish Chiefs*. Fortified by the examples drawn from those instructive volumes, Becky was firmly convinced that her young mistress would meet with a great lord some day or other, or be carried off, like Cinderella, by a brilliant prince, to the mortification of her elder sisters, whom Becky hated. And when, there-

fore, the new lodger came, lonely, mysterious, melancholy, elegant, with the romantic name of George Brandon—when he wrote a letter directed to a lord, and Miss Caroline and Becky together examined the superscription, such a look passed between them as the pencil of Leslie or Maclise could alone describe for us. Becky's orbs were lighted up with a preternatural look of wondering wisdom; whereas, after an instant, Caroline dropped hers, and blushed, and said, "Nonsense, Becky."

"Is it nonsense?" said Becky, grinning and snapping her fingers with a triumphant air; "the cards comes true; I knew they would. Didn't you have king and queen of hearts three deals running? What did you dream about last Tuesday, tell me that?"

But Miss Caroline never did tell, for her sisters came bouncing down the stairs, and examined the lodger's letter. Caroline, however, went away musing much upon these points; and she began to think Mr. Brandon more wonderful and beautiful every day.

In the meantime, while Miss Caroline was innocently indulging in her inclination for the brilliant occupier of the first floor, it came to pass that the tenant of the second was inflamed by a most romantic passion for her.

For, after partaking for about a fortnight of the samily dinner, and passing some evenings with Mrs. Gann and the young ladies, Mr. Fitch, though by no means quick of comprehension, began to perceive that the nightly charges that were brought against poor Caroline could not be founded upon truth. "Let's see," mused he to himself; "Tuesday, the old lady said her

daughter was bringing her grey hairs with sorrow to the grave, because the cook had not boiled the potatoes. Wednesday, she said Caroline was an assassin, because she could not find her own thimble. Thursday, she vows Caroline has no religion, because that old pair of silk stockings were not darned. And this can't be," reasoned Fitch, deeply. . " A gal haint a murderess because her ma can't find her thimble. A woman that goes to slap her grown-up daughter on the back, and before company too, for such a paltry thing as a hold pair of stockings, can't be surely a-speaking the truth." And thus gradually his first impression against Caroline wore away. As this disappeared, pity took possession of his soul—and we know what pity is akin to; and, at the same time, a corresponding hatred for the oppressors of a creature so amiable.

To sum up, in six short weeks after the appearance of the two gentlemen, we find our chief dramatis personæ as follows:

CAROLINE, an innocent young woman in love with Brandon. Firch, a celebrated painter, almost in love with Caroline. Brandon, a young gentleman in love with himself.

At first he was pretty constant in his attendance upon the Misses Macarty when they went out to walk, nor were they displeased at his attentions; but he found that there were a great number of Margate beaux—ugly, vulgar fellows as ever were—who always followed in the young ladies' train, and made themselves infinitely more agreeable than he was. These men Mr. Brandon treated with a great deal of scorn; and, in return, they hated him cordially. So did the ladies speedily: his

haughty manners, though quite as impertinent and free, were not half so pleasant to them as Jones's jokes or Smith's charming romps; and the girls gave Brandon very shortly to understand that they were much happier without him. "Ladies, your humble," he heard Bob Smith say, as that little linendraper came skipping to the door from which they were issuing, "the sun's hup and trade is down; if you're for a walk, I'm your man." And Miss Linda and Miss Bella each took an arm of Mr. Smith and sailed down the street. "I'm glad you aint got that proud gent with the glass hi," said Mr. Smith; "he's the most hillbred, supercilious beast I ever see."

"So he is," says Bella.

"Hush!" says Linda.

The "proud gent with the glass hi" was at this moment lolling out of the first-floor window, smoking his accustomed cigar; and his eye-glass was fixed upon the ladies, to whom he made a very low bow. It may be imagined how fond he was of them afterwards, and what looks he cast at Mr. Bob Smith the next time he met him. Mr. Bob's heart beat for a day afterwards; and he found he had business in town.

But the love of society is stronger than even pride; and as we saw the other day, in York gaol, how the illustrious Mr. Feargus O'Connor preferred to be locked up with a couple of felons rather than to remain solitary, n like manner the great Mr. Brandon was sometimes fain to descend from his high station, and consort with the vulgar family with whom he lodged. But, as we have said, he always did this with a wonderfully condescending air, giving his associates to understand how great was the honour he did them.

One day, then, he was absolutely so kind as to accept of an invitation from the ground-floor, which was delivered in the passage by Mr. James Gann, who said, "It was hard to see a gent eating mutton-chops from week's end to week's end; and if Mr. Brandon had a mind to meet a devilish good fellow as ever was, my friend Swigby, a man who rides his horse, and has his five hundred a-year to spend, and to eat a prime cut out of as good a leg of pork (though he said it) as ever a knife was stuck into, they should dine that day at three o'clock sharp, and Mrs. G. and the gals would be glad of the honour of his company."

The person so invited was rather amused at the terms in which Mr. Gann conveyed his hospitable message; and at three o'clock made his appearance in the back-parlour, whence he had the honour of conducting Mrs. Gann (dressed in a sweet yellow mousseline de laine, with a large red turban, a ferronière, and a smelling-bottle, attached by a ring to a very damp, fat hand) to the "office," where the repast was set out. The Misses Macarty were in costumes equally tasty; one on the guest's right hand; one near the boarder, Mr. Fitch, who, in a large beard, an amethyst velvet waistcoat, his hair fresh wetted, and parted accurately down the middle to fall in curls over his collar, would have been irresistible, if the collar had been a little, little whiter than it was.

Mr. Brandon, too, was dressed in his very best suit; for though he affected to despise his hosts very much, he wished to make the most favourable impression upon them, and took care to tell Mrs. Gann that he and Lord So-and-so were the only two men in the world who

were in possession of that particular waistcoat which she admired: for Mrs. Gann was very gracious, and had admired the waistcoat, being desirous to impress with awe Mr. Gann's friend and admirer, Mr. Swigby, who, man of fortune as he was, was a constant frequenter of the club at the Bag of Nails.

About this club and its supporters Mr. Gann's guest, Mr. Swigby, and Gann himself, talked very gaily before dinner; all the jokes about all the club being roared over by the pair.

Mr. Brandon, who felt he was the great man of the party, indulged himself in his great propensities without restraint, and told Mrs. Gann stories about half the nobility. Mrs. Gann conversed knowingly about the opera; and declared that she thought Taglioni the sweetest singer in the world.

"Mr.—a—Swigby, have you ever seen Lablache dance?" asked Mr. Brandon of that gentleman, to whom he had been formally introduced.

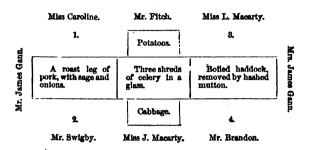
"At Vauxhall is he?" said Mr. Swigby, who was just from town.

"Yes, on the tight-rope; a charming performer."

On which Mr. Gann told how he had been to Vaux-hall when the princes were in London; and his lady talked of these knowingly. And then they fell to conversing about fire-works and rack-punch; Mr. Brandon assuring the young ladies that Vauxhall was the very pink of the fashion, and longing to have the honour of dancing a quadrille with them there. Indeed, Brandon was so very sarcastic, that not a single soul at table understood him.

The table, from Mr. Brandon's plan of it, which was

afterwards sent to my Lord Cinqbars, was arranged as follows:—



1 and 2 are pots of porter; 3, a quart of ale, Mrs. Gann's favourite drink; 4, a bottle of fine old golden sherry, the real produce of the Uva grape, purchased at the Bag-of-Nails Hotel for 1s. 9d. by Mr. J. Gann.

Mr. Gann. "Taste that sherry, sir. Your 'ealth, and my services to you, sir. That wine, sir, is given me as a particular favour by my—ahem!—my winemerchant, who only will part with a small quantity of it, and imports it direct, sir, from—ahem!—from——"

Mr. Brandon. "From Xeres, of course. It is, I really think, the finest wine I ever tasted in my life—at a commoner's table, that is."

Mrs. Gann. "Oh, in course, a commoner's table!—we have no titles, sir (Mr. Gann, I will trouble you for some more crackling), though my poor dear girls are related, by their blessed father's side, to some of the first nobility in the land, I assure you."

Mr. Gann. "Gammon, Jooly, my dear. Them Irish nobility you know, what are they? And, besides,

it's my belief that the gals are no more related to them. than I am."

Miss Bella (to Mr. Brandon, confidentially). "You must find that poor par is sadly vulgar, Mr. Brandon."

Mrs. Gann. "Mr. Brandon has never been accustomed to such language, I am sure; and I entreat you will excuse Mr. Gann's rudeness, sir."

Miss Linda. "Indeed, I assure you, Mr. Brandon, that we've high connexions as well as low; as high as some people's connexions, per'aps, though, we are not always talking of the nobility." This was a double shot; the first barrel of Miss Linda's sentence hit her stepfather, the second part was evelled directly at Mr. Brandon. "Don't you think I'm right, Mr. Fitch?"

Mr. Brandon. "You are quite right, Miss Linda, in this as in every other instance; but I am afraid Mr. Fitch has not paid a proper attention to your excellent remark: for, if I don't mistake the meaning of that beautiful design which he has made with his fork upon the table-cloth, his soul is at this moment wrapped up in his art."

This was exactly what Mr. Fitch wished that all the world should suppose. He flung back his hair, and stared wildly for a moment, and said, "Pardon me, madam; it is true my thoughts were at that moment far away in the regions of my hart." He was really thinking that his attitude was a very elegant one, and that a large garnet ring which he wore on his forefinger must be mistaken by all the company for a ruby.

"Art is very well," said Mr. Brandon; "but with such pretty natural objects before you, I wonder you were not content to think of them." "Do you mean the mashed potatoes, sir?" said An drea Fitch, wordering.

"I mean Miss Rosalind Macarty," answered Brandon, gallantly, and laughing heartily at the painter's simplicity. But this compliment could not soften Miss Linda, who had an uneasy conviction that Mr. Brandon was laughing at her, and disliked him accordingly.

At this juncture, Miss Caroline entered and took the place marked as hers, to the left hand of Mr. Gann, vacant. An old ricketty wooden stool was placed for her, instead of that elegant and commodious Windsor chair, which supported every other person at table; and by the side of the plate stood a curious old battered tin mug, on which the antiquarian might possibly discover the inscription of the word "Caroline." This, in truth, was poor Caroline's mug and stool, having been appropriated to her from childhood upwards; and here it was her custom meekly to sit, and eat her daily meal.

It was well that the girl was placed near her father, else I do believe she would have been starved; but Gann was much too good-natured to allow that any difference should be made between her and her sisters. There are some meannesses which are too mean even for man—woman, lovely woman alone, can venture to commit them. Well, on the present occasion, and when the dinner was half over, poor Caroline stole gently into the room and took her ordinary place. Caroline's pale face was very red; for the fact must be told that she had been in the kitchen helping Becky, the universal maid; and having heard how the great Mr. Brandon was to dine with them upon that day, the simple girl had been showing her respect for him, by

compiling, in her best manner, a certain dish, for the cooking of which her papa had often praised her. took her place, blushing violently when she saw him; and if Mr. Gann had not been making a violent clattering with his knife and fork, it is possible that you might have heard Miss Caroline's heart thump, which it did violently. Her dress was somehow a little smarter than usual; and Becky the maid, who brought in that remove of hashed mutton, which has been set down in the bill of fare, looked at her young lady with a good deal of complacency, as, loaded with plates, she quitted the room. Indeed, the poor girl deserved to be looked at; there was an air of gentleness and innocence about her that was apt to please some persons, much more than the bold beauties of her sisters. The two young men did not fail to remark this; one of them, the little painter, had long since observed it.

"You are very late, miss," cried Mrs. Gann, who affected not to know what had caused her daughter's delay. "You're always late!" and the elder girls stared and grinned at each other knowingly, as they always did when mamma made such attacks upon Caroline, who only kept her eyes down upon the tablecloth, and began to eat her dinner without saying a word.

"Come, my dear," cried honest Gann, "if she is late, you know why. A girl can't be here and there oo, as I say; can they, Swigby?"

"Impossible!" said Swigby.

"Gents," continued Mr. Gann, "our Carry, you must know, has been down stairs, making the pudding for her old pappy; and a good pudding she makes, I can tell you."

Miss Caroline blushed more vehemently than ever; the artist stared her full in the face; Mrs. Gann said, "nonsense" and "stuff," very majestically; only Mr Brandon interposed in Caroline's favour.

- "I would sooner that my wife should know how to make a pudding," said he, "than how to play the best piece of music in the world!"
- "Law, Mr. Brandon! I, for my part, wouldn't demean myself by any such kitchen-work!" cries Miss Linds.
 - "Make puddns, indeed; it's ojous!" cries Bella.
- "For you, my loves, of course!" interposed their mamma.
- "Young women of your family and circumstances is not expected to perform any such work. It's different with Miss Caroline, who, if she does make herself useful now and then, don't make herself near so useful as she should, considering that she's not a shilling, and is living on our charity, like some other folks!"

Thus did this amiable woman neglect no opportunity to give her opinions about her husband and daughter. The former, however, cared not a straw; and the latter, in this instance, was perfectly happy. Had not kind Mr. Brandon approved of her work; and could she ask for more?

"Mamma may say what she pleases to-day," thought Caroline, "I am too happy to be made angry by her."

Poor little mistaken Caroline, to think you were safe against three women! The dinner bad not advanced much further, when Miss Isabella, who had been examining her younger sister curiously for some short time, telegraphed Miss Linda across the table;

and nodded, and winked, and pointed to her own neck; a very white one, as I have before had the honour to remark, and quite without any covering, except a smart necklace of twenty-four rows of the lightest blue glass beads, finishing in a neat tassel. Linda had a similar ornament of a vermillion colour; whereas Caroline, on this occasion, wore a handsome new collar up to the throat, and a brooch, which looked all the smarter for the shabby frock over which they were placed. As soon as she saw her sisters' signals, the poor little thing, who had only just done fluttering and blushing, fell to this same work over again. Down went her eyes once more, and her face and neck lighted up to the colour of Miss Linda's sham cornelian.

- "What's the gals giggling and ogling about?" said Mr. Gann, innocently.
- "What is it, my darling loves?" said stately Mrs. Gann.

"Why, don't you see, ma?" said Linda. "Look at Miss Carry! I'm blessed if she has not got on Becky's collar and brooch that Sims, the pilot, gave her!"

The young ladies fell back in uproarious fits of laughter, and laughed all the time that their mamma was thundering out a speech, in which she declared that her daughter's conduct was unworthy a gentlewoman, and bid her leave the room and take off those disgraceful ornaments.

There was no need to tell her; the poor little thing gave one piteous look at her father, who was whistling, and seemed indeed to think the matter a good joke; and after she had managed to open the door and totter into the passage, you might have heard her weeping there, weeping tears more bitter than any of the many she had shed in the course of her life. Down she went to the kitchen, and when she reached that humble place of refuge, first pulled at her neck, and made as if she would take off Becky's collar and brooch, and then flung herself into the arms of that honest scullion, where she cried and cried till she brought on the first fit o. hysterics that ever she had had.

This crying could not at first be heard in the parlour, where the young ladies, Mrs. Gann, Mr. Gann, and his friend from the Bag of Nails were roaring at the excellence of the joke. Mr. Brandon, sipping sherry, sat by looking very sarcastically and slyly from one party to the other; Mr. Fitch was staring about him too, but with a very different expression, anger and wonder inflaming his bearded countenance. At last, as the laughing died away and a faint voice of weeping came from the kitchen below, Andrew could bear it no longer, but bounced up from his chair, and rushed out of the room exclaiming,—

"By Jove, it's too bad!"

"What does the man mean?" said Mrs. Gann.

He meant that he was from that moment over head and ears in love with Caroline; and that he longed to beat, buffet, pummel, thump, tear to pieces, those callous ruffians who so piteously laughed at her.

"What's that chop wi' the beard in such tantrums about?" said the gentleman from the Bag of Nails.

Mr. Gann answered this query by some joke intimating that, "Praps Mr. Fitch's dinner did not agree with him," at which these worthies roared again.

The young ladies said, "Well, now, upon my word!"

"Mighty genteel behaviour, truly!" cried mamma but what can you expect from the poor thing?"

Brandon only sipped more sherry, but he looked at Fitch as the latter flung out of the room, and his countenance was lighted up by a more unequivocal smile.

These two little adventures were followed by a silence of some few minutes, during which the meats remained on the table, and no signs were shown of that pudding upon which poor Caroline had exhausted her skill. The absence of this delicious part of the repast was first remarked by Mr. Gann? and his lady, after jaugling at the bell for some time in vain, at last begged one of her daughters to go and hasten matters.

"Becky:" shricked Miss Linda from the hall, but Becky replied not. "Becky, are we to be kept waiting all day?" continued the lady in the same shrill voice. "Mamma wants the pudding!"

"Tell Her to Fetch it herself!" roared Becky, at which remark Gann and his facetious friend once more went off into fits of laughter.

"This is too bad!" said Mrs. G. starting up; "she shall leave the house this instant!" and so no doubt Becky would, but that the lady owed her five quarters' wages; which she, at that period, did not feel inclined to pay.

Well, the dinner at last was at an end; the ladies went away to tea, leaving the gentlemen to their wine; Brandon, very condescendingly, partaking of a bottle of port, and listening with admiration to the toasts and sentiments with which it is still the custom among persons of Mr. Gann's rank of life to preface each glass of wine. As thus:—

Glass 1. "Gents," says Mr. Gann, rising, "this glass I need say nothink about. Here's the king, and long life to him and the family!"

Mr. Swigby, with his glass, goes knock, knock, knock on the table; and saying gravely, "The king!" drinks off his glass, and smacks his lips afterwards.

Mr. Brandon, who had drank half his, stops in the midst and says, "Oh, 'the king!"

Mr. Swigby. "A good glass of wine that, Gann, my boy!"

Mr. Brandon. "Capital, really; though, upon my faith, I'm no judge of port."

Mr. Gann. (Smacks.) "A fine fruity wine as ever I tasted. I suppose you, Mr. B., are accustomed only to claret. I've 'ad it, too, in my time, sir, as Swigby there very well knows. I travelled, sir, sure le Continong, I assure you, and drank my glass of claret with the best man in France, or England either. I wasn't always what I am, sir."

Mr. Brandon. "You don't look as if you were."

Mr. Gann. "No, sir. Before that —— gas came in, I was head, sir, of one of the fust 'ouses in the hoil trade, Gann, Blubbery, and Gann, sir—Thames Street, City. I'd my box at Putney, as good a gig and horse as my friend there drives."

Mr. Swigby. "Ay, and a better too, Gann, I make no doubt."

Mr. Gann. "Well, say a better. I had a better, if money could fetch it, sir; and I didn't spare that, I warrant you. No, no, James Gann didn't grudge his purse, sir; and had his friends around him, as he's 'appy to 'ave now, sir. Mr. Brandon, your 'ealth, sir,

and may we hoften meet under this ma'ogany. Swigby my boy, God bless you!"

Mr. Brandon. "Your very good health."

Mr. Swigby. "Thank you, Gann. Here's to you, and long life and prosperity and happiness to you and yours. Bless you, Jim, my boy; Heaven bless you! I say this, Mr. Bandon—Brandon—what's your name—there aint a better fellow in all Margate than James Gann,—no, nor in all England. Here's Mrs. Gann, gents, and the family. Mrs. Gann!" (drinks.)

Mr. Brandon. "Mrs. GANN. Hip, hip, hurra!" (drinks.)

Mr. Gann. "Mrs. Gann, and thank you, gents. A fine woman, Mr. B.; aint she, now? Ah, if you'd seener when I married her! Gad, she was fine then—an out and outer, sir! Such a figure!"

Mr. Swigby. "You'd choose none but a good 'un, I war'nt. Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Gann. "Did I ever tell you of my duel along with the regimental doctor? No! Then I will. I was a young chap, you see, in those days; and when I saw her at Brussels—(Brusell, they call it)—I was right slick up over head and ears in love with her at once. But what was to be done? There was another gent in the case—a regimental doctor, sir—a reg'lar dragon. 'Faint heart,' says I, 'never won a fair lady,' and so I made so bold. She took me, sent the doctor to the right about. I met him one morning in the Park at Brussels, and stood to him, sir, like a man. When the affair was over, my second, a leftenant of dragoons, told me, 'Gann,' says he, 'I've seen many a man under fire—I'm a Waterloo man,' says he,—'and

have rode by Wellington many a long day; but I never, for coolness, see such a man as you.' Gents, here's the Duke of Wellington and the British army!" (the gents drink.)

Mr. Brandon. "Did you kill the doctor, sir?"

Mr. Gann. "Why no, sir; I shot in the hair."

Mr. Brandon. "Shot him in the hair! Egad, that was a severe shot, and a very lucky escape the doctor had of it! Whereabouts in the hair! a whisker, sir; or, perhaps, a pig-tail!"

Mr. Swigby. "Haw, haw, haw! shot'n in the hair—capital, capital!"

Mr. Gann, who has grown very red. "No, sir, there may be some mistake in my pronounciation, which I didn't expect to have laughed at my hown table."

Mr. Brandon. "My dear sir! I protest and

Mr. Gann. "Never mind it, sir. I gave you my best, and did my best to make you welcome. If you like better to make fun of me, do, sir. That may be the genteel way, but hang me if it's hour way; is it, Jack? Our way; I beg your pardon, sir."

Mr. Swigby. "Jim, Jim! for Heaven's sake!—peace and harmony of the evening—conviviality—social enjoyment—didn't mean it—did you mean any think, Mr. Whatd-ye-call-'em!"

Mr. Brandon. "Nothing, upon my honour as a gentleman!"

Mr. Gann. "Well, then, there's my hand!" and good-natured Gann tried to forget the insult, and to talk as if nothing had occurred: but he had been wounded in the most sensitive point in which a man

can be touched by his superior, and never forgot Brandon's joke. That night at the club, when dreadfully tipsy, he made several speeches on the subject, and burst into tears many times. The pleasure of the evening was quite spoiled; and, as the conversation became rapid and dull, we shall refrain from reporting it. Mr. Braudon speedily took leave, but had not the courage to face the ladies at tea; to whom, it appears the reconciled Becky had brought that refreshing beverage.

CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH MR. FITCH PROCLAIMS HIS LOVE, AND MR. BRANDON PREPARES FOR WAR.

From the splendid halls in which Mrs. Gann was dispensing her hospitality, the celebrated painter, Andrea Fitch rushed forth in a state of mind even more delirious than that which he usually enjoyed. He looked abroad into the street, all there was dusk and lonely; the rain falling heavily, the wind playing Pandæan pipes and whistling down the chimney-pots. "I love the storm," said Fitch, solemnly; and he put his great Spanish cloak round him in the most approved manner (it was of so prodigious a size that the tail of it, as it twirled over his shoulder, whisked away a lodging-card from the door of the house opposite Mr. Gann's). "I love the storm and solitude," said he, lighting a large pipe filled full of the fragrant Oronooko; and thus

armed, he passed rapidly down the street, his hat cocked over his ringlets.

Andrea did not like smoking, but he used a pipe as a part of his profession as an artist, and as one of the picturesque parts of his costume; in like manner, though he did not fence, he always travelled about with a pair of foils; and quite unconscious of music, nevertheless had a guitar constantly near at hand. Without such properties a painter's spectacle is not complete, and now he determined to add to them another indispensable requisite—a mistress. "What great artist was ever without one !" thought he. Long, long had he sighed for some one whom he might love, some one to whom he might address the poems which he was in the habit of making. Hundreds of such fragments had he composed, addressed to Leila, Ximena, Ada-imaginary beauties, whom he courted in dreamy verse. With what joy would he replace all those by a real charmer of flesh and blood! Away he went, then, on this evening, the tyranny of Mrs. Gann towards poor Caroline having awakened all his sympathies in the gentle girl's favour, determined now and for ever to make her the mistress of his heart. Monna-Lisa, the Fornarina, Leonardo, Raphael—he thought of all these, and vowed that his Caroline should be made famous and live for ever on his canvass. While Mrs. Gann was preparing for her friends, and entertaining them at tea and whist; while Caroline, all unconscious of the love she inspired, was weeping up stairs in her little garret; while Mr. Brandon was enjoying the refined conversation of Gann and Swigby, over their glass and pipe in the office, Andrea walked abroad by the side of the

ocean; and, before he was wet through, walked himself into the most fervid affection for poor persecuted Caroline. The reader might have observed him (had not the night been very dark, and a great deal too wet to allow a sensible reader to go abroad on such an errand) at the sea-shore standing on a rock, and drawing from his bosom a locket which contained a curl of hair tied up in riband. He looked at it for a moment, and then flung it away from him into the black boiling waters below him.

"No other 'air but thine, Caroline, shall ever rest near this 'art!" he said, and kissed the locket and restored it to its place. Light-minded youth, whose hair was it that he thus flung away? How many times had Andrea shown that very ringlet in strictest confidence to several brethren of the brush, and declared that it was the hair of a dear girl in Spain whom he loved to madness? Alas! 'twas but a fiction of his fevered brain; every one of his friends had a locket of hair, and Andrea, who had no love until now, had clipped this precious token from the wig of a lovely lay-figure, with cast-iron joints and a card-board head, that had stood for some time in his atelier. I don't know that he felt any shame about the proceeding, for he was of such a warm imagination that he had grown to believe that the hair did actually come from a girl in Spain, and only parted with it on yielding to a superior attachment.

This attachment being fixed on, the young painter came home wet through; passed the night in reading Byron; making sketches, and burning them; writing poems to Caroline, and expunging them with pitiless Indian rubber. A romantic man makes a point of sitting up all night, and pacing his chamber; and you may see many a composition of Andrea's dated "Midnight, 10th of March, A. F." with his peculiar flourish over the initials. He was not sorry to be told in the morning, by the ladies at breakfast, that he looked dreadfully pale; and answered, laying his hand on his forehead, and shaking his head gloomily, that he could get no sleep: and then he would heave a huge sigh; and Miss Bella and Miss Linda would look at each other, and grin according to their wont. He was glad, I say, to have his wo remarked, and continued his sleeplessness for two or three nights; but he was certainly still more glad when he heard Mr. Brandon, on the fourth morning, cry out, in a shrill angry voice, to Becky the maid, to give the gentleman up-stairs his compliments -Mr. Brandon's compliments-and tell him that he could not get a wink of sleep for the horrid trampling he kept up. "I am hanged if I stay in the house a night longer," added the first floor sharply, "if that Mr. Fitch kicks up such up a confounded noise!" Mr. Fitch's point was gained, and henceforth he was as quiet as a mouse; but his wish was not only to be in love, but to let every body know that he was in love, or where is the use of a belle passion?

So, whenever he saw Caroline, at meals, or in the passage, he used to stare at her with the utmost power of his big eyes, and fall to groaning most pather cally. He used to leave his meals untasted, groan, heave sighs, and stare incessantly. Mrs. Gann and her eldest daughters were astonished at these manœuvres; for they never suspected than any man could possibly be

such a fool as to fall in love with Caroline. At length the suspicion came upon them, created immense laughter and delight; and the ladies did not fail to rally Caroline in their usual elegant way. Gann, too, loved a joke (much polite waggery had this worthy man practised in select inn-parlours for twenty years past), and would call poor Caroline "Mrs. F.; and say that, instead of Fetch-and-Carry, as he used to name her, he should style her Fitch-and-Carry for the future; and laugh at this great pun, and make many others of a similar sort, that set Caroline blushing.

Indeed, the girl suffered a great deal more from this raillery than at first may be imagined; for after the first awe inspired by Fitch's whiskers had passed away, and he had drawn the young ladies' pictures, and made designs in their albums, and in the midst of their jokes and conversation had remained perfectly silent, the Gann family had determined that the man was an idiot: and, indeed, were not very wide of the In every thing except his own peculiar art honest Fitch was an idiot; and as upon the subject of painting, the Ganns, like most people of their class in England, were profoundly ignorant, it came to pass that he would breakfast and dine for many days in their company, and not utter one single syllable. they looked upon him with extreme pity and contempt, as a harmless, good-natured, crack-brained creature, quite below them in the scale of intellect, and only to be endured because he paid a certain number of shillings weekly to the Gann exchequer. Mrs. Gann in all companies was accustomed to talk about her idiot. Neighbours and children used to peer at him as he

strutted down the street; and though every young lady, including my dear Caroline, is flattered by having a lover, at least they don't like such a lover as this. The Misses Macarty (after having set their caps at him very fiercely, and quarrelled concerning him on his first coming to lodge at their house) vowed and protested now that he was no better than chimpanzee; and Caroline and Becky agreed that this insult was as great as any that could be paid to the former. "He's a good creature, too," said Becky, "crack-brained as he is. Do you know, miss, he gave me half a sovereign to buy a new collar, after that business t'other day?"

"And did—Mr.——, —did the first floor say any thing?" asked Caroline.

"Didn't he! he's a funny gentleman, that Brandon, sure enough; and when I took him up breakfast next morning, asked about Sims the pilot, and what I gied Sims for the collar and brooch,—he, he!"

And this was indeed a correct report of Mr. Brandon's conversation with Becky; he had been infinitely amused with the whole transaction, and wrote his friend the viscount a capital facetious account of the manners and customs of the native inhabitants of the Isle of Thanet.

And now, when Mr. Fitch's passion was fully developed—as far, that is, as sighs and ogles could give it utterance—a curious instance of that spirit of contradiction for which our race is remarkable was seen in the behaviour of Mr. Brandon. Although Caroline, in the depths of her little silly heart, had set him down for her divinity, her wondrous fairy prince, who was to deliver her from her present miserable durance, she had

never by word or deed acquainted Brandon with her inclination for him, but had, with instinctive modesty, avoided him more sedulously than before. He, too, had never bestowed a thought upon her. How should so ch a Jove as Mr. Brandon, from the cloudy summit of his fashionable Olympus, look down and perceive such an humble, retiring being as poor little Caroline Gann? Thinking her at first not disagreeable, he had never, until the day of the dinner, bestowed one single further thought upon her; and only when exasperated by the Miss Macartys' behaviour towards him, did he begin to think how sweet it would be to make them jealous and unhappy."

"The uncouth grinning monsters," said he, "with their horrible court of Bob Smiths and Jack Joneses, daring to look down upon me, a gentleman,—me the celebrated mangeur des cœurs—a man of genius, fashion, and noble family! If I could but revenge myself on them! What injury can I invent to wound them."

It is curious to what points a man in his passion will go. Mr. Brandon had long since, in fact, tried to do the greatest possible injury to the young ladies; for it had been, at the first dawn of his acquaintance, as we are bound with much sorrow to confess, his fixed intention to ruin one or the other of them. And when the young ladies had, by their coldness and indifference to him, frustrated this benevolent intention, he straightway fancied that they had injured him severely, and cast about for means to revenge himself upon them.

This point is, to be sure, a very delicate one to treat,
—for in words, at least, the age has grown to be won-

derfully moral, and refuses to hear discourses upon such subjects. But human nature, as far as I am able to learn, has not much changed since the time when Richardson wrote and Hogarth painted, a century ago There are wicked Lovelaces abroad, ladies, now, as then, when it was considered no shame to expose the rogues. and pardon us, therefore, for hinting that such there be Elegant acts of rouerie, such as that meditated by Mr Brandon, are often performed still by dashing young men of the world, who think no sin of an amourette. but glory in it, especially if the victim be a person of mean condition. Had Brandon succeeded (such is the high moral state of our British youth), all his friends would have pronounced him, and he would have considered himself, to be a very lucky, captivating dog; nor, as I believe, would he have had a single pang of conscience for the rascally action which he had committed. This supreme act of scoundrelism has man permitted to himself—to deceive women. When we consider how he has availed himself of the privilege so created by him, indeed one may sympathise with the advocates of woman's rights who point out this monstrous wrong. We have read of that wretched woman of old whom the pious Pharisees were for stoning incontinently; but we don't hear that they made any outcry against the man who was concerned in the crime. Where was he? Happy, no doubt, and easy in mind, and regaling some choice friends over a bottle with the history of his success.

Being thus injured then, Mr. Brandon longed for revenge. How should he repay these impertinent young women for slighting his addresses? "Pardi,"

said he; "just, to punish their pride and insolence, I have a great mind to make love to their sister."

He did not, however, for some time condescend to perform this threat. Eagles such as Brandon do not sail down from the clouds in order to pounce upon small flies, and soar airwards again, contented with such an ignoble booty. In a word, he never gave a minute's thought to Mis Caroline, until further circumstances occurred which caused this great man to consider her as an object somewhat worthy of his remark.

The violent affection suddenly exhibited by Mr. Fitch, the painter, towards poor little Caroline was the point which determined Brandon to begin to act.

"My dear Viscount," wrote he to the same Lord Cinqbars, whom he formerly addressed, "give me joy, for in a week's time it is my intention to be violently in love,—and love is no small amusement in a watering-place in winter.

"I told you about the fair Juliana Gann and her family. I forgot whether I mentioned how the Juliana had two fair daughters, the Rosalind and the Isabella; and another, Caroline by name, not so good looking as her half-sisters, but, nevertheless, a pleasing young person.

"Well, when I came hither, I had nothing to do but to fall in love with the two handsomest; and did so, taking many walks with them, talking much nonsense; passing long, dismal evenings over horrid tea with them and their mamma: laying regular siege, in fact, to these Margate beauties, who, according to the common rule in such cases, could not, I thought, last long.

"Miserable deception! disgusting aristocratic blindness!" (Mr. Brandon always assumed that his own high birth and eminent position were granted.) "Would you believe it, that I, who have seen, fought, and conquered in so many places, should have been ignominiously defeated here? Just as American Jackson defeated our Peninsular veterans, I, an old Continental

conqueror too, have been overcome by this ignoble enemy. These women have entrenched themselves so firmly in their vulgarity, that I have been beaten back several times with disgrace, being quite unable to make an impression. The monsters, too, keep up a dreadful fire from behind their entrenchments; and besides have raised the whole country against me: in a word, all the snobs of their acquaintance are in arms. There is Bob Smith, the linendraper; Harry Jones, who keeps the fancy tea-shop; young Glauber, the apothecary; and sundry other persons, who are ready to eat me when they see me in the streets; and are all at the beck of the victorious Amazons.

"How is a gentleman to make head against such a canaille as this?—a regular jacquerie. Once or twice I have thought of retreating; but a retreat, for sundry reasons I have, is inconvenient. I can't go to London; I am known at Dover; I believe there is a bill against me at Canterbury; at Chatham, there are sundry quartered regiments whose recognition I should be unwilling to risk. I must stay here—and be hanged to the place—until my better star shall rise.

"But I am determined that my stay shall be to some purpose; and so, to show how persevering I am, I shall make one more trial upon the third daughter,-yes, upon the third daughter, a family Cinderella, who shall, I am determined, make her sisters crever with envy. I merely mean fun, you know-not mischief.—for Cinderella is but a little child: and, besides, I am the most harmless fellow breathing, but must have my joke. Now, Cinderella has a lover, the bearded painter of whom I spoke to you in a former letter. He has lately plunged into the most extraordinary fits of passion for her, and is more mad than even he was before. Wo betide you, O painter! I have nothing to do; a month to do that nothing in: in that time, mark my words, I will laugh at that painter's beard. Should you like a lock of it, or a sofa stuffed with it? there is beard enough: or, should you like to see a specimen of poor little Cinderella's golden ringlets? Command your slave. I wish I had paper enough to write you an account of a grand Gann dinner, at which I assisted, and of a scene which there took place; and how Cinderella was dressed out, not by a fairy, but by a charitable kitchen-maid, and was turned out of the room by her indignant mamma, for appearing in the scullion's finery. But my for te does not lie in such descriptions of polite life. We drank port, and toasts after dinner: here is the menu, and the names and order of the eaters."

The bill of fare has been given already, and need, not, therefore, be again laid before the public.

- "What a fellow that is!" said young Lord Cinqbars, reading the letter to his friends, and in a profound admiration of his tutor's genius
- "And to think that he was a reading man too, and took a double first," cried another; "why, the man's an Admirable Crichton."
- "Upon my life, though, he's a little too bad," said a third who was a moralist. And with this a fresh bowl of milk-punch came reeking from the college butteries, and the jovial party discussed that.

CHAPTER V.

CONTAINS A GREAT DEAL OF COMPLICATED LOVE-MAKING.

THE Misses Macarty were excessively indignant that Mr. Fitch should have had the audacity to fall in love with their sister; and poor Caroline's life was not, as may be imagined, made much the happier by the envy and passion, thus excited. Mr. Fitch's amour was the source of a great deal of pain to her. Her mother would tauntingly say, that as both were beggars, they could not do better than marry; and declared, in the

same satirical way, that she should like nothing better than to see a large family of grandchildren about her, to be plagues and burdens upon her, as her daughter was. The short way would have been, when the young painter's intentions were manifest, which they pretty speedily were, to have requested him immediately to quit the house; or, as Mr. Gann said, "to give him the sack at once;" to which measure the worthy man indignantly avowed that he would have resort. But his lady would not allow of any such rudeness; although, for her part, she professed the strongest scorn and contempt for the painter. For the painful fact must be stated: Fitch had a short time previously paid no less a sum than a whole quarter's board and lodging in advance, at Mrs. Gann's humble request, and he possessed his landlady's receipt for that sum: the mention of which circumstance silenced Gann's objections at once. And, indeed, it is pretty certain that, with all her taunts to her daughter, and just abuse of Fitch's poverty. Mrs. Gann in her heart was not altogether averse to the match. In the first place, she loved match-making; next, she would be glad to be rid of her daughter at any rate; and, besides, Fitch's aunt, the auctioneer's wife, was rich, and had no children; painters, as she had heard, make often a great deal of money, and Fitch might be a clever one for aught she knew. So he was allowed to remain in the house, an undeclared but very assiduous lover; and to sigh, and to moan, and make verses and portraits of his beloved, and build castles in the air as best he might. Indeed, our humble Cinderella was in a very curious She felt a tender passion for the first floor, and was adored by the second floor, and had to wait

upon both at the summons of the bell of either; and as the poor little thing was compelled not to notice any of the sighs and glances which the painter bestowed upon her, she also had schooled herself to maintain a quiet demeanour towards Mr. Brandon, and not allow him to discover the secret which was labouring in her little breast.

I think it may be laid down as a pretty general rule, that most romantic little girls of Caroline's age have such a budding sentiment as this young person entertained; quite innocent, of course; nourished and talked of in delicious secrecy to the confidente of the hour. Or else what are novels made for ! Had Caroline read of Valancourt and Emily for nothing, or gathered no good example from those five tear-fraught volumes which describe the loves of Miss Helen Mar and Sir ' Many a time had she depicted William Wallace? Brandon in a fancy costume, such as the fascinating Valancourt wore; or painted herself as Helen, tying a sash round her knight's cuirass, and watching him forth to battle. Silly fancies, no doubt; but consider, madam, the poor girl's age and education; the only instruction she had ever received was from these tender, kind-hearted, silly books; the only happiness which Fate had allowed her was in this little silent world of fancy. would be hard to grudge the poor thing her dreams; and many such did she have, and impart blushingly to honest Becky, as they sat by the humble kitchen-fire.

Although it cost her heart a great pang, she-had once ventured to implore her mother not to send her upstairs to the lodgers' rooms, for she shrunk at the notion of the occurrence that Brandon should discover

her regard for him; but this point had never entered Mrs. Gann's sagacious head. She thought her daughter wished to avoid Fitch, and sternly bade her do her duty, and not give herself such impertinent airs; and, indeed, it can't be said that poor Caroline was very sorry at being compelled to continue to see Brandon. To do both gentlemen justice, neither ever said a word unfit for Caroline to hear. Fitch would have been torn to pieces by a thousand wild horses rather than have breathed a single syllable to hurt her feelings; and Brandon, though by no means so squeamish on ordinary occasions, was innately a gentleman, and, from taste rather than from virtue, was carefully respectful in his behaviour to her.

As for the Misses Macarty themselves, it has been stated that they had already given away their hearts several times; Miss Isabella being at this moment attached to a certain young wine-merchant, and to Lieu tenant or Colonel Swabber of the Spanish service; and Miss Rosalind having a decided fondness for a foreign nobleman, with black mustachios, who had paid a visit to Margate. Of Miss Bella's lovers, Swabber had disappeared; but she still met the wine-merchant pretty often, and it is believed had gone very nigh to accept him. As for Miss Rosalind, I am sorry to say that the course of her true love ran by no means smoothly: the Frenchman had turned out to be not a marquess, but a billiard-marker; and a sad, sore subject the disappointment was with the neglected lady.

We should have spoken of it long since, had the subject been one that was much canvassed in the Gann family; but once when Gann had endeavoured to rally

his step-daughter on this unfortunate attachment (using for the purpose those delicate terms of wit for which the honest gentleman was always famous), Miss Linda had flown into such a violent fury, and comported herself in a way so dreadful, that James Gann, Esquire, was fairly frightened out of his wits by the threats, screams, and imprecations which she uttered. Miss Bella, who was disposed to be jocose likewise, was likewise awed into silence; for her dear sister talked of tearing her eyes out that minute, and uttered some hints, too, regarding love matters personally affecting Miss Bella herself, which caused that young lady to turn pale-red, to mutter something about "wicked lies," and to leave the room immediately. Nor was the subject ever again broached by the Ganns. Even when Mrs. Gann once talked about that odious French impostor, she was stopped immediately, not by the lady concerned, but by Miss Bella, who cried, sharply, "Mamma, hold your tongue, and don't vex our dear Linda by alluding to any such stuff," It is most probable that the young ladies had had a private conference, which, beginning a little fiercely at first, had ended amicably: and so the marquess was mentioned no more.

Miss Linda, then, was comparatively free (for Bob Smith, the linendraper, and young Glauber, the apothecary, went for nothing); and, very luckily for her, a successor was found for the faithless Frenchman, almost immediately.

This gentleman was a commoner, to be sure, but had a good estate of five hundred a-year, kept his horse and gig, and was, as Mr. Gann remarked, as good a fellow as ever lived. Let us say at once that the new lover was no other than Mr. Swigby. From the day when he had been introduced to the family he appeared to be very much attracted by the two sisters; sent a turkey off his own farm, and six bottles of prime Hollands, to Mr. and Mrs. Gann, in presents; and, in ten short days after his first visit, had informed his friend Gann that he was violently in love with two women, whose names he would never—never breathe. The worthy Gann knew right well how the matter was; for he had not failed to remark Swigby's melancholy, and to attribute it to its right cause.

Swigby was forty-eight years of age, stout, hearty, gav, much given to drink, and had never been a lady's man, or, indeed, passed half-a-dozen evenings in ladies' society. He thought Gann the noblest and finest fellow in the world. He never heard any singing like James's. nor any jokes like his; nor had met with such an accomplished gentleman or man of the world. has his faults," Swigby would say at the Bag of Nails; "which of us has not?—but I tell you what, he's the greatest trump I ever see." Many scores of scores had he paid for Gann, many guineas and crown-pieces had he lent him, since he came into his property some three years before. What were Swigby's former pursuits I can't tell. What need we care? Hadn't he five hundred a-year now, and a horse and gig? Ay, that he had.

Since his accession to fortune, this gay young bachelor had taken his share (what he called "his whack") of pleasure; had been at one—nay, perhaps, at two—public-houses every night; and had been drunk, I make no doubt, nearly a thousand times in the course of the

three years. Many people had tried to cheat him; but, no, no! he knew what was what, and in all matters of money was simple and shrewd. Gann's gentility won him; his bragging, his ton, and the stylish tuft on his chin. To be invited to his house was a proud ment; and when he went away, after the banquet described in the last chapter, he was in a perfect ferment of love and liquor.

"What a stylish woman is that Mrs. Gann!" thought he, as he tumbled into bed at his inn: "fine she must have been as a gal!—fourteen stone now, without saddle and bridle, and no mistake. And them Miss Macartys, Jupiter! what spanking, handsome, elegant creatures!—real elegance in both on 'em! Such hair!—black's the word—as black as my mare; such cheeks, such necks, and shoulders!" At noon he repeated these observations to Gann himself, as he walked up and down the pier with that gentleman, smoking Manilla cheroots. He was in raptures with his evening. Gann received his praises with much majestic good-humour.

"Blood, sir!" said he, "blood's every thing! Them gals have been brought up as few ever have. I don't speak of myself; but their mother—their mother's a lady, sir. Show me a woman in England as is better bred or knows the world more than my Juliana!"

"It's impawsible," said Swigby.

"Think of the company we've kep, sir, before our misfortunes—the fust in the land. Brandenburg House, sir—England's injured queen. Law bless you, Juliana was always there!"

"I make no doubt, sir; you can see it in her," said Swigby, solemnly.

"And as for those gals, why, aint they related to the fust families in Ireland, sir?—In course, they are. As I said before, blood's every thing; and those young women have the best of it: they are connected with the reglar old noblesse."

"They have the best of every think, I'm sure," said Swigby, "and deserve it, too," and relapsed into his morning remarks. "What creatures! what elegance! what hair and eyes, sir!—black, and all's black, as I say. What complexion, sir!—ay, and what makes, too! Such a neck and shoulders I never see!"

Gann, who had his hands in his pockets (his friend's arm being hooked into one of his), here suddenly withdrew his hand from its hiding-place, clenched his fist, assumed a horrible knowing grin, and gave Mr. Swigby such a blow in the ribs as well-nigh sent him into the water. "You sly dog!" said Mr. Gann, with inexpressible emphasis, "you've found that out, too, have you! Have a care, Joe, my boy,—have a care."

And herewith Gann and Joe burst into tremendous roars of laughter, fresh explosions taking place at intervals of five minutes during the rest of the walk. The two friends parted exceedingly happy; and when they met that evening at "The Nails," Gann drew Swigby mysteriously into the bar, and thrust into his hand a triangular piece of pink paper, which the latter read:—

[&]quot;Mrs. Gann and the Misses Macarty request the honour and pleasure of Mr. Swigby's company (if you have no better engagement) to tea to-morrow evening, at half-past five.

[&]quot; Margaretta Cottage, Salamanca Road North. Thursday evening."

The faces of the two gentlemen were wonderfully expressive of satisfaction as this communication passed between them. And I am led to believe that Mrs. Gann had been unusually pleased with her husband's conduct on that day, for honest James had no less than thirteen and sixpence in his pocket, and insisted, as usual, upon standing glasses all round. Joe Swigby, left alone in the little parlour behind the bar, called for a sheet of paper, a new pen and a wafer, and in the space of half-an-hour concocted a very spirited and satisfactory answer to this note; which was carried off by Gann, and duly delivered. Punctually at half-past five Mr. Joseph Swigby knocked at Margaretta Cottage door, in his new coat with glistering brass buttons, his face clean shaved, and his great ears shining over his great shirt-collar, delightfully bright and red.

What happened at this tea-party it is needless here to say; but Swigby came away from it quite as much enchanted as before, and declared that the duets, sung by the ladies in hideous discord, were the sweetest music he had ever heard. He sent the gin and the turkey the next day; and, of course, was invited to dine. The dinner was followed up on his part by an offer to drive all the young ladies and their mamma into the country; and he hired a very smart barouche to conduct them. The invitation was not declined; and Fitch, too, was asked by Mr. Swigby, in the height of his good-humour, and accepted with the utmost delight. "Me and Joe will go on the box," said Gann. "You four ladies and Mr. Fitch shall go inside. Carry must go bodkin; but she aint very big."

"Carry, indeed, will stop at home," said her mamma; "she's not fit to go out."

At which poor Fitch's jaw fell; it was in order to ride with her that he had agreed to accompany the party; nor could he escape now, having just promised so eagerly.

"Oh, don't let's have that proud Brandon," said the young ladies, when the good-natured Mr. Swigby proposed to ask that gentleman; and therefore he was not invited to join them in their excursion: but he stayed at home very unconcernedly, and saw the barouche and its load drive off. Somebody else looked at it from the parlour-window with rather a heavy heart, and that some one was poor Caroline. The day was bright and sunshiny; the spring was beginning early; it would have been pleasant to have been a lady for once, and to have driven along in a carriage with prancing horses. Mr. Fitch looked after her in a very sheepish, melancholy way; and was so dismal and silly during the first part of the journey, that Miss Linda, who was next him, said to her papa that she would change places with him; and actually mounted the box by the side of the happy, trembling Mr. Swigby. How proud he was, to be sure? How knowingly did he spank the horses along, and fling out the shillings at the turnpikes!

"Bless you, he don't care for change!" said Gann, as one of the toll-takers offered to render some coppers, and Joe felt infinitely obliged to his friend for setting off his amiable qualities in such a way.

O mighty Fate, that over us miserable mortals rulest supreme, with what small means are thy ends effected!-with what scornful ease and mean instruments does it please thee to govern mankind! Let each man think of the circumstances of his life, and how its lot has been determined. The getting up a little earlier or later, the turning down this street or that, the eating of this dish or the other, may influence all the years and actions of a future life. Mankind walks down the left-hand side of Regent Street instead of the right, and meets a friend who asks him to dinner, and goes, and finds the turtle remarkably good, and the iced punch very cool and pleasant; and, being in a merry, jovial, idle mood, has no objection to a social rubber of whist-nay, to a few more glasses of that cool punch. In the most careless, good-humoured way, he loses a few points; and still feels thirsty, and loses a few more points; and, like a man of spirit, increases his stakes, to be sure, and just by that walk down Regent Street is ruined for life. Or he walks down the right-hand side of Regent Street instead of the left, and, good Heavens! who is that charming young creature who has just stepped into her carriage from Mr. Fraser's shop, and to whom and her mamma Mr. Fraser has made the most elegant bow in the world? It is the lovely Miss Moidore, with a hundred thousand pounds, who has remarked your elegant figure, and regularly drives to town on the first of the month, to purchase her darling Magazine. You drive after her as fast as the hack-cab will carry you. She reads the Magazine the whole way. She stops at her papa's elegant villa at Hampstead, with a conservatory, a double coachhouse, and a parklike paddock. As the lodge-gate separates you from that dear girl, she looks back just once, and blushes. Erubuit, salva est res. blushed, and you are all right. In a week you are introduced to the family, and pronounced a charming young fellow of high principles. In three weeks you have danced twenty-nine quadrilles with her, and whisked her through several miles of waltzes. In a month Mrs. O'Flaherty has flung herself into the arms of her mother, just having come from a visit to the village of Gretna, near Carlisle; and you have an account at your banker's ever after. What is the cause of all this good fortune?—a walk on a particular side of Regent Street. And so true and indisputable is this fact, that there is a young north country gentleman, with whom I am acquainted, that daily paces up and down the abovenamed street for many hours, fully expecting that such an adventure will happen to him; for which end he keeps a cab in readiness at the corner of Vigo Lane.

Now, after a dissertation in this history, the reader is pretty sure to know that a moral is coming; and the facts connected with our tale, which are to be drawn from the above little essay on fate, are simply these:—

1. If Mr. Fitch had not heard Mr. Swigby invite all the ladies, he would have refused Swigby's invitation, and stayed at home.

2. If he had not been in the carriage, it is quite certain that Miss Rosalind Macarty would not have been seated by him on the back seat.

3. If he had not been sulky, she never would have asked her papa to let her take his place on the box.

4. If she had not taken her papa's place on the box, not one of the circumstances would have happened which did happen; and which were as follows:—

- 1. Miss Bella remained inside.
- 2. Mr. Swigby, who was wavering between the two, like a certain animal between two bundles of hay, was determined by this circumstance, and made proposals to Miss Linda, whispering to Miss Linda: "Miss, I aint equal to the like of you; but I'm hearty, healthy, and have five hundred a-year. Will you marry me!" In fact, this very speech had been taught him by cunning Gann, who saw well enough that Swigby would speak to one or other of his daughters. And to it the young lady replied, also in a whispering, agitated tone, "Law, Mr. S.! What an odd man! How can you?" And, after a little pause, added, "Speak to mamma."
- 3. (And this is the main point of my story.) If little Caroline had been allowed to go out, she never would have been left alone with Brandon at Margate. When Fate wills that something should come to pass, she sends forward a million of little circumstances to clear and prepare the way.

In the month of April (as indeed in half-a-score of other months of the year) the reader may have remarked that the cold north-east wind is prevalent; and that when, tempted by a glimpse of sunshine he issues forth to take the air, he receives not only it, but such a quantity of it as is enough to keep him shivering through the rest of the miserable month. On one of these happy days of English weather (it was the very day before the pleasure party described in the last chapter) Mr. Brandon, cursing heartily his country, and thinking how infinitely more congenial to him were the winds and habits prevalent in other nations, was marching ever the cliffs near Margate, in the midst of a storm of

shrill east wind which no ordinary mortal could bear, when he found perched on the cliff, his fingers blue with cold, the celebrated Andrea Fitch, employed in sketching a land or a sea-scape on a sheet of grey paper.

"You have chosen a fine day for sketching," said Mr. Brandon, bitterly, his thin aquiline nose peering out livid from the fur collar of his coat.

Mr. Fitch smiled, understanding the allusion.

"An hartist, sir," said he, "doesn't mind the coldness of the weather. There was a chap in the Academy who took sketches twenty degrees below zero in Hiceland—Mount 'Ecla, sir! E was the man that gave the first hidea of Mount 'Ecla for the Surrey Zoological Gardens."

"He must have been a wonderful enthusiast!" said Mr. Brandon; "I fancy that most men would prefer to sit at home, and not numb their fingers in such a freezing storm as this!"

"Storm, sir!" replied Fitch, majestically; "I live in a storm, sir! A true artist is never so 'appy as when he can have the advantage to gaze upon yonder tempestuous hocean in one of its hangry moods."

"Ay, there comes the steamer," answered Mr. Brandon; "I can fancy that there are a score of unhappy people on board who are not artists, and would wish to behold your ocean quiet."

"They are not poets, sir: the glorious hever-changing expression of the great countenance of Nature is not seen by them, no more than the storm and the sunshine which rages and gleams halternately in the face of my favourite hactor, Mr. M'Hasterisk, is seen by the gents in the gallery. They are too far away from it, sir:

those vulgar people, sucking their horanges and paying their shilling. I should consider myself unworthy my hart, if I could not bear a little privation of cold or 'eat for its sake. And besides, sir, whatever their hardships. may be, such a sight hamply repays me; for, although my private sorrows may be (has they are) tremendous, I never can look abroad upon the green hearth and hawful sea, without in a measure forgetting my personal woes and wrongs: for what right has a poor creature like me to think of his affairs in the presence of such a spectacle as this? I can't, sir; I feel ashamed of myself; I bow my head and am quiet. When I set myself to examining hart, sir (by which I mean nature), I don't dare to think of any thing else."

- "You worship a very charming and consoling mistress," answered Mr. Brandon, with a supercilious air, lighting and beginning to smoke a cigar; "your enthusiasm does you credit."
- "If you have another," said Andrea Fitch, "I should like to smoke one, for you seem to have a real feeling about hart, and I was a-getting so deucedly cold here that really there was scarcely any bearing of it."
 - "The cold is very severe," replied Mr. Brandon.
- "No, no, it's not the weather, sir!" said Mr. Fitch; "it's here, sir, here," (pointing to the left side of his waistcoat).
 - "What! you, too, have had sorrows?"
- "Sorrows, sir! hagonies—hagonies, which I have never unfolded to any mortal! I have endured halmost hevery thing. Poverty, sir 'unger, hobloquy, 'opeless love!—but for my hart, sir, I should be the most miserable wretch in the world!"

And herewith Mr. Fitch began to pour forth into Mr. Brandon's ears the history of some of those sorrows under which he laboured, and which he communicated to every single person who would listen to him.

Mr. Brandon was greatly amused by Fitch's prattle, and the latter told him under what privations he had studied his art: how he had starved for three years in Paris and Rome, while labouring at his profession; how meanly jealous the Royal Academy was, which would never exhibit a single one of his pictures; how he had been driven from the Heternal City by the attentions of an immense fat Mrs. Carrickfergus, who absolutely proposed marriage to him; and how he was at this moment (a fact of which Mr. Brandon was already quite aware) madly and desperately in love with one of the most beautiful maidens in this world. For Fitch. having a mistress to his heart's desire, was boiling with impatience to have a confidant; what, indeed, would be the joy of love, if one were not allowed to speak of one's feelings to a friend who could know how to sympathise with them? Fitch was sure Brandon did, because Brandon was the very first person with whom the painter had talked since he had come to the resolution recorded in the last chapter.

"I hope she is as rich as that unlucky Mrs. Carrickfergus, whom you treated so cruelly?" said the confidant, affecting entire ignorance.

"Rich, sir? no, I thank Heaven, she has not a penny!" said Fitch.

"I presume, then, you are yourself independent," said Brandon, smiling; "for in the marriage state, one or the other of the parties concerned should bring a portion of the filthy lucre?"

"Haven't I my profession, sir?" said Fitch, majestically, having declared five minutes before that he starved in his profession. "Do you suppose a painter gets nothing? Haven't I horders from the first people in Europe?—commissions, sir, to hexecute 'istory-pieces, battle-pieces, haltar-pieces?"

"Master-pieces, I am sure," said Brandon, bowing politely; "for a gentleman of your astonishing genius can do no other."

The delighted artist received this compliment with many blushes, and vowed and protested that his performances were not really worthy of such high praise; but he fancied Mr. Brandon a great connoisseur, nevertheless, and unburdened his mind to him in a manner still more open. Fitch's sketch was by this time finished; and, putting his drawing implements together, he rose, and the gent lemen walked away. The sketch was hugely admired by Mr. Brandon, and when they came home, Fitch, culling it dexterously out of his book, presented it in a neat speech to his friend, "the gifted hamateur."

"The gifted hamateur" received the drawing with a profusion of thanks, and so much did he value it, that he had actually torn off a piece to light a segar with, when he saw that words were written on the other side of the paper, and deciphered the following:

"SONG OF THE VIOLET.

A humble flower long time I pined,
Upon the solitary plain,
And trembled at the angry wind,
And shrunk before the bitter rain.

And, oh! how in a blessed hour,
A passing wanderer chanced to see;
And, pitying the lonely flower,
To stoop and gather me.

I fear no more the tempest rude,
On dreary heath no more I pine;
But left my cheerless solitude,
To deck the breast of Caroline.
Alas! our days are brief at best,
Nor long I feel will mine endure,
Though shelter'd here upon a breast
So gentle and so pure.

It draws the fragrance from my leaves,
It robs me of my sweetest breath;
And every time it falls and heaves,
It warns me of my coming death.
But one I know would glad forego
All joys of life to be as I;
An hour to rest on that sweet breast,
And then, contented die.

" ANDREA."

When Mr. Brandon had finished the perusal of these verses, he laid them down with an air of considerable vexation. "Egad!" said he, "this fellow, fool as he is, is not so great a fool as he seems; and if he goes on this way, may finish by turning the girl's head. They can't resist a man if he but presses hard enough—I know they can't!" And here Mr. Brandon mused over his various experience, which confirmed his observation, that be a man ever so silly, a gentlewoman will yield to him out of sneer weariness. And he thought of several cases in which, by the persevering application of copies of verses, young ladies had been brought,

from dislike to sufferance of a man, from sufferance to partiality, and from partiality to St. George's, Hanover Square. "A ruffian who murders his h's to carry off such a delicate little creature as that!" cried he in a transport: "it shall never be if I can prevent it!" He thought Caroline more and more beautiful every instant, and was himself by this time almost as much in love with her as Fitch himself.

Mr. Brandon, then, saw Fitch depart in Swigby's carriage with no ordinary feelings of pleasure. Miss Caroline was not with them. "Now is my time!" thought Brandon; and, ringing the bell, he enquired with some anxiety, from Becky, where Miss Caroline was? It must be confessed that mistress and maid were at their usual occupation, working and reading novels in the back-parlour. Poor Carry! what other pleasure had she?

She had not gone through many pages, or Becky advanced many stitches in the darning of that table-cloth which the good housewife, Mrs. Gann, had confided to her charge, when an humble knock was heard at the door of the sitting-room, that caused the blushing Caroline to tremble and drop her book, as Miss Lydia Languish does in the play.

Mr. George Brandon entered with a very demure air. He held in his hand a black satin neck-scarf, of which a part had come to be broken. He could not wear it in its present condition, that was evident; but Miss Caroline was blushing and trembling a great deal too much to suspect that this wicked Brandon had himself torn his own scarf with his own hands one moment before he entered the room. I don't know

whether Becky had any suspicions of this fact, or whether it was only the ordinary roguish look which she had when any thing pleased her, that now lighted up her eyes and caused her mouth to expand smilingly, and her fat, red cheeks to gather up into wrinkles.

"I have had a sad misfortune," said he, "and should be very much obliged indeed to Miss Caroline to repair it." (Caroline was said with a kind of tender hesitation that caused the young woman, so named, to blush more than ever.) "It is the only stock I have in the world, and I can't go bare-necked into the streets; can I, Mrs. Becky?"

"No, sure," said Becky.

"Not unless I was a celebrated painter, like Mr. Fitch," added Mr. Brandon, with a smile, which was reflected speedily upon the face of the lady whom he wished to interest. "Those great geniuses," he added, "may do anything."

"For," says Becky, "hee's got enough beard on hees faze to keep hees neck warm!" At which remark, though Miss Caroline very properly said, "For shame, Becky!" Mr. Brandon was so convulsed with laughter, that he fairly fell down upon the sofa on which Miss Caroline was seated. How she startled and trembled, as he flung his arm upon the back of the couch! Mr. Brandon did not attempt to apologise for what was an act of considerable impertinence, but continued mercilessly to make many more jokes concerning poor Fitch, which were so cleverly suited to the comprehension of the maid and the young mistress, as to elicit a great number of roars of laughter from the one, and to cause the other to smile in spite of herself. Indeed Brandon

had gained a vast reputation with Becky in his morning colloquies with her, and she was ready to laugh at any single word which it pleased him to utter. How many of his good things had this honest scullion carried down stairs to Caroline, and how pitilessly had she contrived to estropier them in their passage from the drawing-room to the kitchen.

Well, then, while Mr. Brandon "was a-going on," as Becky said, Caroline had taken his stock, and her little fingers were occupied in repairing the damage he had done to it. Was it clumsiness on her part? Certain it is that the rent took several minutes to repair: of them the mangeur des cœurs did not fail to profit, conversing in an easy, kindly, confidential way, which set our fluttering heroine speedily at rest, and enabled her to reply to his continual queries, addressed with much adroitness and an air of fraternal interest, by a number of those pretty, little, timid, whispering, yeses and noes, and those gentle quick looks of the eyes, wherewith young and modest maidens are wont to reply to the questions of seducing young bachelors. Dear veses and noes, how beautiful you are when gently whispered by pretty lips! -glances of quick innocent eyes, how charming are you !--and how charming the soft blush that steals over the cheek, towards which the dark lashes are drawing the full blue-veined eyelids down. And here let the writer of this solemnly declare upon his veracity, that he means nothing but what is right and moral. But look, I pray you, at an innocent, bashful girl, of sixteen; if she be but good, she must be pretty. She is a woman now, but a girl still. How delightful all her ways are! How exquisite her instinctive grace! All the arts of all the Cleopatras are not so captivating as her nature. Who can resist her confiding simplicity, or fail to be touched and conquered by her gentle appeal to protection!

All this Mr. Brandon saw and felt, as many a gentleman educated in this school will. It is not because a man is a rascal himself that he cannot appreciate virtue and purity very keenly; and our hero did feel for this simple, gentle, tender, artless creature, a real respect and sympathy—a sympathy so fresh and delicious, that he was but too glad to yield to it and indulge in it, and which he mistook, probably, for a real love of virtue, and a return to the days of his innocence.

Indeed, Mr. Brandon, it was no such thing. It was only because vice and debauch were stale for the moment, and this pretty virtue new. It was only because your cloyed appetite was long unused to this simple meat that you felt so keen a relish for it; and I thought of you only the last blessed Saturday, at Mr. Lovegrove's, West India Tavern, Blackwall, where a company of fifteen epicures, who had scorned the turtle, poohpoohed the punch, and sent away the whitebait, did suddenly and simultaneously make a rush upon—a dish of beans and bacon. And if the assiduous reader of novels will think upon some of the most celebrated works of that species, which have lately appeared in this and other countries, he will find, amidst much debauch of sentiment, and enervating dissipation of intellect, that the writers have from time to time a returning appetite for innocence and freshness, and indulge us with occasional repasts of beans and bacon. How long Mr. Brandon remained by Miss Caroline's side I have no means of judging; it is probable, however, that he stayed a much longer time than was necessary for the mending of his black satin stock. I believe, indeed, that he read to the ladies a great part of the Mysteries of Udolpho, over which they were engaged; and interspersed his reading with many remarks of his own, both tender and satirical. Whether he was in her company half-an-hour or four hours, this is certain, that the time slipped away very swiftly with poor Caroline; and when a carriage drove up to the door, and shrill voices were heard crying "Becky!" "Carry!" and Rebecca, the maid, starting up, cried, "Lor', here's missus!" and Brandon jumped rather suddenly off the sofa, and fled up the stairs—when all these events took place, I know Caroline felt very sad indeed, and opened the door for her parents with a very heavy heart.

Swigby helped Miss Linda off the box with excessive tenderness. Papa was bustling and roaring in high good-humour, and called for "hot water and tumblers immediately." Mrs. Gann was gracious; and Miss Bell sulky, as she had good reason to be, for she insisted upon taking the front seat in the carriage before her sister, and had lost a husband by that very piece of obstinacy.

Mr. Fitch, as he entered, bestowed upon Caroline a heavy sigh and a deep stare, and silently ascended to his own apartment. He was lost in thought. The fact is, he was trying to remember some verses regarding a violet, which he had made five years before, and which he had somehow lost from among his papers. So he went up stairs, muttering,

"A humble flower long since I pined Upon a solitary plain ——"

CHAPTER VI.

DESCRIBES A SHABBY-GENTEEL MARRIAGE, AND MORE LOVE-MAKING.

It will not be necessary to describe the particulars of the festivities which took place on the occasion of Mr Swigby's marriage to Miss Macarty. The happy pair went off in a post-chaise and four to the bridegroom's country-seat, accompanied by the bride's blushing sister: and when the first week of their matrimonial bliss was ended, that worthy woman, Mrs. Gann, with her excellent husband, went to visit the young couple. Miss Caroline was left, therefore, sole mistress of the house, and received especial cautions from her mamma as to prudence, economy, the proper management of the lodgers' bills, and the necessity of staying at home.

Considering that one of the gentlemen remaining in the house was a declared lover of Miss Caroline, I think it is a little surprising that her mother should leave her unprotected; but in this matter the poor are not so particular as the rich; and so this young lady was consigned to the guardianship of her own innocence, and the lodgers' loyalty: nor was there any reason why Mrs. Gann should doubt the latter. As for Mr. Fitch, he would have far preferred to be torn to pieces by ten thousand wild horses, rather than to offer to the young woman any unkindness or insult; and how was Mrs. Gann to suppose that her other lodger was a whit less

loyal? that he had any partiality for a person of whom he always spoke of as a mean, insignificant, little baby? So, without any misgivings, and in a one-horse fly with Mr. Gann by her side, with a bran new green coat and gilt buttons, Juliana Gann went forth to visit her beloved child, and console her in her married state.

And here, were I allowed to occupy the reader with extraneous matters, I could give a very curious and touching picture of the Swigby ménage. Mrs. S., I am very sorry to say, quarrelled with her husband on the third day after their marriage,—and for what, pr'ythee ! Why, because, he would smoke, and no gentleman ought to smoke. Swigby, therefore, patiently resigned his pipe, and with it one of the quietest, happiest, kindest companions of his solitude. He was a different man after this; his pipe was as a limb of his body. Having on Tuesday conquered the pipe, Mrs. Swigby, on Thursday, did battle with her husband's rum-andwater,—a drink of an odious smell, as she very properly observed; and the smell was doubly odious, now that the tobacco smoke no longer perfumed the parlourbreeze, and counteracted the odours of the juice of West India sugar-canes. On Thursday, then, Mr. Swigby and rum held out pretty bravely. Mrs. S. attacked the punch with some sharp-shooting, and fierce charges of vulgarity; to which S. replied, by opening the battery of oaths (chiefly directed to his own eyes, however), and loud protestations that he would never surrender. three days more, however, the rum and-water was gone. Mr. Swigby, defeated and prostrate, had given up that stronghold; his young wife and sister were triumphant; and his poor mother, who occupied her son's house, and

had till now taken her place at the head of his table, saw that her empire was for ever lost, and was preparing suddenly to succumb to the imperious claims of the mistress of the mansion.

All this, I say, I wish I had the liberty to describe at large, as also to narrate the arrival of majestic Mrs. Gann; and a battle-royal which speedily took place between the two worthy mothers-in-law. Noble is the hatred of ladies who stand in this relation to each other; each sees what injury the other is inflicting upon her darling child; each mistrusts, detests, and to her offspring privily abuses the arts and crimes of the other. A house with a wife is often warm enough; a house with her wife and mother is rather warmer than any spot on the known globe; a house with two mothersin-law is so excessively hot, that it can be likened to no place on earth at all, but one must go lower for a simile. Think of a wife who despises her husband, and teaches him manners; of an elegant sister, who joins in rallying him (this was almost the only point of union between Bella and Linda now,—for since the marriage, Linda hated her sister consumedly). Think, I say, of two mothers-in-law,-one, large, pompous, and atrociously genteel,—another coarse and shrill, determined not to have her son put upon,—and you may see what a happy fellow Joe Swigby was, and into what a piece of good luck he had fallen.

What would have become of him without his fatherin-law? Indeed one shudders to think; but the consequence of that gentleman's arrival and intervention was speedily this:—About four o'clock, when the dinner was removed, and the quarrelling used commonly to set in, the two gents (we love to call them by that delightful title)—the two gents took their hats, and sallied out; and as one has found when the body is inflamed that the application of a stringent medicine may cause the ill to disappear for a while, only to return elsewhere with greater force; in like manner, Mrs. Swigby's sudden victory over the pipe and rum-andwater, although it had caused a temporary cessation of the evil of which she complained, was quite unable to stop it altogether; it disappeared from one spot only to rage with more violence elsewhere. In Swigby's parlour, rum and tobacco odours rose no more (except, indeed, when Mrs. Gann would partake of the former as a restorative); but if you could have seen the Half-Moon and Snuffers down the village; if you could have seen the good dry skittle-ground which stretched at the back of that inn, and the window of the back parlour which superintended that skittle-ground; if the hour at which you beheld these objects was evening, what time the rustics from their toils released, trolled the stout ball amidst the rattling pins (the oaken pins that standing in the sun did cast long shadows on the golden sward); if you had remarked all this, I say, you would have also seen in the back parlour a tallow candle twinkling in the shade, and standing on a little greasy table. Upon the greasy table was a pewter porter-pot, and to the left a teaspoon glittering in a glass of gin; close to each of these two delicacies was a pipe of tobacco; and behind the pipes sat Mr. Gann and Mr. Swigby, who now made the Half-Moon and Snuffers their usual place of resort, and forgot their married cares.

In spite of all our promises of brevity, these things have taken some space to describe; and the reader must also know that some short interval elapsed ere they occurred. A month at least passed away before Mr. Swight had decidedly taken up his position at the little inn: all this time, Ganu was staying with his sonin-law, at the latter's most earnest request; and Mrs. Gann remained under the same roof at her own desire Not the hints of her daughter, not the broad questions of the dowager Mrs. Swigby, could induce honest Mrs. Gann to stir from her quarters. She had had her lodger's money in advance, as was the worthy woman's custom; she knew Margate in April was dreadful dull, and she determined to enjoy the country until the jovial town season arrived. The Canterbury coachman, whom Gann knew, and who passed through the village, used to take her cargo of novels to and fro; and the old lady made herself as happy as circumstances would allow. Should any thing of importance occur during her mamma's absence, Caroline was to make use of the same conveyance, and inform Mrs. Gann in a letter.

Miss Caroline looked at her papa and mamma as the vehicle which was to bear them to the newly-married couple moved up the street; but, strange to say, she did not feel that heaviness of heart which she before had experienced when forbidden to share the festivities of her family, but was on this occasion more happy than any one of them,—so happy, that the young woman felt quite ashamed herself; and Becky was fain to remark how her mistress's cheek flushed, and her eye sparkled (and turned perpetually to the door), and her whole little frame was in a flutter.

"I wonder if he will come," said the little heart; and the eyes turned and looked at that well-known sofa-corner, where he had been placed a fortnight before. He looked exactly like Lord Byron, that he did, with his pale brow, and his slim bare neck; only not half so wicked—no, no. She was sure that her—her Mr. Br——her Bran——her George, was as good as he was beautiful. Don't let us be angry with her for calling him George; the girl was bred in an humble sentimental school; she did not know enough of society to be squeamish; she never thought that she could be his really, and gave way in the silence of her fancy to the full extent of her affection for him.

She had not looked at the door above twenty-five times—that is to say, her parents had not quitted the house ten minutes—when, sure enough, the latch did rattle, the door opened, and with a faint blush on his cheek divine George entered. He was going to make some excuse, as on the former occasion; but he looked first into Caroline's face, which was beaming with joy and smiles; and the little thing, in return, regarded him, and—made room for him on the sofa. instinct of love! Brandon had no need of excuses, but sat down, and talked away as easily, happily, and confidentially, and neither took any note of time. Fitch (the sly dog!) witnessed the Gann departure with feelings of exultation, and had laid some deep plans of his own with regard to Miss Caroline. So strong was his confidence in his friend on the first floor, that Andrea actually descended to those apartments, on his way to Mrs. Gann's parlour, in order to consult Mr. Brandon, and make known to him his plan of operations.

It would have made your heart break, or, at the very least, your sides ache, to behold the countenance of poor Mr. Fitch, as he thrust his bearded head in at the door of the parlour. There was Brandon lolling on the sofa, at his ease; Becky in full good humour; and Caroline, always absurdly inclined to blush, blushing at Fitch's appearance more than ever! She could not help looking from him slyly and gently into the face of Mr. Brandon. That gentleman saw the look, and did not fail to interpret it. It was a confession of love -an appeal for protection. A thrill of delightful vanity shot through Brandon's frame, and made his heart throb, as he noticed this look of poor Caroline. He answered it with one of his own that was cruelly wrong, cruelly triumphant, and sarcastic; and he shouted out to Mr. Fitch, with a loud, disconcerted tone, which only made that young painter feel more awkward than ever he had been. Fitch made some clumsy speech regarding his dinner,—whether that meal was to be held, in the absence of the parents, at the usual hour, and then took his leave.

The poor fellow had been pleasing himself with the notion of taking this daily meal tête-à-tête with Caroline. What progress would he make in her heart during the absence of her parents! Did it not seem as if the first marriage had been arranged on purpose to facilitate his own? He determined thus his plan of campaign. He would make, in the first place, the most beautiful drawing of Caroline that ever was seen. "The conversations I'll 'ave with her during the sittings," says he, "will carry me a pretty long way; the drawing itself will be so beautiful, that she can't resist

I'll write her verses in her halbum, and make that. designs hallusive of my passion for her." And so our pictorial Alnaschar dreamed and dreamed. He had, ere long, established himself in a house in Newman Street, with a footman to open the door. Caroline was up-stairs, his wife, and her picture the crack portrait of the Exhibition. With her by his side, Andrea Fitch felt he could do any thing. Half-a-dozen carriages at his door,—a hundred guineas for a kit-cat portrait. Lady Fitch, Sir Andrew Fitch, the President's chain, all sorts of bright visions floated before his imagination; and as Caroline was the first precious condition of his preferment, he determined forthwith to begin, and realise that.

But, oh, disappointment! on coming down to dinner at three o'clock to that charming tête-à-tête, he found no less than four covers laid on the table, Miss Caroline blushing (according to custom) at the head of it; Becky, the maid, grinning at the foot; and Mr. Brandon sitting quietly on one side, as much at home, forsooth, as if he had held that position for a year.

The fact is, that the moment after Fitch retired, Brandon, inspired by jealousy, had made the same request which had been brought forward by the painter; nor must the ladies be too angry with Caroline, if, after some scruples and struggles, she yielded to the propo-al. Remember that the girl was the daughter of a boarding-house, accustomed to continual dealings with her mamma's lodgers, and up to the present moment thinking herself as safe among them as the young person who walked through Ireland with a bright gold wand, in the scene of Mr. Thomas Moore. On the

point, however, of Brandon's admission, it must be confessed, for Caroline's honour, that she did hesitate. She felt that she entertained very different feelings towards him to those with which any other lodger or man had inspired her, and made a little movement of resistance at first. But the poor girl's modesty overcame this, as well as her wish. Ought she to avoid him? Ought she not to stifle any preference which she might feel towards him, and act towards him with the same indifference which she would show to any other person in a like situation? Was not Mr. Fitch to dine at table as usual, and had she refused him? So reasoned she in her heart. Silly, little, cunning heart! it knew that all these reasons were lies, and that she should avoid the man; but she was willing to accept of any pretext for meeting, and so made a kind of compromise with ner conscience. Dine he should; but Becky should dine too, and be a protector to her. Becky laughed loudly at the idea of this, and took her place with huge delight.

It is needless to say a word about this dinner, as we have already described a former meal; suffice it to say, that the presence of Brandon caused the painter to be excessively sulky and uncomfortable; and so gave his rival, who was gay, triumphant, and at his ease, a decided advantage over him. Nor did Brandon neglect to use this to the utmost. When Fitch retired to his own apartments—not jealous as yet, for the simple fellow believed every word of Brandon's morning conversation with him—but vaguely annoyed and disappointed, Brandon assailed him with all the force of ridicule; at all his manners, words, looks, he joked mercilessly;

laughed at his low birth (Miss Gann, be it remembered, had been taught to pique herself upon her own family), and invented a series of stories concerning his past life which made the ladies—for Becky, being in the parlour, must be considered as such—conceive the greatest contempt and pity for the poor painter.

After this, Mr. Brandon would expatiate with much eloquence upon his own superior attractions and qualities. He talked of his cousin, Lord So-and-so, with the easiest air imaginable; told Caroline what princesses he had danced with at foreign courts; frightened her with accounts of dreadful duels he had fought; in a word, "posed" before her as a hero of the most sublime kind. How the poor little thing drank in all his tales; and how she and Becky (for they now occupied the same bedroom) talked over them at night!

Miss Caroline, as Mr. Fitch has already stated, had in her possession, like almost every young lady in England, a little square book called an album, containing prints from annuals; hideous designs of flowers; old pictures of faded fashions, cut out and pasted into the leaves; and small scraps of verses selected from Byron, Landon, or Mrs. Hemans; and written out in the girlish hand of the owner of the book. Brandon looked over this work with a good deal of curiosity—for he contended, always, that a girl's disposition might be learned from the character of this museum of hers—and found here several sketches by Mr. Fitch, for which, before that gentleman had declared his passion for her, Caroline had begged. These sketches the sentimental painter had illustrated with poetry, which, I must confess, Caroline thought charming, until now, when Mr. Brandon

took occasion to point out how wretchedly poor the verses were (as indeed was the fact), and to parody them all. He was not unskilful at this kind of exercise, and at the drawing of caricatures, and had soon made a dozen of both parodies and drawings, which reflected cruelly upon the person and the talents of the painter.

What now did this wicked Mr. Brandon do! He, in the first place, drew a caricature of Fitch; and, secondly, having gone to a gardener's near the town, and purchased there a bunch of violets, he presented them to Miss Caroline, and wrote Mr. Fitch's own verses before given into her album. He signed them with his own initials, and thus declared open war with the painter.

CHAPTER VII.

WHICH BRINGS A GREAT NUMBER OF PEOPLE TO MARGATE BY THE STEAMBOAT.

The events which this history records began in the month of February. Time had now passed, and April had arrived, and with it that festive season so loved by schoolboys, and called the Easter holydays. Not only schoolboys, but men, profit by this period of leisure,—such men, especially, as have just come into enjoyment of their own cups and saucers, and are in daily expectation of their whiskers—college men, I mean,—who are persons more anxious than any others to designate themselves and each other by the manly title.

Among other men, then, my Lord Viscount Cingbars, of Christ Church, Oxon, received a sum of money to pay his quarter's bill; and having written to his papa that he was busily engaged in reading for the little-go. and must therefore decline the delight he had promised himself of passing the vacation at Cinquars Hall,—and having, the day after his letter was despatched, driven to town tandem with young Tom Tufthunt, of the same university,—and having exhausted the pleasures of the metropolis—the theatres, the Cider-cellars, the Finish. the station-houses, and other places which need by no means be here particularised,—Lord Cinquars, I say, growing tired of London at the end of ten days, quitted the metropolis somewhat suddenly: nor did he pay his hotel bills at Long's before his departure; but he left that document in possession of the landlord, as a token of his (my Lord Cingbars') confidence in his host.

Tom Tufthunt went with my lord, of course (although of an aristocratic turn in politics, Tom loved and respected a lord as much as any democrat in England). And whither do you think this worthy pair of young gentlemen were bound? To no less a place than Margate; for Cinqbars was filled with a longing to go and see his old friend Brandon, and determined, to use his own elegant words, "to knock the old buck up."

There was no adventure of consequence on board the steamer which brought Lord Cinqbars and his friend from London to Margate, and very few passengers besides. A wandering Jew or two were set down at Gravesend; the Rev. Mr. Wackerbart, and six unhappy little pupils whom the reverend gentleman had pounced upon in London, and was carrying back to his

academy near Herne Bay; some of those inevitable persons of dubious rank who seem to have free tickets and always eat and drink hugely with the captain; and a lady and her party, formed the whole list of passengers.

The lady—a very fat lady—had evidently just returned from abroad. Her great green travelling chariot was on the deck, and on all her imperials were pasted fresh large bills, with the words INCE'S BRITISH HOTEL, BOULOGNE-SUR-MER; for it is the custom of that worthy gentleman to seize upon and plaster all the luggage of his guests with tickets, on which his name and residence are inscribed,—by which simple means he keeps himself perpetually in their recollection, and brings himself to the notice of all other persons who are in the habit of peering at their fellow-passengers' trunks, to find out their names. I need not say what a large class this is.

Well; this fat lady had a courier, a tall whiskered man, who spoke all languages, looked like a field-marshal, went by the name of Donnerwetter, and rode on the box; a French maid, Mademoiselle Augustine; and a little black page, called Saladin, who rode in the rumble. Saladin's whole business was to attend a wheesy, fat, white poodle, who usually travelled inside with his mistress, and her fair compagnon de voyage, whose name was Miss Runt. She was evidently a person of distinction. This fat lady, during the first part of the voyage, on a windy, sunshiny April-day, paced the deck stoutly, leaning on the arm of poor little Miss Runt; and after they had passed Gravesend, when the vessel began to pitch a good deal, retired to her citadel, the travelling chariot, to and from which the steward, the stewardess,

and the whiskered courier were continually running with supplies, of sandwiches first, and afterwards of very hot brandy-and-water: for the truth must be told, it was rather a rough afternoon, and the poodle was sick; Saladin was as bad; the French maid, like all French maids, was outrageously ill; the lady herself was very unwell indeed; and poor, dear, sympathising Runt was qualmish.

- "Ah, Runt!" would the fat lady say in the intervals, "what a thing this malady de mare is! O mong jew! O—O!"
- "It is, indeed, dear madam," said Runt, and went
- "Ask the steward if we are near Margate, Runt."

 And Runt did, and asked this question every five minutes, as people do on these occasions.
- "Issy Monsieur Donnerwetter: ally dimandy ung pew d'o sho poor mwaw."
- "Et de l'eau de fie afec, n'est-ce-bas, Matams?" said Mr. Donnerwetter.
 - " Wee, wee, comme vous vouly."

And Donnerwetter knew very well what "comme vous vouly" meant, and brought the liquor exactly in the wished-for state.

- "Ah, Runt, Runt! there's something even worse than sea-sickness. Heigh-ho!"
- "Dear, dear Marianne, don't flutter yourself," cries Runt, squeezing a fat paw of her friend and patroness between her own bony fingers. "Don't agitate your nerves, dear. I know you're miserable; but haven't you got a friend in your faithful Runty?"
 - "You're a good creater, that you are," said the fat

lady, who seemed herself to be a good-humoured old soul; "and I don't know what I should have done without you. Heigh-ho!"

"Cheer up, dear! you'll be happier when you get to Margate: you know you will," cried Runt, very knowingly.

"What do you mean, Elizabeth!"

"You know very well, dear Marianne. I mean that there's some one there will make you happy; though he's a nasty wretch, that he is, to have treated my darling, beautiful Marianne so."

"Runt, Runt, don't abuse that best of men. Don't call me beautiful—I'm not, Runt; I have been, but I aint now: and, oh! no woman in the world is usey bong poor lui."

"But an angel is; and you are, as you always was, an angel,—as good as an angel, as kind as an angel, as beautiful as one."

"Ally dong," said her companion, giving her a push; "you flatter me, Runt, you know you do."

"May I be struck down dead if I don't say the truth; and if he refuses you, as he did at Rome,—that is if, after all his attentions and vows, he's faithless to you, I say he's a wretch, that he is; and I will say he's a wretch, and he is a wretch—a nasty, wicked wretch!"

"Elizabeth, if you say that you'll break my heart, you will! Vous casserez mong pover cure." But Elizabeth swore, on the contrary, that she would die for her Marianne, which consoled the fat lady a little.

A great deal more of this kind of conversation took place during the voyage; but as it occurred inside a carriage, so that to hear it was very difficult, and as possibly it was not of that edifying nature which would induce the reader to relish many chapters of it, we shall give no further account of the ladies' talk: suffice it to say, that about half-past four o'clock the journey ended, by the vessel bringing up at Margate Pier. The passengers poured forth, and hied to their respective homes. or inns. My Lord Cinquers and his companion (of whom we have said nothing, as they on their sides had scarcely spoken a word the whole way, except "deuceace," "quater-tray," "sizes," and so on,-being occupied ceaselessly in drinking bottled stout, and playing backgammon), ordered their luggage to be conveyed to Wright's Hotel, whither the fat lady and suite followed The house was vacant, and the best rooms in it were placed, of course, at the service of the new comers. The fat lady sailed out of her bed-room towards her saloon, just as Lord Cinqbars, cigar in mouth, was swaggering out of his parlour. They met in the passage; when, to the young lord's surprise, the fat lady dropped him a low courtesy, and said,

"Munseer le Vecomte de Cinqbars, sharmy de vous voir. Vous-vous rappelez de mwaw, n'est-ce pas! Je vous ai vew à Rome—shay l'ambassadure vous savy."

Lord Cinquers stared her in the face, and pushed by her without a word, leaving the fat lady rather disconcerted.

"Well, Runt, I'm sure," said she, "he need not be so proud; I've met him twenty times at Rome, when he was a young chap with his tutor."

"Who the devil can that fat foreigner be?" mused Lord Cinqbars. "Hang her, I've seen her somewhere; but I'm cursed if I understand a word of her jabber." And so, dismissing the subject, he walked on to Brandon's.

"Dang it, it's a strange thing!" said the landlord of the hotel;" but both my lord and the fat woman in number nine have asked their way to Mother Gann's lodging,"—for so did he dare to call that respectable woman!

It was true: as soon as number nine had eaten her dinner, she asked the question mentioned by the landlord; and, as this meal occupied a considerable time, the shades of evening had by this time fallen upon the quiet city; the silver moon lighted up the bay, and, supported by a numerous and well-appointed train of gas lamps, illuminated the streets of a town,-of autumn eves so crowded and so gay; of gusty April nights, so desolate. At this still hour (it might be half-past seven), two ladies passed the gates of Wright's Hotel, "in shrouding mantle wrapped, and velvet cap." Up the deserted High Street toiled they, by gaping rows of empty bathing-houses, by melancholy Jolley's French bazar, by mouldy pastry-cooks, blank reading-rooms, by fishmongers who never sold a fish, mercers who vended not a vard of riband—because, as vet the season was not come,-and Jews and Cockneys still remained in At High Street's corner, near to Hawly Square. they passed the house of Mr. Fincham, chemist, who doth not only healthful drugs supply, but likewise sells cigars—the worst cigars that ever mortal man gave threepence for.*

^{*} All these descriptions of Margate are strictly correct, the author having visited that town, to our knowledge, three

Up to this point, I say, I have had a right to accompany the fat lady and Miss Runt; but whether, on arriving at Mr. Fincham's, they turned to the left, in the direction of the Royal Hotel, or to the right, by the beach, the bathing machines, and queer, rickety old row of houses, called Buenos Ayres, no power on earth shall induce me to say; suffice it, they went to Mrs. Gann's. Why should we set all the world gadding to a particular street, to know where that lady lives? They arrived before that lady's house at about eight o'clock. Every house in the street had bills on it, except hers (bitter mockery, as if any body came down at Easter)! and at Mrs. Gann's house there was a light in the garret, and another in the two-pair front. I believe I have not mentioned before, that all the front windows were bow or bay-windows; but so much the reader may know.

The two ladies, who had walked so far, examined wistfully the plate on the door, stood on the steps for a short time, retreated, and conversed with one another.

"Oh, Runty!" said the stouter of the two, "he's here—I know he's here, mong cure le dee—my heart tells me so." And she put a large hand upon a place on her left side, where there once had been a waist.

"Do you think he looks front or back, dear?" asked Runt. "P'raps he's not at home."

"That—that's his croisy," said the stout person: "I

times, at different seasons of the year, in order to make himself master of the localities. It is a pity that Walter Scott, when he wrote *Quentin Durward*, &c., had not given himself the same pains.—O. Y.

know it is;" and she pointed with instinctive justice to the two-pair. "Ecouty!" she added, "he's coming; there's some one at that window. O mong jew, mong jew! c'est André, c'est lui!"

The moon was shining full on the face of the bowwindows of Mrs. Gann's house; and the two fair spies, who were watching on the other side, were, in consequence, completely in shadow. As the lady said, a dark form was seen in the two-pair front; it paced the room for a while, for no blinds were drawn. It then flung itself on a chair; its head on its hands; it then began to beat its brows wildly, and paced the room again. Ah! how the fat lady's heart throbbed as she looked at all this!

She gave a piercing shriek—almost fainted; and little Runt's knees trembled under her, as with all her might she supported, or rather pushed up, the falling figure of her stout patroness,—who saw at that instant Fitch come to the candle with an immense pistol in his hand, and give a most horrible grin as he looked at it, and clasped it to his breast.

"Unhand me, Runt; he's going to kill himself! It's for me! I know it is—I will go to him! Andrea, my Andrea!" And the fat lady was pushing for the opposite side of the way, when suddenly the second floor window went clattering up, and Fitch's pale head was thrust out.

He had heard a scream, and had possibly been in duced to open the window in consequence; but by the time he had opened it he had forgotten every thing, and put his head vacantly out of the window, and gozed, the moon shining cold on his pale features.

"Pallid horb!" said Fitch, "shall I ever see thy light again? Will another night see me on this hearth, or view me, stark and cold, a lifeless corpse?" He took his pistol up, and slowly aimed it at a chimney-pot opposite. Fancy the fat lady's sensations, as she beheld her lover standing in the moonlight, and exercising this deadly weapon.

"Make ready—present—fire!" shouted Fitch, and did instantaneously, not fire off, but lower his weapon. "The bolt of death is sped!" continued he, clapping his hand on his side. "The poor painter's life is over! Caroline, Caroline, I die for thee!"

"Runt, Runt, I told you so!" shricked the fat lady. "He is dying for me, and Caroline's my second name."

What the fat lady would have done more, I can't say; for Fitch, disturbed out of his revery by her talking below, looked out, frowning vacantly, and saying, "Ulloh! we've hinterlopers 'ere!" suddenly banged down the window, and pulled down the blinds.

This gave a check to the fat lady's projected rush, and disconcerted her a little. But she was consoled by Miss Runt, promised to return on the morrow, and went home happy in the idea that her Andrea was faithful to her.

Alas, poor fat lady! little did you know the truth. It was Caroline Gann Fitch was raving about; and it was a part of his last letter to her, to be delivered after his death, that he was spouting out of the window.

Was the crazy painter going to fight a duel, or was he going to kill himself? This will be explained in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHICH TREATS OF WAR AND LOVE, AND MANY THINGS
THAT ARE NOT TO BE UNDERSTOOD IN CHAP. VII.

FITCH'S verses, inserted in the August number of this Magazine (and of which lines, by the way, the printer managed to make still greater nonsense than the ingenious bard ever designed), had been composed many years before; and it was with no small trouble and thought that the young painter called the greater part of them to memory again, and furbished up a copy for Caroline's album. Unlike the love of most men, Andrea's passion was not characterised by jealousy and watchfulness, otherwise he would not have failed to perceive certain tokens of intelligence passing from time to time between Caroline and Brandon, and the lady's evident coldness to himself. The fact is, the painter was in love with being in love,—entirely absorbed in the consideration of the fact that he, Andrea Fitch, was at last enamoured; and he did not mind his mistress much more than Don Quixote did Dulcinea del Toboso.

Having rubbed up his verses, then, and designed a pretty emblematical outline which was to surround them, representing an arabesque of violets, dewdrops, fairies, and other objects, he came down one morning, drawing in hand; and having informed Caroline, who was sitting very melancholy in the parlour, preoccupied, with

a pale face and red eyes, and not caring twopence for the finest drawing in the world,—having informed her that he was going to make in her halbum a humble hoffering of his hart, poor Fitch was just on the point of sticking in the drawing with gum, as painters know very well how to do, when his eye lighted upon a page of the album, in which nestled a few dried violets and —his own verses, signed with the name of George Brandon.

"Miss Caroline—Miss Gann, mam!" shricked Fitch, in a tone of voice which made the young lady start out of a profound revery, and cry, nervously,—" What, in Heaven, is the matter?"

"These verses, madam—a faded violet—word for word, gracious Eavens! every word!" roared Fitch, advancing with the book.

She looked at him rather vacantly, and, as the violets caught her eye, put out her hand, and took them. "Do you know the hawthor, Miss Gann, of 'The faded Violets?'"

"Author? Oh, yes; they are—they are George's!"
She burst into tears as she said that word; and, pulling the little faded flowers to pieces, went sobbing out of the room.

Dear, dear little Caroline! she has only been in love two months, and is already beginning to feel the woes of it!

It cannot be from want of experience—for I have felt the noble passion of love many times these forty years, since I was a boy of twelve (by which the reader may form a pretty good guess of my age),—it cannot be, I say, from want of experience that I am unable to

describe, step by step, the progress of a love-affair; nay, I am perfectly certain that I could, if I chose, make a most astonishing and heart-rending liber amoris; but, nevertheless, I always feel a vast repugnance to the following out of a subject of this kind, which I attribute to a natural diffidence and sense of shame that prevent me from enlarging on a theme that has in it something sacred—certain arcana which an honest man, although initiated into them, should not divulge.

If such coy scruples and blushing delicacy prevent one from passing the threshold even of an honourable love, and setting down, at so many guineas or shillings per page, the pious emotions and tendernesses of two persons chastely and legally engaged in sighing, ogling, hand-squeezing, kissing, and so forth (for with such outward signs I believe that the passion of love is expressed),—if a man feel, I say, squeamish about describing an innocent love, he is doubly disinclined to describe a guilty one; and I have always felt a kind of loathing for the skill of such geniuses as Rousseau or Richardson, who could paint with such painful accuracy all the struggles and woes of Eloise and Clarissa,—all the wicked arts and triumphs of such scoundrels as Lovelace.

We have in this history a scoundrelly Lovelace in the person going by the name of George Brandon, and a dear, tender, innocent, yielding creature on whom he is practising his infernal skill; and whether the public feel any sympathy for her or not, the writer can only say, for his part, that he heartily loves and respects poor little Caroline, and is quite unwilling to enter into any of the slow, painful, wicked details of the courtship which passed between her and her lover.

Not that there was any wickedness on her side, poor girl! or that she did any thing but follow the natural and beautiful impulses of an honest little female heart, that leads it to trust, and love, and worship a being of the other sex, whom the eager fancy invests with all sorts of attributes of superiority. There was no wild. conceited tale that Brandon told Caroline which she did not believe.—no virtue which she could conceive or had read of in novels with which she did not endow Many long talks had they, and many sweet, stolen interviews, during the periods in which Caroline's father and mother were away making merry at the house of their son-in-law; and while she was left under the care of her virtue and of Becky the maid. Indeed, it was a blessing that the latter was left in the joint guardianship. For Becky, who had such an absurd opinion of her young lady's merits as to fancy that she was a fit wife for any gentleman of the land, and that any gentleman might be charmed and fall in love with her, had some instinct, or possibly some experience, as to the passions and errors of youth, and warned Caroline "If he's really in love, Miss, and I think accordingly. he be, he'll marry you; if he won't marry you, he's a rascal, and you're too good for him, and must have nothing to do with him." To which Caroline replied, that she was sure Mr. Brandon was the most angelic, high-principled of human beings, and that she was sure his intentions were of the most honourable description.

We have before described what Mr. Brandon's character was. He was not a man of honourable intentions at all. But he was a gentleman of so excessively eager a temperament, that if properly resisted by a practised

coquette, or by-a woman of strong principles, he would sacrifice any thing to obtain his ends,—nay, marry to obtain them; and, considering his disposition, it is only a wonder that he had not been married a great number of times already; for he had been in love perpetually since his seventeenth year. By which the reader may pretty well appreciate the virtue or the prudence of the ladies with whom hitherto our inflammable young gentleman had had to do.

The fruit, then, of all his stolen interviews, of all his prayers, vows, and protestations to Caroline, had been only this,—that she loved him; but loved him as an honest girl should, and was ready to go to the altar with him when he chose. He talked about his family. his peculiar circumstances, his proud father's curse. Little Caroline only sighed, and said her dearest George must wait until he could obtain his parent's consent. When pressed harder, she would burst into tears, and wonder how one so good and affectionate as he could propose to her any thing unworthy of them both. It is clear to see that the young lady had read a vast number of novels, and knew something of the nature of love; and that she had a good principle and honesty of her own, which set her lover's schemes at naught: indeed, she had both these advantages,-her education, such as it was, having given her the one, and her honest nature having endowed her with the other.

On the day when Fitch came down to Caroline with his verses, Brandon had pressed these unworthy propositions upon her. She had torn herself violently away from him, and rushed to the door; but the poor little thing fell before she could reach it, screaming in a

fit of hysterics, which brought Becky to her aid, and caused Brandon to leave her, abashed. He went out; she watched him go, and stole up into his room, and laid on his table the first letter she had ever written to him. It was written in pencil, in a trembling, schoolgirl hand, and contained simply the following words:—

"George, you have almost broken my heart. Leave me if you will, and if you dare not act like an honest man. If ever you speak to me so again as you did this morning, I declare solemnly before Heaven, I will take poison.

C."

Indeed, the poor thing had read romances to some purpose; without them, it is probable she never would have thought of such a means of escape from a lover's persecutions: and there was something in the girl's character that made Brandon feel sure that she would keep her promise. How the words agitated him! He felt a violent mixture of raging disappointment and admiration, and loved the girl ten thousand times more than ever.

Mr. Brandon had scarcely finished the reading of this document, and was yet agitated by the various passions which the perusal of it created, when the door of his apartment was violently flung open, and some one came in. Brandon started, and turned round, with a kind of dread that Caroline had already executed her threat, and that a messenger was come to inform him of her death. Mr. Andrea Fitch was the intruder. His hat was on—his eyes were glaring; and if the beards of men did stand on end any where but in poems and romances, his, no doubt, would have formed round his countenance a bristling auburn halo. As it was, Fitch

if

only looked astonishingly fierce, as he stalked up to the table, his hands behind his back. When he had arrived at this barrier between himself and Mr. Brandon he stopped, and, speechless, stared that gentleman in the face.

"May I beg, Mr Fitch, to know what has procured me the honour of this visit?" exclaimed Mr. Brandon, after a brief pause of wonder.

"Honour !--ha, ha, ha!" growled Mr. Fitch, in a most sardonic, discordant way---"honour!"

"Well, sir, honour or no honour, I can tell you, my good man, it certainly is no pleasure!" said Brandon, testily. "In plain English, then, what the devil has brought you here?"

Fitch plumped the album down on the table close to Mr. Brandon's nose, and said, "That has brought me, sir—that halbum, sir; or, I ask your pardon, that a—album—ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, I see!" said Mr. Brandon, who could not refrain from a smile. "It was a cruel trick of mine, Fitch, to rob you of your verses; but all's fair in love."

"Fitch, sir! dont Fitch me, sir! I wish to be hintimate honly with men of h-honour, not with forgers, sir; not with 'artless miscreants! Miscreants, sir, I repeat; vipers, sir; b—b—b—blackguards, sir!"

"Blackguards, sir!" roared Mr. Brandon, bouncing up; "blackguards, you dirty Cocknay mountebank! Quit the room, sir, or I'll fling you out of the window!"

"Will you, sir? try, sir; I wish you may get it, sir. I'm a hartist, sir, and as good a man as you. Miscreant, forger, traitor, come on!"

And Mr. Brandon would have come on, but for a circumstance that deterred him; and this was, that Mr. Fitch drew from his bosom a long, sharp, shining, waving poniard of the middle ages, that formed a part of his artistical properties, and with which he had armed himself for this encounter.

"Come on, sir!" shrieked Fitch, brandishing this fearful weapon. "Lay a finger on me, and I bury this blade in your treacherous 'art. Ha! do you tremble?"

Indeed the aristocratic Mr. Brandon turned somewhat pale.

"Well, well," said he, "what do you want? Do you suppose I am to be bullied by your absurd melodramatic airs? It was, after all, but a joke, sir, and I am sorry that it has offended you. Can I say more?—what shall I do?"

"You shall hapologise; not only to me, sir, but you shall tell Miss Caroline, in my presence, that you stole those verses from me, and used them quite unauthorised by me."

"Look you, Mr. Fitch, I will make you another set of verses quite as good, if you like; but what you ask is impossible."

"I will 'asten myself, then, to Miss Caroline, and acquaint her with your dastardly forgery, sir. I will hopen her heyes, sir!"

"You may hopen her heyes, as you call them, if you please: but I tell you fairly, that the young lady will credit me rather than you; and if you swear ever so much that the verses are yours, I must say that ——"

[&]quot;Say what, sir?"

"Say that you lie, sir!" said Mr. Brandon, stamping on the ground. "I'll make you other verses, I repeat; but this is all I can do, and now go about your business!"

"Curse your verses, sir! liar and forger yourself! Hare you a coward as well, sir? A coward! yes, I believe you are; or will you meet me to-morrow morning like a man, and give me satisfaction for this hinfamous hinsult?"

"Sir," said Mr. Brandon, with the utmost stateliness and scorn, "if you wish to murder me as you do the king's English, I won't balk you. Although a man of my rank is not called upon to meet a blackguard of your condition, I will, nevertheless, grant you your will. But have a care; by Heavens, I wont spare you, and I can hit an ace of hearts at twenty paces!"

"Two can play at that," said Mr. Fitch, calmly; and if I can't hit a hace of 'arts at twenty paces, I can hit a man at twelve, and to-morrow I'll try;" with which, giving Mr. Brandon a look of the highest contempt, the young painter left the room.

What were Mr. Brandon's thoughts, as his antagonist left him? Strange to say, rather agreeable. He had much too great a contempt for Fitch to suppose that so low a fellow should ever think seriously of fighting him, and reasoned with himself thus:—

"This Fitch, I know, will go off to Caroline, tell her the whole transaction, frighten her with the tale of a duel, and then she and I shall have a scene. I will tell her the truth about those infernal verses, menace death, blood, and danger, and then ——"

Here he fell back into a charming revery; the wily fellow knew what power such a circumstance would give him over a poor weak girl, who would do any thing rather than that her beloved should risk his life. And with this dastardly speculation as to the price he should ask for refraining from meeting Fitch, he was entertaining himself; when, much to his annoyance, that gentleman again came into the room.

"Mr. Brandon," said he, "you have insulted me in the grossest and cruellest way."

"Well, sir, are you come to apologise?" said

Brandon, sneeringly.

- "No, I'm not come to apologise, Mr. Aristocrat: it's past that. I'm come to say this, sir, that I take you for a coward; and that, unless you will give me your solemn word of honour not to mention a word of this quarrel to Miss Gann, which might prevent our meeting, I will never leave you till we do fight!"
- "This is outrageous, sir! Leave the room, or by Heavens I'll not meet you at all!"
- "Heasy, sir; easy, I beg your pardon, I can force you to that!"
 - "And how, pray sir?"
- "Why, in the first place, here's a stick, and I'll 'orsewhip you; and here are a pair of pistols, and we can fight now!"
- "Well, sir, I give you my honour," said Mr. Brandon, in a diabolical rage; and added, "I'll meet you to-morrow, not now; and you need not be afraid that I'll miss you!"
- "Hadew, sir," said the chivalrous little Fitch; bon giorno, sir, as we used to say at Rome." And

so, for the second time, he left Mr. Brandon, who did not like very well the extraordinary courage he had displayed.

"What the deuce has exasperated the fellow so?" thought Brandon.

Why, in the first place, he had crossed Fitch in love; and, in the second, he had sneered at his pronunciation and his gentility, and Fitch's little soul was in a fury which nothing but blood would allay: he was determined, for the sake of his hart and his lady, to bring this proud champion down.

So Brandon was at last left to his cogitations; when, confusion! about five o'clock came another knock at his door.

"Come in!" growled the owner of the lodgings.

A sallow, blear-eyed, rickety, undersized creature, tottering upon a pair of high-heeled lacquered boots, and supporting himself upon an immense gold-knobbed cane, entered the room with his hat on one side and a jaunty air. It was a white hat with a broad brim, and under it fell a great deal of greasy lank air, that shrouded the cheek-bones of the wearer. man had no beard to his chin, appeared about twenty years of age, and might weigh, stick and all, some seven stone. If you wish to know how this exquisite was dressed, I have the pleasure to inform you that he wore a great sky-blue embroidered satin stock, in the which figured a carbuncle that looked like a lambent gooseberry. He had a shawl-waistcoat of many colours; a pair of loose, blue trowsers, neatly strapped to show his little feet; a brown cut-away coat with brass buttons, that fitted tight round a spider waist; and over all a white or drab surtout, with a sablu collar and cuffs, from which latter on each hand peeped five little fingers covered with lemon-coloured kid gloves. One of these hands he held constantly to his little chest; and, with a hoarse, thin voice, he piped out.

"George, my buck! how goes it!"

We have been thus particular in our description of the costume of this individual (whose inward man strongly corresponded with his manly and agreeable exterior), because he was the person whom Mr. Brandon most respected in the world.

"CINGBARS!" exclaimed our hero; "why, what the deuce has brought you to Margate?"

"Fwendship, my old cock!" said the Honourable Augustus Frederick Ringwood, commonly called Viscount Cinqbars, for indeed it was he; "fwendship and the City of Canterbuwy steamer!" and herewith his lordship held out his right-hand fore-finger to Brandon, who inclosed it most cordially in all his. "Wathn't it good of me, now, George, to come down and conthole you in thith curthed, thtupid place—hay now?" said my lord, after these salutations.

Brandon swore he was very glad to see him, which was very true, for he had no sooner set eyes upon his lordship, than he had determined to borrow as much money from him as ever he could induce the young nobleman to part with,

"I'll tell you how it wath, my boy; you thee I wath thopping at Longth, when I found, by Jove, that the governor wath come to town! Cuth me if I didn't meet the infarnal old family dwag, with my mother,

thithterth, and all ath I wath dwiving a hack-cab with Polly Tomkinth in the Pawk! Tho when I got home, 'Hang it!' thayth I to Tufthunt. 'Tom, my boy,' thaith I, 'I've just theen the governor, and must be off!' 'What, back to Ockthford!' thaith Tom. 'No,' thaith I, 'that won't do. Abroad—to Jewicho—any where. Egad, I have it! I'll go down to Margate and thee old George, that I will.' And tho off I came the very nexth day; and here I am, and thereth dinner waiting for uth at the hotel, and thixth bottleth of champaign in ithe, and thum thalmon: tho you mutht come."

To this proposition Mr. Brandon readily agreed, being glad enough of the prospect of a good dinner and some jovial society, for he was low and disturbed in spirits, and so promised to dine with his friend at the Sun.

The two gentlemen conversed for some time longer. Mr. Brandon was a shrewd fellow, and knew perfectly well a fact, of which, no doubt, the reader has a notion—namely, that Lord Clinqbars was a ninny; but, nevertheless, Brandon esteemed him highly as a lord. We pardon stupidity in lords; nature or instinct, however sarcastic a man may be among ordinary persons, renders him towards men of quality benevolently blind: a divinity hedges not only the king, but the whole peerage.

"That's the girl, I suppose," said my lord, knowingly winking at Brandon; "that little pale girl, who let me in, I mean. A nice little filly, upon my honour, Georgy, my buck!"

"Oh-that-ves-I wrote, I think, something about

her," said Brandon, blushing slightly for, indeed, he now began to wish that his friend should make no comments upon a young lady with whom he was so much in love.

"I suppose it's all up now?" continued my lord, looking still more knowing. "All over with her, hay? I saw it was by her looks, in a minute."

"Indeed you do me a great deal too much honour. Miss—ah—Miss Gann is a very respectable young person, and I would not for the world have you to suppose that I would do any thing that should the least injure her character."

At this speech, Lord Cinqbars was at first much puzzled; but, in considering it, was fully convinced that Brandon was a deeper dog than ever. Boiling with impatience to know the particulars of this delicate intrigue, this cunning diplomatist determined he would pump the whole story out of Brandon by degrees; and so, in the course of half an hour's conversation that the young men had together, Cinqbars did not make less than forty allusions to the subject that interested him. At last Brandon cut him short rather haughtily, by begging that he would make no further allusions to the subject, as it was one that was excessively disagreeable to him.

In fact, there was no mistake about it now. George Brandon was in love with Caroline. He felt that he was while he blushed at his friend's alluding to her, while he grew indignant at the young lord's coarse banter about her.

Turning the conversation to another point, he asked Cinqbars about his voyage, and whether he had brought any companion with him to Margate; whereupon my lord related all his feats in London, how he had been to the watchhouse, how many bottles of champaign he had drunk, how he had "milled" a policeman, &c. &c.; and he concluded by saying that he had come down with Tom Tufthunt, who was at the inn at that very moment smoking a cigar.

This did not increase Brandon's good humour; and when Cinquars mentioned his friend's name, Brandon saluted it mentally with a hearty curse. gentlemen hated each other of old. Tufthunt was a small college man of no family, with a foundation fellowship; and it used to be considered that a sporting fellow of a small college was a sad, raffish, disreputable Tufthunt, then, was a vulgar fellow, and Brandon a gentleman, so they hated each other. They were both toadies of the same nobleman, so they hated each other. They had had some quarrel at college about a disputed bet, which Brandon knew he owed, and so they hated each other; and in their words about it Brandon had threatened to horsewhip Tufthunt, and called him a "sneaking, swindling, small collegesnob;" and so little Tufthunt, who had not resented the words, hated Brandon far more than Brandon hated him. The latter only had a contempt for his rival, and voted him a profound bore and vulgarian.

So, although Mr. Tufthunt did not choose to frequent Mr. Brandon's rooms, he was very anxious that his friend, the young lord, should not fall into his old bear-leader's hands again, and came down to Margate to counteract any influence which the arts of Brandon might acquire.

"Curse the fellow!" thought Tufthunt in his heart (there was a fine reciprocity of curses between the two men); "he has drawn Cinqbars already for fifty pounds this year, and will have some half of his last remittance, if I don't keep a look-out, the swindling thief!"

And so frightened was Tufthunt at the notion of Brandon's return to power and dishonest use of it, that he was at the time on the point of writing to Lord Ringwood to tell him of his son's doings, only he wanted some money deucedly himself. Of Mr. Tufthunt's physique and history it is necessary merely to say, that he was the son of a country attorney who was agent to a lord; he had been sent to a foundationschool, where he distinguished himself for ten years, by fighting and being flogged more than any boy of the five hundred. From the foundation-school he went to college with an exhibition, which was succeeded by a fellowship, which was to end in a living. In his person Mr. Tufthunt was short and bow-legged; he wore a sort of clerico-sporting costume, consisting of a black straight-cut coat, and light drab breeches, with a vast number of buttons at the ancles: a sort of dress much affectioned by sporting gentlemen of the university in the author's time.

Well, Brandon said he had some letters to write, and promised to follow his friend, which he did; but, if the truth must be told, so infatuated was the young man become with his passion, with the resistance he had met with, and so nervous from the various occurrences of the morning, that he passed the half hour during which he was free from Cinqbar's society in kneeling, imploring, weeping at Caroline's little garret-

door, which had remained piteously closed to him. He was wild with disappointment, mortification-mad, longing to see her. The cleverest coquette in Europe could not have so inflamed him. His first act on entering the dinner-room was to drink off a large tumbler of champaign; and when Cinqbars, in his elegant way, began to rally him upon his wildness. Mr. Brandon only growled and cursed with frightful vehemency, and applied again to the bottle. His face, which had been quite white, grew a bright red; his tongue, which had been tied, began to chatter vehemently; before the fish was off the table, Mr. Brandon showed strong symptoms of intoxication; before the dessert appeared, Mr. Tufthunt, winking knowingly to Lord Cinquars, had began to draw him out; and Brandon, with a number of shricks and oaths, was narrating the history of his attachment.

"Look you, Tufthunt," said he, wildly; "hang you, I hate you, but I must talk! I've been, for two months now, in this cursed hole; in a rickety lodging, with a vulgar family; as vulgar, by Jove, as you are yourself?"

Mr. Tufthunt did not like this style of address half so much as Lord Cinqbars, who was laughing immoderately, and to whom Tufthunt whispered rather sheepishly, "Pooh, pooh, he's drunk!"

"Drunk! no, sir," yelled out Brandon; "I'm mad, though, with the prudery of a little devil of fifteen, who has cost me more trouble than it would take me to seduce every one of your sisters—ha, ha! every one of the Miss Tufthunt's, by Jove! Miss Suky Tufthunt, Miss Dolly Tufthunt, Miss Anna-Maria Tufthunt, and

the whole bunch; Come, sir, don't sit scowling at me, or I'll brain you with the decanter." (Tufthunt was down again on the sofa.) "I've borne with the girl's mother, and her father, and her sisters, and a cook in the house, and a scoundrel of a painter, that I'm going to fight about her; and for what?—why, for a letter, which says, 'George, I'll kill myself! George, I'll kill myself!—ha, ha! a little devil like that killing herself—ha, ha! and I—I who—who adore her, who am mad for—"

"Mad, I believe he is," said Tufthunt; and at this moment Mr. Brandon was giving the most unequivocal signs of madness; he plunged his head into the corner of the sofa, and was kicking his feet violently into the cushions.

"You don't understand him, Tufty, my boy," said Lord Cinqbars, with a very superior air. "You ain't up to these things, I tell you; and I suspect, by Jove, that you never were in love in your life. I know what it is, sir. And as for Brandon, Heaven bless you! I've often seen him in that way when we were abroad. When he has an intrigue, he's mad about it. Let me see, there was the Countess Fritzch, at Baden-Baden; there was the woman at Pau; and that girl—at Paris, was it?—no, at Vienna. He went on just so about them all; but I'll tell you what, when we do the thing, we do it easier, my boy, hay?"

And so saying, my lord cocked up his little, sallow, beardless face, into a grin, and then fell to eyeing a glass of execrable claret across a candle. An intrigue, as he called it, was the little creature's delight; and, until the time should arrive when he could have one nimself, he loved to talk of those of his friends.

As for Tufthunt, we may fancy how that gentleman's previous affection for Brandon was increased by the latter's brutal addresses to him. Brandon continued to drink and to talk, though not always in the sentimental way in which he had spoken about his loves and injuries. Growing presently madly jocose as he had before been madly melancholy, he narrated to the two gentlemen the particulars of his quarrel with Fitch, mimicking the little painter's manner in an excessively comic way, and giving the most ludicrous account of his person, kept his companions in a roar of laughter. Cinqbars swore that he would see the fun in the morning, and agreed that if the painter wanted a second, either he or Tufthunt would act for him.

Now my Lord Cinquars had an excessively clever servant, a merry rogue, whom he had discovered in the humble capacity of scout's assistant at Christ-church, and raised to be his valet. The chief duties of the valet were to black his lord's beautiful boots, that we have admired so much, and to put his lordship to bed when overtaken with liquor. He heard every word of the young men's talk (it being his habit, much encouraged by his master, to join occasionally in the conversation); and, in the course of the night, when at supper with Monsieur Donnerwetter and Mdlle. Augustine, he related every word of the talk abovestairs, mimicking Brandon quite as cleverly as the latter had mimicked When, then, after making his company laugh by describing Brandon's love-agonies, Mr. Tom informed them how that gentleman had a rival, with whom he was going to fight a due! the next morning—an artistfellow with an immense beard, whose name was Fitch, to his surprise Mdlle. Augustine burst into a scream of laughter, and exclaimed, "Feesh, Feesh! c'est notre homme!—it is our man, sare! Saladin, remember you Mr. Fish!"

Saladin said gravely, "Missa Fis, Missa Fis! know um quite well, Missa Fis! Painter-man, big beard, gib Saladin bit injy-rubby, Missis lub Missa Fis!"

It was too true, the fat lady was the famous Mrs. CarrickFergus, and she had come all the way from Rome in pursuit of her adored painter.

CHAPTER IX.

WHICH THREATENS DEATH, BUT CONTAINS A GREAT DEAL OF MARRYING.

As the morrow was to be an eventful day in the lives of all the heroes and heroines of this history, it will be as well to state how they passed the night previous. Brandon, like the English before the battle of Hastings, spent the evening in feasting and carousing; and Lord Cinqbars, at twelve o'clock, his usual time after his usual quantity of drink, was carried up to bed by the servant kept by his lordship for that purpose. Mr. Tufthunt took this as a hint to wish Brandon good night, at the same time promising that he and Cinqbars would not fail him in the morning about the duel.

Shall we confess that Mr. Brandon, whose excitement now began to wear off, and who had a dreadful

headache, did not at all relish the idea of the morrow's

"If," said he, "I shoot this crack-brained painter, all the world will cry out, 'Murder!' If he shoot me, all the world will laugh at me! And yet, confound him! he seems so bent upon blood, that there is no escaping a meeting."

At any rate, Brandon thought, there will be no harm in a letter to Caroline. So, on arriving at home, he sat down and wrote a very pathetic one; saying, that he fought in her cause, and if he died, his last breath should be for her. So having written, he jumped into bed, and did not sleep one single wink all night.

As Brandon passed his night like the English, Fitch went through his like the Normans, in fasting, and mortification, and meditation. The poor fellow likewise indited a letter to Caroline; a very long and strong one, interspersed with pieces of poetry, and containing the words we have just heard him utter out of the window. Then he thought about making his will; but he recollected, and, indeed, it was a bitter thought to the young man, that there was not one single soul in the wide world who cared for him-except, indeed, thought he, after a pause, that poor Mrs. Carrickfergus at Rome, who did like me, and was the only person who ever bought my drawings. So he made over all his sketches to her, regulated his little property, found that he had money enough to pay his washerwoman; and so, having disposed of his worldly concerns, Mr. Fitch also jumped into bed, and speedily fell into a deep sleep. Brandon could hear him snoring all night, and did not feel a bit the more comfortable because his antagonist took matters so unconcernedly.

Indeed, our poor painter had no guilty thoughts in his breast, nor no particular revenge against Brandon, now that the first pangs of mortified vanity were over. But, with all his vagaries, he was a man of spirit; and after what had passed in the morning, the treason that had been done him, and the insults heaped upon him, he felt that the duel was irrevocable. He had a misty notion, imbibed somewhere, that it was the part of a gentleman's duty to fight duels, and had long been seeking for an opportunity. "Suppose I do die," said he, "what's the odds? Caroline doesn't care for me. Dr. Wackerbart's boys won't have their drawing-lesson next Wednesday; and no more will be said of poor Andrea."

And now for the garret. Caroline was wrapped up in her own woes, poor little soul! and in the arms of the faithful Becky cried herself to sleep. But the slow hours passed on; and the tide, which had been out, now came in; and the lamps waxed fainter and fainter; and the watchman cried six o'clock; and the sun arose and gilded the minarets of Margate; and Becky got up and scoured the steps, and the kitchen, and made ready the lodgers' breakfasts; and at halfpast eight there came a thundering rap at the door, and two gentlemen, one with a mahogany case under his arm, asked for Mr. Brandon, and were shown up to his room by the astonished Becky, who was bidden by Mr. Brandon to get breakfast for three.

The thundering rap awakened Mr. Fitch, who rose and dressed himself in his best clothes, gave a twist of

the curling-tongs to his beard, and conducted himself throughout with perfect coolness. Nine o'clock struck, and he wrapped his cloak round him, and put under his cloak that pair of foils which we have said he possessed, and did not know in the least how to use. However, he had heard his camarades d'atelier, at Paris and Rome, say that they were the best weapons for duelling; and so forth he issued.

Becky was in the passage as he passed down; she was always scrubbing there. "Becky," said Fitch, in a hollow voice, "here is a letter; if I should not return in half an hour, give it to Miss Gann, and promise on your honour that she shall not have it sooner." Becky promised. She thought the painter was at some of his mad tricks. He went out of the door saluting her gravely.

But he went only a few steps and came back again: "Becky," said he, "you—you've always been a good girl to me, and here's something for you; per'aps we shan't—we shan't see each other for some time." The tears were in his eyes as he spoke, and he handed her over seven shillings and fourpence halfpenny, being every farthing he possessed in the world.

"Well, I'm sure!" said Becky; and that was all she said, for she pocketed the money, and fell to scrubbing again.

Presently the three gentlemen up stairs came clattering down. "Lock bless you, don't be in such a 'urry!" exclaimed Becky; "it's full herly yet, and the water's not biling."

"We'll come back to breakfast, my dear," said one, a little gentleman in high-heeled boots; "and, I thay,

mind and have thum thoda-water;" and he walked out, twirling his cane. His friend with the case followed him. Mr. Brandon came last.

He too turned back after he had gone a few paces. "Becky," said he, in a grave voice, "if I am not back in half an hour, give that to Miss Gann."

Becky was fairly flustered by this; and after turning the letters round and round, and peeping into the sides, and looking at the seals very hard, she like a fool determined that she would not wait half an hour, but carry them up to Miss Caroline; and so up she mounted, finding pretty Caroline in the act of lacing her stays.

And the consequences of Becky's conduct was that little Carry left off lacing her stays (a sweet little figure the poor thing looked in them; but that is neither here nor there), took the letters, looked at one which she threw down directly; at the other, which she eagerly opened, and having read a line or two, gave a loud scream, and fell down dead in a fainting fit!

Waft us, O Muse, to Mr. Wright's hotel, and quick narrate what chances there befel. Very early in the morning Mdlle. Augustine made her appearance in the apartment of Miss Runt, and with great glee informed that lady of the event which was about to take place. "Figurez vous, mademoiselle, que nôtre homme va se battre—oh, but it will be droll to see him sword in hand!"

"Don't plague me with your ojous servants' quarrels, Augustine; that horrid courier is always quarrelling and tipey." "Mon Dieu, qu'elle est bête !" exclaimed Augustine: "but I tell you it is not the courier; it is he, l'objet, le peintre dont madame s'est amourachée, Monsieur Feesh."

"Mr. Fitch!" cried Runt, jumping up in bed, "Mr. Fitch going to fight! Augustine, my stockings—quick, my robe-de-chambre—tell me when, how, where?"

And so Augustine told her that the combat was to take place at nine that morning, behind the Windmill, and that the gentleman with whom Mr. Fitch was to go out, had been dining at the hotel the night previous, in company with the little milor, who was to be his second.

Quick as lightning flew Runt to the chamber of her patroness. That lady was in a profound sleep; and I leave you to imagine what were her sensations on awaking and hearing this dreadful tale.

Such is the force of love, that although, for many years, Mrs. Carrickfergus had never left her bed before noon, although in all her wild wanderings after the painter she, nevertheless, would have her tea and cutlet in bed, and her doze likewise, before she set forth on a journey, she now started up in an instant, forgetting her nap, mutton-chops, every thing, and began dressing with a promptitude which can only be equalled by Harlequin when disguising himself in a pantomime. She would have had an attack of nerves, only she knew there was no time for it; and I do believe that twenty minutes were scarcely over her head, as the saying is, when her bonnet and cloak were on, and with her whole suite, and an inn-waiter or two whom she pressed into her service, she was on full trot to the field of action-

For twenty years before, and from that day to this, Marianne Carrickfergus never had or has walked so quickly.

"Hullo, here'th a go!" exclaimed Lord Viscount Cinqbars, as they arrived on the ground behind the windmills; "cuth me, there'th only one man!"

This was indeed the case: Mr. Fitch, in his great cloak, was pacing slowly up and down the grass, his shadow stretching far in the sunshine. Mr. Fitch was alone too; for the fact is, he had never thought about a second. This he admitted frankly, bowing with much majesty to the company as they came up. "But that, gents," said he, "will make no difference, I hope, nor prevent fair play from being done." And, flinging off his cloak, he produced the foils, from which the buttons had been taken off. He went up to Brandon, and was for offering him one of the weapons, just as they Brandon stepped back, rather do at the theatre. abashed; Cinqbars looked posed; Tufthunt delighted: "Ecod," said he, "I hope the bearded fellow will give it him."

"Excuse me, sir," said Mr. Brandon; "as the challenged party, I demand pistols."

Mr. Fitch, with great presence of mind and grace-fulness, stuck the swords into the grass.

"Oh, pithtolth of courth," lisped my lord; and presently called aside Tufthunt, to whom he whispered something in great glee; to which Tufthunt objected at first, saying, "No, d—him, let him fight." "And your fellowship and living, Tufty, my boy," interposed my lord; and then they walked on. After a

couple of minutes, during which Mr. Fitch was employed in examining Mr. Brandon from the toe upwards to the crown of his head, or hat, just as Mr. Widdicombe does Mr. Cartlich, before those two gentlemen proceed to join in combat on the boards of Astley's Amphitheatre (indeed, poor Fitch had no other standard of chivalry)—when Fitch had concluded this examination, of which Brandon did not know what the deuce to make, Lord Cinqbars came back to the painter, and gave him a nod.

"Sir," said he, "as you have come unprovided with a second, I, with your leave, will act as one. My name is Cinqbars—Lord Cinqbars; and though I had come to the ground to act as the friend of my friend here, Mr. Tufthunt will take that duty upon him; and as it appears to me that there can be no other end to this unhappy affair, we will proceed at once."

It is a marvel how Lord Cinqbars ever made such a gentlemanly speech. When Fitch heard that he was to have a lord for a second, he laid his hand on his chest, and vowed it was the greatest h-honour of his life; and was turning round to walk towards his ground, when my lord, gracefully thrusting his tongue into his cheek, and bringing his thumb up to his nose, twiddled about his fingers for a moment, and said to Brandon, "Gammon."

Mr. Brandon smiled, and heaved a great, deep, refreshing sigh. The truth was, a load was taken off his mind, of which he was very glad to be rid; for there was something in the coolness of that crazy painter that our fashionable gentleman did not at all approve of.

"I think, Mr. Tufthunt," said Lord Cinqbars, very

loud, that considering the gravity of the case—threatening horsewhipping, you know, lie on both sides, and lady in the case—I think we must have the barrierduel."

"What's that?" said Fitch.

"The simplest thing in the world; and," in a whisper, "let me add, the best for you. Look here. We shall put you at twenty paces, and a hat between you. You walk forward and fire when you like. When you fire, you stop; and you both have the liberty of walking up to the hat. Nothing can be more fair than that."

"Very well," said Fitch; and, with a great deal of preparation, the pistols were loaded.

"I'll tell you what," whispered Cinqbars to Fitch, "if I hadn't chosen this way you were a dead man. If he fires, he hits you dead. You must not let him fire, but have him down first."

"I'll try," said Fitch, who was a little pale, and thanked his noble friend for his counsel. The hat was placed, and the men took their places.

"Are you all ready?"

"Ready," said Brandon.

"Advance when I drop my handkerchief." And presently down it fell, Lord Cinqbars crying, "Now!"

The combatants both advanced, each covering his man. When he had gone about six paces, Fitch stopped, fired, and—missed. He grasped his pistol tightly. for he was very near dropping it; and then stood biting his lips, and looking at Brandon, who grinned savagely, and walked up to the hat.

"Will you retract what you said of me yesterday, you villain?" said Brandon.

"Then take a minute, and make your peace with God, for you are a dead man."

Fitch dropped his pistol to the ground, shut his eyes for a moment, and flinging up his chest, and clenching his fists, said, "Now I'm ready."

Brandon fired—and, strange to say, Andrea Fitch, as he gasped and staggered backwards, saw, or thought he saw, Mr. Brandon's pistol flying up in the air, where it went off, and heard that gentleman yell out an immense oath in a very audible voice. When he came to himself, a thick stick was lying at Brandon's feet; Mr. Brandon was capering about the ground, and cursing and shaking a maimed elbow, and a whole posse of people were rushing upon them. The first was the great German courier, who rushed upon Brandon, and shook that gentleman, and shouting, "Schelm! spitzbube! blagard! goward!" in his ear. "If I had not drown my stick and brogen his damt arm, he wod have murdered dat boor young man."

The German's speech contained two unfounded assertions; in the first place, Brandon would not have murdered Fitch; and, secondly, his arm was not broken—he had merely received a blow on that part which anatomists call the funny-bone; a severe blow, which sent the pistol spinning into the air, and caused the gentleman to scream with pain. Two waiters seized upon the murderer too: a baker, who had been brought from his rounds; a bellman; several boys,—were yelling round him, and shouting out, "Pole-e-eace!"

[&]quot;I can't."

[&]quot;Will you beg for life?"

[&]quot; No."

Next to these came, panting and blowing, some women. Could Fitch believe his eyes?—that fat woman in red satin!—yes—no—yes—he was, he was in the arms of Mrs. Carrickfergus!

The particulars of this meeting are too delicate to relate. Suffice it to say that somehow matters were explained, Mr. Brandon was let loose, and a fly was presently seen to drive up, into which Mr. Fitch consented to enter with his new-found friend.

Brandon had some good movements in him. As Fitch was getting into the carriage, he walked up to him and held out his left hand: "I can't offer you my right hand, Mr. Fitch, for that cursed courier's stick has maimed it; but I hope you will allow me to apologise for my shameful conduct to you, and to say that I never in my life met a more gallant fellow than yourself."

"That he is, by Jove!" said my Lord Cinqbars.

Fitch blushed as red as a peony, and trembled very much. "And yet," said he, "you would have murdered me just now, Mr. Brandon. I can't take your 'and, sir."

"Why, you great flat," said my lord, wisely, "he couldn't have hurt you, nor you him. There wath no ballth in the pithtolth."

"What," said Fitch, starting back, "do you gents call that a joke? Oh, my lord, my lord!" And here poor Fitch actually burst into tears on the red satin bosom of Mrs. Carrickfergus: she and Miss Runt were crying as hard as they could. And so, amidst much shouting and huzzaing, the fly drove away.

"What a blubbering, abthurd donkey!" said Cinq bars, with his usual judgment; "aint he, Tufthunt?"

Tufthunt, of course, said yes; but Brandon was in "By Heavens! I think his tears do a virtuous mood. the man honour. When I came out with him this morning, I intended to act fairly by him. And as for Mr. Tufthunt, who calls a man a coward because he cries-Mr. Tufthunt knows well what a pistol is and that some men don't care to face it, brave as they are."

Mr. Tufthunt understood the hint, and bit his lips And as for that worthy moralist, Mr. and walked on. Brandon, I am happy to say that there was some good fortune in store for him, which, though similar in kind to that bestowed lately upon Mr. Fitch, was superior in degree.

It was no other than this, that forgetting all maidenly decency and decorum, before Lord Viscount Cingbars and his friend, that silly little creature, Caroline Gann, rushed out from the parlour into the passage—she had been at the window ever since she was rid of her fainting fit! and, ah! what agonies of fear had that little panting heart endured during the half-hour of her lover's absence !- Caroline Gann, I say, rushed into the passage, and leaped upon the neck of Brandon, and kissed him. and called him her dear, dear, dear, darling George, and sobbed, and laughed, until George, taking her round the waist gently, carried her into the little dingy parlour, and closed the door behind him.

"Egad," cried Cinquars, "this is quite a thene! Hullo, Becky, Polly, what's your name i-bring uth up the breakfatht; and I hope you've remembered the thodawater. Come along up thtairth, Tufty, my boy."

When Brandon came up stairs and joined them,

which he did in a minute or two, consigning Caroline to Becky's care, his eyes were full of tears; and when Cinqbars began to rally him in his usual delicate way, Brandon said, gravely, "No laughing, sir, if you please; for I swear that that lady before long shall be my wife."

"Your wife!—and what will your father say, and what will your duns say, and what will Miss Goldmore say, with her hundred thousand pounds?" cried Cinqbars.

"Miss Goldmore be hanged," said Brandon, "and the duns too; and my father may reconcile it to himselt as he can." And here Brandon fell into a revery.

"It's no use thinking," he cried, after a pause.
"You see what a girl it is, Cinqbars. I love her—by
Heavens, I'm mad with love for her! She shall be
mine, let what will come of it. And besides," he added,
in a lower tone of voice, "why need, why need my father
know any thing about it?"

"O flames and furies, what a lover it is!" exclaimed his friend. "But, by Jove, I like your spirit; and hang all governors say I. Stop—a bright thought! If you must marry, why, here's Tom Tufthunt, the very man to do your business." Little Lord Cinqbars was delighted with the excitement of the affair, and thought to himself, "By Jove, this is an intrigue!"

"What, is Tufthunt in orders?" said Brandon.

"Yes," replied that reverend gentleman: "don't you see my coat? I took orders six weeks ago, on my fellowship. Cinqbars' governor has promised me a living."

"And you shall marry George here, so you shall."

"What, without a license?"

- "Hang the license!—we won't peach, will we, George?"
- "Her family must know nothing of it," said George, "or they would."
- "Why should they? Why shouldn't Tom marry you in this very room, without any church or stuff at all?"

Tom said: "You'll hold me out, my lord, if any thing comes of it; and, if Brandon likes, why, I will. He's done for if he does," muttered Tufthunt, "and I have had my revenge on him, the bullying, supercilious blackleg!"

And so on that very day, in Brandon's room, without a license, and by that worthy clergyman the Rev. Thomas Tufthunt, with my Lord Cinqbars for the sole witness, poor Caroline Gann, who knew no better, who never heard of licenses, and did not know what bans meant, was married in a manner to the person calling himself George Brandon; George Brandon not being his real name.

No writings at all were made, and the ceremony merely read through. Becky, Caroline's sole guardian, when the poor girl kissed her, and, blushing, showed her gold ring, thought all was in order: and the happy couple set off for Dover that day, with fifty pounds which Cinqbars lent the bridegroom.

Becky received a little letter from Caroline, which she promised to carry to her mamma at Swigby's: and it was agreed that she was to give warning, and come and live with her young lady. Next morning Lord Cinqbars and Tufthunt took the boat for London; the latter uneasy in mind, the former vowing that "he'd never spent such an exciting day in his life, and loved an intrigue of all things."

Next morning, too, the great travelling chariot of Mrs. Carrickfergus rolled away with a bearded gentleman inside. Poor Fitch had been back to his lodgings to try one more chance with Caroline, and he arrived in time—to see her get into a post-chaise alone with Brandon.

Six weeks afterwards Galignani's Messenger contained the following announcement:—

"Married, at the British embasey, by Bishop Luscombe, Andrew Fitch, Esq., to Marianne Caroline Matilda, widow of the late Antony Carrickfergus, of Lombard Street and Gloucester Place, Esquire. The happy pair, after a magnificent déjeûné, set off for the south in their splendid carriage-and-four. Miss Runt officiated as bride's-maid. And we remarked among the company Earl and Countess Crabs, General Sir Rice Curry, K.C.B., Colonel Wapshot, Sir Charles Swang, the Hon. Algernon Percy Deuceace and his lady, Count Punter, and others of the élite of the fashionables now in Paris. The bridegroom was attended by his friend, Michael Angelo Titmarsh, Esquire; and the lady was given away by the Right Hon, the Earl of Crabs. On the departure of the bride and bridegroom the festivities were resumed, and many a sparkling bumper of Meurice's champagne was quaffed to the health of the hospitable and interesting couple."

And with one more marriage this chapter shall conclude. About this time the British Auxiliary Legion came home from Spain; and Lieut.-General Swabber, a knight of San Fernando, of the order of Isabella the Catholic, of the Tower and Sword, &c., who, as plain Lieutenant Swabber, had loved Miss Isabella Macarty,

as a general now actually married her. I leave you to suppose how glorious Mrs. Gann was, and how Gann got tipsy at the Bag of Nails; but as her daughters each insisted upon their 30*l*. a-year income, and Mrs. Gann had so only 60*l*. left, she was obliged still to continue the lodging-house at Margate, in which have occurred the most interesting passages of this SHABBY GENTEEL STORY.

Becky never went to her young mistress, who was not heard of after she wrote the letter to her parents, saying that she was married to Mr. Brandon; but, for particular reasons, her dear husband wished to keep his marriage secret, and for the present her beloved parents must be content to know she was happy. Gann missed his little Carry at first a good deal, but spent more and more of his time at the alehouse, as his house with only Mrs. Gann in it was too hot for him. Mrs. Gann talked unceasingly of her daughter the squire's lady, and her daughter the general's wife; but never once mentioned Caroline after the first burst of wonder and wrath at her departure.

God bless thee, poor Caroline! Thou art happy now, for some short space at least; and here, therefore, let us leave thee. .

THE PROFESSOR.

A TALE OF SENTIMENT.

"Why, then, the World's mine oyster."

CHAPTER I.

I HAVE often remarked that, among other ornaments and curiosities, Hackney contains more ladies' schools than are to be found in almost any other village, or indeed city, in Europe. In every green rustic lane, to every tall old-fashioned house there is an iron gate, an ensign of blue and gold, and a large brass plate, proclaiming that a ladies' seminary is established upon the premises. On one of these plates is written—(or rather was,—for the pathetic occurrence which I have to relate took place many years ago)—on one of these plates, I say, was engraven the following inscription:—

"BULGARIA HOUSE.

SEMINARY FOR YOUNG LADIES FROM THREE TO TWENTY.

BY THE MISSES PIDGE.

(Please wipe your shoes.)

The Misses Pidge took a limited number of young ladies, (as limited, in fact, or as large as the public chose,) and instructed them in those branches of elegant and useful learning which make the British female so superior to all other shes. The younger ones learned the principles of back-stitch, cross-stitch, bobstitch, Doctor Watts's Hymns, and "In my Cottage near a Wood." The elder pupils diverged at once from stitching and samplers: they played like Thalberg, and pirouetted like Taglioni; they learned geography, geology, mythology, entomology, modern history, and simple equations (Miss Z. Pidge); they obtained a complete knowledge of the French, German, and Italian tongues, not including English, taught by Miss Pidge; Poonah painting and tambour (Miss E. Pidge); Brice's questions and elocution (Miss F. Pidge); and, to crown all, dancing and gymnastics (which had a very flourishing look in the Pidge prospectus, and were printed in German text,) DANCING and GYMNAS-TICS, we say, by Professor Dandolo. The names of other professors and assistants followed in modester type.

Although the signor's name was decidedly foreign, so English was his appearance, and so entirely did he disguise his accent, that it was impossible to tell of what place he was a native, if not of London, and of the very heart of it; for he had caught completely the peculiarities which distinguish the so-called cockney part of the City, and obliterated his h's and doubled his v's, as if he had been for all his life in the neighbourhood of Bow bells. Signor Dandolo was a stout gentleman of five feet nine, with amazing expanse of mouth, chest, and whiskers, which latter were of a red hue.

I cannot tell how this individual first received an introduction to the academy of the Misses Pidge, and established himself there. Rumours say that Miss Zela Pidge at a Hackney ball first met him, and thus the intimacy arose: but, since the circumstances took place which I am about to relate, that young lady declares that she was not the person who brought him to Bulgaria House,-nothing but the infatuation and entreaties of Mrs. Alderman Grampus could ever have induced The reader will gather from this, her to receive him. that Dandolo's after-conduct at Miss Pidge's was not satisfactory,-nor was it; and may every mistress of such an establishment remember that confidence can be sometimes misplaced; that friendship is frequently but another name for villany.

But to our story. The stalwart and active Dandolo delighted for some time the young ladies at Miss Pidge's by the agility which he displayed in the dance, as well as the strength and manliness of his form, as exhibited in the new amusement which he taught. short time, Miss Binx, a stout young lady of seventeen, who had never until his appearance walked half a mile without puffing like an apoplectic Lord Mayor, could dance the cachuca, swarm up a pole with the agility of a cat, and hold out a chair for three minutes without winking. Miss Jacobs could very nearly climb through a ladder (Jacob's ladder, he profanely called it); and Miss Bole ring such changes upon the dumb-bells as might have been heard at Edmonton, if the bells could have spoken. But the most promising pupil of Professor Dandolo, as indeed the fairest young creature in the establishment of Bulgaria House, was Miss Adeliza

Grampus, daughter of the alderman whose name we have mentioned. The pride of her mother, the idol of her opulent father, Adeliza Grampus was in her nineteenth year. Eyes have often been described; but it would require bluer ink than ours to depict the orbs of The snow when it first falls in Cheapside is not whiter than her neck,—when it has been for some days upon the ground, trampled by dustmen and jarvies, trodden down by sweeps and gentlemen going to business, not blacker than her hair. Slim as the Monument on Fish-street-hill, her form was slender and tall; but it is needless to recapitulate her charms, and difficult indeed to describe them. Let the reader think of his first love, and fancy Adeliza. Dandolo, who was employed to instruct her, saw her, and fancied her too, as many a fellow of his inflammable temperament would have done in his place.

There are few situations in life which can be so improved by an enterprising man as that of a dancing-master,—I mean in a tender or amatory point of view. The dancing-master has over the back, the hands, the feet and shoulders of his pupils an absolute command; and, being by nature endowed with so much authority, can speedily spread his way from the limbs to the rest of the body, and to the mind inclusive. "Toes a little more out, Miss Adeliza," cries he, with the tenderest air in the world: "back a little more straight," and he gently seizes her hand, he raises it considerably above the level of her ear, he places the tips of his left-hand fingers gently upon the young lady's spine, and in this seducing attitude gazes tenderly into her eyes! I say that no woman at any age can stand this attitude and

this look, especially when darted from such eyes as those of Dandolo. On the two first occasions when the adventurer attempted this audacious manœuvre, his victim blushed only, and trembled; on the third, she dropped her full eyelids, and turned ghastly pale. "A glass of water," cried Adeliza, "or I faint." The dancing-master hastened eagerly away to procure the desired beverage, and, as he put it to her lips, whispered thrillingly in her ear, "Thine, thine for ever, Adeliza!"

Miss Grampus sank back in the arms of Miss Binx, but not before her raptured lover saw her eyes turning towards the ceiling, and her clammy lips whispering the name of "Dandolo."

When Madame Schroeder, in the opera of Fidelio, cries, "Nichts, nichts, mein Florestan," it is as nothing compared to the tenderness with which Miss Grampus uttered that soft name.

"Dandolo!" would she repeat to her confidante, Miss Binx; "the name was beautiful and glorious in the olden days; five hundred years since, a myriad of voices shouted it in Venice, when one who bore it came forward to wed the sea—the doge's bride! the blue Adriatic! the boundless and eternal main! The frightened Turk shrunk palsied at the sound: it was louder than the loudest of the cannon, or the stormy screaming of the tempest! Dandolo! How many brave hearts beat to hear that name! how many bright swords flashed forth at that resistless war cry! Oh, Binx!" would Adeliza continue, fondly pressing the arm of that young lady, "is it not passing strange that one of that mighty ducal race should have lived to this

day, and lived to love me? But I too," Adeliza would add, archly, "am, as you know, a daughter of the sea."

The fact was, that the father of Miss Adeliza Grampus was a shell-fishmonger, which induced the young lady to describe herself as a daughter of Ocean. She received her romantic name from her mother, after reading Miss Swipes's celebrated novel of Toby of Warsaw; and had been fed from her youth upwards with so much similar literary ware, that her little mind had gone distracted. Her father had sent her from home at fifteen, because she had fallen in love with the young man who opened natives in the shop, and had vowed to slay herself with the oyster-knife. At Miss Pidge's her sentiment had not deserted her; she knew all Miss Landon by heart, had a lock of Mr. Thomas Moore's hair or wig, and read more novels and poetry than ever. And thus the red-haired dancing-master became in her eyes a Venetian nobleman, with whom it was her pride and pleasure to fall in love.

Being a parlour-boarder at Miss Pidge's seminary, (a privilege which was acquired by paying five annual guineas extra,) Miss Grampus was permitted certain liberties which were not accorded to scholars of the ordinary description. She and Miss Binx occasionally strolled into the village by themselves; they visited the library unattended; they went upon little messages for the Misses Pidge; they walked to church alone, either before or after the long row of young virgins who streamed out on every sabbath day from between the filigree iron railings of Bulgaria House. It is my painful duty to state, that on several of these exclusive walks

they were followed, or met, by the insidious and attentive teacher of gymnastics.

Soon Miss Binx would lag behind, and—shall I own it?—would make up for the lost society of her female friend by the company of a man, a friend of the professor, mysterious and agreeable as himself. May the mistresses of all the establishments for young ladies in this kingdom, or queendom rather, peruse this, and reflect how dangerous it is for young ladies of any age,—ay, even for parlour boarders,—to go out alone! In the present instance, Miss Grampus enjoyed a more than ordinary liberty, it is true: when the elder Miss Pidge would remonstrate, Miss Zela would anxiously yield to her request; and why?—the reason may be gathered from the following conversation which passed between the infatuated girl and the wily maître-de-danse.

"How, Roderick," would Adeliza say, "how, in the days of our first acquaintance, did it chance that you always addressed yourself to that odious Zela Pidge, and never deigned to breathe a syllable to me?"

"My lips didn't speak to you, Addly," (for to such a pitch of familiarity had they arrived,) "but my heyes did."

Adeliza was not astonished by the peculiarity of his pronunciation, for, to say truth, it was that commonly adopted in her native home and circle. "And mine," said she, tenderly, "they followed when yours were not fixed upon them, for then I dared not look upwards. And though all on account of Miss Pidge you could not hear the accents of my voice, you might have heard the beatings of my heart!"

"I did, I did," gasped Roderick; "I eard them

haudibly. I never spoke to you then, for I feared to waken that foul friend sispicion. I wished to henter your seminary, to be continually near you, to make you love me; therefore I wooed the easy and folish Miss Pidge, therefore I took upon me the disguise of—ha! ha!—of a dancing master." (And the young man's countenance assumed a grim and demoniac smile.) "Yes; I degraded my name and my birthright,—I wore these ignoble trappings, and all for the love of thee, my Adeliza!" Here Signor Dandolo would have knelt down, but the road was muddy; and, his trousers being of nankeen, his gallant purpose was frustrated.

But the story must out, for the conversation above narrated has betrayed to the intelligent reader a considerable part of it. The fact is, as we have said, that Miss Zela Pidge, dancing at the Hackney assembly, was introduced to this man; that he had no profession,—no means even of subsistence; that he saw enough of this lady to be aware that he could make her useful to his purpose; and he who had been, we believe it in our conscience, no better than a travelling mountebank or harlequin, appeared at Bulgaria House in the character of a professor of gymnastics. The governess, in the first instance, entertained for him just such a penchant as the pupil afterwards felt: the latter discovered the weakness of her mistress, and hence arose Miss Pidge's indulgence, nd Miss Grampus's fatal passion.

"Mysterious being!" continued Adeliza, resuming the conversation which has been broken by the above explanatory hints, "how did I learn to love thee? Who art thou?—what dire fate has brought thee hither in this lowly guise to win the heart of Adeliza?" "Hadeliza," cried he, "you say well; I am not what I seem. I cannot tell thee what I am; a tale of horror, of crime, forbids the dreadful confession! But dark as I am, and wretched, nay, wicked and desperate, I love thee, Hadeliza,—love thee with the rapturous devotion of purer days—the tenderness of happier times! I am sad now, and fallen, lady; suffice it that I once was happy, ay, respectable."

Adeliza's cheek grew deadly pale, her step faltered, and she would have fallen to the ground, had she not been restrained by the strong arm of her lover. "I know not," said she, as she clung timidly to his neck,—

"I know not, I hask not, if guilt's in that art, I know that I love thee, whatever thou hart.

"Gilt in my heart," said Dandolo, "gilt in the heart of Roderick? No, never!" and he drew her towards him, and on her bonnet, her veil, her gloves, nay, on her very cheeks, he imprinted a thousand maddening kisses. "But say, my sweet one," continued he, "who art thou? I know you as yet, only by your lovely baptismal name, and your other name of Grampus."

Adeliza looked down and blushed. "My parents are lowly," she said.

- "But how then came you at such a seminary?" said he; "twenty pounds a quarter, extras and washing not included."
 - "They are humble, but wealthy."
 - "Ha! who is your father?"
 - "An alderman of yon metropolis."
 - "An alderman! and what is his profession?"

"I blush to tell: he is—an oystermonger."

"AN OYSTERMONGER!" screamed Roderick, in the largest capitals. "Ha, ha, ha! this is too much!" and he dropped Adeliza's hand, and never spoke to her during the rest of her walk. They moved moodily on for some time, Miss Binx and the other young man marching astonished in the rear. At length-they came within sight of the seminary. "Here is Bulgaria House," cried the maiden, steadily: "Roderick, we must part!" The effort was too much for her; she flung herself hysterically into his arms.

But, oh, horror! a scream was heard from Miss Binx, who was seen scuttling at double-quick time towards the school-house. Her young man had bolted completely; and close at the side of the lovely, though imprudent couple, stood the angry—and justly angry—Miss Zela Pidge!

"Oh, Ferdinand," said she, "is it thus you deceive me? Did I bring you to Bulgaria House for this? did I give you money to buy clothes for this, that you should go by false names, and make love to that saucy, slammerkin, sentimental Miss Grampus? Ferdinand, Ferdinand," cried she, "is this true? can I credit my eyes?"

"D—— your eyes!" said the signor, angrily, as he darted at her a withering look, and retired down the street. His curses might be heard long after he had passed. He never appeared more at Bulgaria House, for he received his dismissal the next day.

That night all the front windows of the Miss Pidge's seminary were smashed to shivers. On the following Thursday, two places were taken in the coach to town. On the back seat sate the usher; on the front, the wasted and miserable Adeliza Grampus.

CHAPTER II.

But the matter did not end here. Miss Grampus's departure elicited from her a disclosure of several circumstances which, we must say, in no degree increased the reputation of Miss Zela Pidge. The discoveries which she made were so awkward, the tale of crime and licentiousness revealed by her so deeply injurious to the character of the establishment, that the pupils emigrated from it in scores. Miss Binx retired to her friends at Wandsworth, Miss Jacobs to her relations in Hounditch. and other young ladies, not mentioned in this history, to other and more moral schools; so that absolutely, at the end of a single half year, such had been the scandal of the story, the Misses Pidge were left with only two pupils,—Miss Dibble, the articled young lady, and Miss Bole, the grocer's daughter, who came in exchange for tea, candles, and other requisites supplied to the establishment by her father.

"I knew it! I knew it!" cried Zela passionately, as she trod the echoing and melancholy school-room; "he told me that none ever prospered who loved him,—that every flower was blighted upon which he shone! Ferdinand, Ferdinand, you have caused ruin there!" (pointing to the empty cupboards and forms); "but what is

that to the blacker ruin here?" and the poor creature slapped her heart, and the big tears rolled down her chin, and so into her tucker.

A very, very few weeks after this the plate on Bulgaria House was removed for ever. That mansion is now designated "Moscow Hall, by Mr. Swishtail and assistants:"—the bankrupt and fugitive Misses Pidge have fled, Heaven knows whither! for the steamers to Boulogne cost more than five shillings in those days.

Alderman Grampus, as may be imagined, did not receive his daughter with any extraordinary degree of courtesy. "He was as grumpy," Mrs. G. remarked, "on the occasion as a sow with the measles." But had he not reason? A lovely daughter who had neglected her education, forgotten her morals for the second time, and fallen almost a prey to villains! Miss Grampus for some months was kept in close confinement, nor ever suffered to stir, except occasionally to Bunhill-row for air, and to church for devotion. Still, though she knew him to be false,—though she knew that under a different, perhaps a prettier name, he had offered the same vows to another,—she could not but think of Roderick.

That *Professor* (as well—too well—he may be called!) knew too well her father's name and reputation to experience any difficulty in finding his abode. It was, as every city man knows, in Cheapside; and thither Dandolo constantly bent his steps: but though he marched unceasingly about the mansion, he never (mysteriously) would pass it. He watched Adeliza walking, he followed her to church; and many and many a time, as she jostled out at the gate of the Artillery-ground, or the beadle-flanked portal of Bow, a tender

hand would meet hers, an active foot would press upon hers, a billet discreetly delivered was as adroitly seized, to hide in the recesses of her pocket-hand kerchief, or to nestle in the fragrance of her bosom! Love! Love! how ingenious thou art! thou canst make a ladder of a silken thread, or a weapon of a straw; thou peerest like sunlight into a dungeon; thou scalest, like forlorn hope, a castle wall; the keep is taken!—the foeman has fled!—the banner of love floats triumphantly over the corpses of the slain!*

Thus, though denied the comfort of personal intercourse, Adeliza and her lover maintained a frequent and tender correspondence. Nine times at least in a week, she by bribing her maid-servant, managed to convey letters to the Professor, to which he at rarer intervals, though with equal warmth, replied.

"Why," said the young lady in the course of this correspondence, "why, when I cast my eyes upon Roderick, do I see him so wofully changed in outward guise? He wears not the dress which formerly adorned him. Is he poor?—is he in disguise?—do debts oppress him, or traitors track him for his blood? Oh that my arms might shield him!—Oh that my purse might aid him! It is the fondest wish of "ADELIZA G.

- "P.S.—Aware of your fondness for shell-fish, Susan will leave a barrel of oysters at the Swan with Two Necks, directed to you, as per desire. "Ad. G.
- "P. S.—Are you partial to kippered salmon? The girl brings three pounds of it wrapped in a silken hand-kerchief. 'Tis marked with the hair of "ADELIZA.

^{*}We cannot explain this last passage; but it is so beautiful that the reader will pardon the omission of sense, which the au thor certainly could have put in if he liked.

"P. S.—I break open my note to say that you will find in it a small pot of anchovy paste: may it prove acceptable. Heigho! I would that I could accompany it.

"A. G."

It may be imagined, from the text of this note, that Adeliza had profited not a little by the perusal of Mrs. Swipe's novels; and it also gives a pretty clear notion of the condition of her lover. When that gentleman was a professor at Bulgaria House, his costume had strictly accorded with his pretensions. He wore a black German coat loaded with frogs and silk trimming, a white broad brimmed beaver, hessians, and nankeen tights. His costume at present was singularly changed for the worse: a rough brown frock-coat dangled down to the calves of his brawny legs, where likewise ended a pair of greasy shepherd's-plaid trousers; a dubious red waistcoat, a blue or bird's-eye neckerchief, and bluchers, (or half-boots,) remarkable for thickness and for mud, completed his attire. But he looked superior to his fortune: he wore his grey hat very much on one ear: he incessantly tugged at his smoky shirt-collar, and walked jingling the half-pence (when he had any) in his pocket. He was, in fact, no better than an adventurer, and the innocent Adeliza was his prey.

Though the Professor read the first part of this letter with hope and pleasure, it may be supposed that the three postscripts were still more welcome to him,—in fact, he literally did what is often done in novels, he devoured them; and Adeliza, on receiving a note from him the next day, after she had eagerly broken the seal, and with panting bosom and flashing eye glanced over

the contents,—Adeliza, we say, was not altogether pleased when she read the following:

"Your goodness, dearest, passes belief; but never did poor fellow need it more than your miserable, faithful Roderick. Yes! I am poor,—I am tracked by hell-hounds,—I am changed in looks, and dress, and happiness,—in all but love for thee!

"Hear my tale! I come of a noble Italian family,—the noblest, ay, in Venice. We were free once, and rich, and happy; but the Prussian autograph has planted his banner on our towers,—the talents of his haughty heagle have seized our wealth, and consigned most of our race to dungeons. I am not a prisoner, only an exile. A mother, a bed-ridden grandmother, and five darling sisters, escaped with me from Venice, and now share my poverty and my home. But I have wrestled with misfortune in vain; I have struggled with want, till want has overcome me. Adeliza, I want BREAD!

"The kippered salmon was very good, the anchovies admirable. But, oh, my love! how thirsty they make those who have no means of slaking thirst! My poor grandmother lies delirious in her bed, and cries in vain for drink. Alas! our water is cut off; I have none to give her. The oysters was capital. Bless thee, bless thee! angel of bounty! Have you any more sich, and a few srimps? My sisters are very fond of them.

"Half-a-crown would oblige. But thou art too good to me already, and I blush to ask thee for more. Adieu, Adeliza,

"the wretched but faithful

"RODERICK FERDINAND,

" (38th Count, of Dandolo.)

"Bell-yard, June -."

A shade of dissatisfaction, we say, clouded Adeliza's fair features as she perused this note; and yet there was nothing in it which the tenderest lover might not write. But the shrimps, the half-crown, the horrid picture of squalid poverty presented by the count, sickened her young heart; the innate delicacy of the woman revolted at the thought of all this misery.

But better thoughts succeeded: her breast heaved as she read and re-read the singular passage concerning the Prussian autograph, who had planted his standard at Venice. "I knew it!" she cried, "I knew it!—he is of noble race! O Roderick, I will perish, but I will help thee!"

Alas! she was not well enough acquainted with history to perceive that the Prussian autograph had nothing to do with Venice, and had forgotten altogether that she herself had coined the story which this adventurer returned to her.

But a difficulty presented itself to Adeliza's mind. Her lover asked for money,—where was she to find it? The next day the till of the shop was empty, and a weeping apprentice dragged before the Lord Mayor. It is true that no signs of the money were found upon him; it is true that he protested his innocence; but he was dismissed the alderman's service, and passed a month at Bridewell, because Adeliza Grampus had a needy lover!

"Dearest," she wrote, "will three-and-twenty and sevenpence suffice? 'Tis all I have: take it, and with it the fondest wishes of your Adeliza."

"A sudden thought! Our apprentice is dismissed. My father dines abroad; I shall be in the retail establishment all the night, alone. "A. G."

No sooner had the Professor received this note than his mind was made up. "I will see her," he said; "I will enter that accursed shop." He did, and to his ruin.

That night Mrs. Grampus and her daughter took possession of the bar or counter, in the place which Adeliza called the retail establishment, and which is commonly denominated the shop. Mrs. Grampus herself operated with the oyster-knife, and served the Milton morsels to the customers. Age had not diminished her skill, nor had wealth rendered her too proud to resume at need a profession which she had followed in early days. Adeliza flew gracefully to and fro with the rolls, the vinegar bottle with perforated cork, and the little pats of butter. A little boy ran backwards and forwards to the Blue Lion over the way, for the pots of porter, or for the brandy and water, which some gentlemen take after the play.

Midnight arrived. Miss Grampus was looking through the window, and contrasting the gleaming gas which shone upon the ruby lobsters, with the calm moon which lighted up the Poultry, and threw a halo round the Royal Exchange. She was lost in maiden meditation, when her eye fell upon a pane of glass in her own window: squeezed against this, flat and white, was the nose of a man!—that man was Roderick Dandolo! He seemed to be gazing at the lobsters more intensely than at Adeliza; he had his hands in his pockets, and was whistling Jim Crow.*

M. A. T.

^{*} I know this is an anachronism; but I only mean that he was performing one of the popular melodies of the time.

Miss Grampus felt sick with joy; she staggered to the counter, and almost fainted. The Professor concluded his melody, and entered at once into the shop. He pretended to have no knowledge of Miss Grampus, but aborded the two ladies with easy elegance and irresistible good-humour.

"Good evening, ma'am," said he, bowing profoundly to the elder lady. "What a precious hot evening, to be sure!—hot, ma'am, and hungry, as they say. I could not resist them lobsters, 'specially when I saw the lady behind 'em."

At this gallant speech Mrs. Grampus blushed, or looked as if she would blush, and said,

"Law, sir!"

"Law, indeed, ma'am," playfully continued the Professor; "you're a precious deal better than law,—you're divinity, ma'am; and this, I presume, is your sister?"

He pointed to Adeliza as he spoke, who, pale and mute, stood fainting against a heap of ginger-beer bottles. The old lady was quite won by this stale compliment.

"My daughter, sir," she said. "Addly, lay a cloth for the gentleman. Do you take hoysters, sir, hor lobsters? Both is very fine."

"Why, ma'am," said he, "to say truth, I have come forty miles since dinner, and don't care if I have a little of both. I will begin, if you please, with that there (Lord bless its elaws, they're as red as your lips!); and we'll astonish a few of the natives afterwards, by your leave."

Mrs. Grampus was delighted with the manners and

the appetite of the stranger. She proceeded forthwith to bisect the lobster, while the Professor in a dégagé manner, his cane over his shoulder, and a cheerful whistle upon his lips, entered the little parlour, and took possession of a box and a table.

He was no sooner seated than, from a scuffle, a giggle, and a smack, Mrs. Grampus was induced to suspect that something went wrong in the oyster-room.

"Hadeliza!" cried she; and that young woman returned blushing now like a rose, who had been as pale before as a lily.

Mrs. G. herself took in the lobster, bidding her daughter sternly to stay in the shop. She approached the stranger with an angry air, and laid the lobster before him.

"For shame, sir!" said she solemaly; but all of a sudden she began to giggle like her daughter, and her speech ended with an "Have done now!"

We were not behind the curtain, and cannot of course say what took place; but it is evident that the Professor was a general lover of the sex.

Mrs. Grampus returned to the shop, rubbing her lips with her fat arms, and restored to perfect goodhumour. The little errand-boy was despatched over the way for a bottle of Guinness and a glass of brandy and water.

"Hor with!" shouted a manly voice from the eating-room, and Adeliza was pained to think that in her presence her lover could eat so well.

He ate indeed as if he had never eaten before: here is the bill as written by Mrs. Grampus herself.

•	•	1 2	8 4
	•	2	4
•		7	4
		. 1	2
		4	0
		1	2
•		1	6
	1	5	9

"At the Mermaid in Cheapside.

"Shell-fish in all varieties. N.B.—A great saving in taking a quantity."

"A saving in taking a quantity," said the stranger archly. "Why, ma'm you ought to let me off very cheap;" and the Professor, the pot-boy, Adeliza, and her mamma, grinned equally at this pleasantry.

"However, never mind the pay, missis," continued he; "we an't agoing to quarrel about that. Hadd another glass of brandy and water to the bill, and bring it me, when it shall be as I am now."

"Law, sir," simpered Mrs. Grampus, "how's that!"

"Reseated, ma'am, to be sure," replied he, as he sank back upon the table. The old lady went laughing away, pleased with her merry and facetious customer; the little boy picked up the oyster-shells, of which a mighty pyramid was formed at the Professor's feet.

"Here, Sammy," cried out shrill Mrs. Grampus from the shop, "go over to the Blue Lion and get the gentleman his glass: but no, you are better where you are, pickin' up them shells. Go you, Hadeliza; it is but across the way."

Adeliza went with a very bad grace; she had hoped

to exchange at least a few words with him her soul adored; and her mother's jealousy prevented the completion of her wish.

She had scarcely gone, when Mr. Grampus entered from his dinner-party. But, though fond of pleasure, he was equally faithful to business: without a word, he hung up his brass-buttoned coat, put on his hairy cap, and stuck his sleeves through his apron.

As Mrs. Grampus was tying it, (an office which this faithful lady regularly performed,) he asked her what business had occurred during his absence.

"Not so bad," said she; "two pound ten to-night, besides one pound eight to receive;" and she handed Mr. Grampus the bill.

"How many are there on 'em?" said that gentleman smiling, as his eye gladly glanced over the items of the account.

"Why, that's the best of all: how many do you think?"

"If four did it," said Mr. Grampus, "they wouldn't have done badly neither."

"What do you think of one?" cried Mrs. G. laughing, "and he an't done yet. Haddy is gone to fetch him another glass of brandy and water."

Mr. Grampus looked very much alarmed. "Only one, and you say he an't paid?"

"No," said the lady.

Mr. Grampus seized the bill, and rushed wildly into the dining-room: the little boy was picking up the oyster-shells still, there were so many of them; the Professor was seated on the table, laughing as if drunk, and picking his teeth with his fork.

8

Grampus, shaking in every joint, held out the bill: a horrid thought crossed him; he had seen that face before!

The Professor kicked sneeringly into the air the idle piece of paper, and swung his legs recklessly to and fro.

"What a flat you are," shouted he, in a voice of thunder, "to think I'm a goin' to pay! Pay! I never pay—I'm Dando!"

The people in the other boxes crowded forward to see the celebrated stranger; the little boy grinned as he dropped two hundred and forty-four oyster-shells, and Mr. Grampus rushed madly into his front shop, shricking for a watchman.

As he ran, he stumbled over something on the floor,—a woman and a glass of brandy and water lay there extended. Like Tarquinia reversed, Elijah Grampus was trampling over the lifeless body of Adeliza.

Why enlarge upon the miserable theme? The confiding girl, in returning with the grog from the Blue Lion, had arrived at the shop only in time to hear the fatal name of Dando. She saw him, tipsy and triumphant, bestriding the festal table, and yelling with horrid laughter, The truth flashed upon her—she fell!

Lost to worldly cares in contemplating the sorrows of their idolized child, her parents forgot all else beside. Mrs. G. held the vinegar-cruet to her nostrils; her husband brought the soda-water fountain to play upon her; it restored her to life, but not to sense. When Adeliza Grampus rose from that trance she was a MANIAC!

But what became of the deceiver? The gorman-

dizing ruffian, the lying renegade, the fie shape, escaped in the midst of this scene He walked unconcerned through the s cocked on one side as before, swaggeri whistling as before; far in the moonligh see his figure; long, long in the night-sildemoniac melody of Jim Crow.

When Samuel the boy cleaned out the morning, and made the inventory of the a fork, a plated ditto, a dish, and a pewter p to be wanting. Ingenuity will not be long the name of the thief.

Gentles, my tale is told. If it may I one soul from vice, my end is fully answer have taught to school-mistresses carefuln circumspection, to youth the folly of sich the pain of bitter deception; to manhot the meanness of gluttony, the vice which and the wicked passions it fosters; if the these, have been taught by the above Gahagan seeks for no other reward.

Note.—Please send the proceeds as letter; the bearer being directed not to manuscript without.

. .

THE BEDFORD-ROW CONSPI

CHAPTER I.

OF THE LOVES OF MR. PERKINS AND MISS G OF THE TWO GREAT FACTIONS IN THE TO BOROUGH.

"Mr dear John," cried Lucy, with a very v deed, "it must and shall be so. As for Down with our means, a house is out of the que must keep three servants, and aunt Big taxes are one-and-twenty pounds a year."

"I have seen a sweet place at Chelses John; "Paradise-row, No. 17,—garden—g fifty pounds a year—omnibus to town with

"What, that I may be left alone all d spend a fortune in driving backward and those horrid breakneck cabs? My darlir die there—die of fright, I know I should not say yourself that the road was not as and that the place swarmed with public dreadful tipsy Irish bricklayers? Would you kill me, John?"

"My da—arling," said John, with tremendous fondness, clutching Miss Lucy suddenly round the waist, and rapping the hand of that young person violently against his waistcoat,—"my—da—arling, don't say such things, even in joke. If I objected to the chambers, it is only because you, my love, with your birth and connections, ought to have a house of your own. The chambers are quite large enough, and certainly quite good enough for me." And so after some more sweet parley on the part of these young people, it was agreed that they should take up their abode, when married, in a part of the house, number one hundred and something, Bedford-row.

It will be necessary to explain to the reader, that John was no other than John Perkins, Esq., of the Middle Temple, barrister-at-law, and that Miss Lucy was the daughter of the late Captain Gorgon, and Marianne Biggs, his wife. The captain being of noble connections, younger son of a baronet, cousin to Lord X., and related to the Y. family, had angered all his relatives, by marrying a very silly, pretty young woman, who kept a ladies' school at Canterbury. She had six -hundred pounds to her fortune, which the captain laid out in the purchase of a sweet travelling-carriage and dressing-case for himself; and going abroad with his lady, spent several years in the principal prisons of Europe, in one of which he died. His wife and daughter were meantime supported by the contributions of Mrs. Jemima Biggs, who still kept the ladies' school.

At last a dear old relative—such a one as one reads

of in romances—died and left seven thousand pounds apiece to the two sisters, whereupon the elder gave up schooling and retired to London; and the younger managed to live with some comfort and decency at Brussels, upon two hundred and ten pounds per annum. Mrs. Gorgon never touched a shilling of her capital, for the very good reason that it was placed entirely out of her reach; so that when she died, her daughter found herself in possession of a sum of money that is not always to be met with in this world.

Her aunt, the baronet's lady, and her aunt, the exschoolmistress, both wrote very pressing invitations to her, and she resided with each for six months after her arrival in England. Now, for a second time, she had come to Mrs. Biggs, Caroline-place, Mecklenburgh-square. It was under the roof of that respectable old lady, that John Perkins, Esq., being invited to take tea, wooed and won Miss Gorgon.

Having thus described the circumstances of Miss Gorgon's life, let us pass for a moment from that young lady, and lift up the veil of mystery which envelopes the deeds and character of Perkins.

Perkins, too, was an orphan; and he and his Lucy, of summer evenings, when Sol descending lingered fondly yet about the minarets of the Foundling, and gilded the grassplots of Mecklenburgh-square—Perkins, I say, and Lucy would often sit together in the summer-house of that pleasure-ground, and muse upon the strange coincidences of their life. Lucy was motherless and fatherless; so, too, was Perkins. If Perkins was brotherless and sisterless, was not Lucy likewise an only child! Perkins was twenty-three—his age and

Lucy's united, amounted to forty-six; and it was to be remarked, as a fact still more extraordinary, that while Lucy's relatives were aunts, John's were uncles; mysterious spirit of love!—let us treat thee with respect and whisper not too many of thy secrets. The fact is, John and Lucy were a pair of fools (as every young couple ought to be who have hearts that are worth a farthing), and were ready to find coincidences, sympathies, hidden gushes of feeling, mystic unions of the soul, and what not, in every single circumstance that occurred from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, and in the intervals. Bedford-row, where Perkins lived, is not very far from Mecklenburgh-square; and John used to say, that he felt a comfort that his house and Lucy's were served by the same muffin-man.

Further comment is needless. A more honest, simple, clever, warm-hearted, soft, whimsical, romantical, high-spirited young fellow than John Perkins did not exist. When his father, Dr. Perkins, died, this, his only son, was placed under the care of John Perkins, Esq., of the house of Perkins, Scully, and Perkins, those celebrated attorneys in the trading town of Oldborough, which the second partner, William Pitt Scully, Esq., represented in parliament and in London.

All John's fortune was the house in Bedford-row, which, at his father's death, was let out into chambers, and brought in a clear hundred a-year. Under his uncle's roof at Oldborough, where he lived with thirteen red-haired male and female cousins, he was only charged fifty pounds for board, clothes and pocket-money, and the remainder of his rents was carefully put by for him until his majority. When he approached that period—

when he came to belong to two spouting clubs at Oldborough, among the young merchants and lawyers'clerks—to blow the flute nicely, and play a good game at billiards—to have written one or two smart things in the Oldborough Sentinel-to be fond of smoking (in which act he was discovered by his fainting aunt at three o'clock one morning)—in one word, when John Perkins arrived at manhood, he discovered that he was quite unfit to be an attorney, that he detested ail the ways of his uncle's stern, dull, vulgar, regular, red-headed family, and he vowed that he would go to London and make his fortune. Thither he went, his aunt and cousins, who were all "serious," vowing that he was a lost boy, and when his history opens, John had been two years in the metropolis, inhabiting his own garrets; and a very nice compact set of apartments, looking into the back-garden, at this moment falling vacant, the prudent Lucy Gorgon had visited them, and vowed that she and her John should there commence housekeeping.

All these explanations are tedious, but necessary; and furthermore, it must be said, that as John's uncle's partner was the liberal member for Oldborough, so Lucy's uncle was its ministerial representative.

This gentleman, the brother of the deceased Captain Gorgon, lived at the paternal mansion of Gorgon Castle, and rejoiced in the name and title of Sir John Grimsby Gorgon. He, too, like his younger brother, had married a lady beneath his own rank in life: having espoused the daughter and heiress of Mr. Hicks, the great brewer at Oldborough, who held numerous mortgages on the Gorgon property, all of which he yielded up, together with his daughter Eliza, to the care of the baronet.

١

What Lady Gorgon was in character, this history will show. In person, if she may be compared to any vulgar animal, one of her father's heavy, healthy broadflanked. Roman-nosed, white drav-horses, might, to the poetic mind, appear to resemble her. At twenty she was a splendid creature, and though not at her full growth, yet remarkable for strength and sinew: at fortyfive she was as fine a woman as any in his majesty's dominions. Five feet seven in height, thirteen stone, her own teeth and hair, she looked as if she were the mother of a regiment of gremadier-guards. three daughters of her own size, and at length, ten years after the birth of the last of the young ladies, a sonone son-George Augustus Frederic Grimsby Gorgon, the godson of a royal duke, whose steady officer in waiting Sir George had been for many years.

It is needless to say, after entering so largely into a description of Lady Gorgon, that her husband was a little, shrivelled, weazel-faced creature, eight inches shorter than her ladyship. This is the way of the world, as every single reader of this book must have remarked; for frolic love delights to join giants and pigmies of different sexes in the bonds of matrimony. When you saw her ladyship, in flame-coloured satin, and gorgeous toque and feathers, entering the drawing-room, as footmen along the stairs shouted melodiously, Sir George and Lady Gorgon, you beheld in her company a small withered old gentleman, with powder and large royal household buttons, who tripped at her elbow as a little weak-legged colt does at the side of a stout mare.

The little General had been present at about a hun

dred and twenty pitch-battles on Hounslow Heath and Wormwood Scrubs, but had never drawn his sword against an enemy. As might be expected, therefore, his talk and tenue were outrageously military. He had the whole army-list by heart—that is, as far as the fieldofficers—all below them he scorned. A bugle at Gorgon Castle always sounded at breakfast and dinner: a gun announced sunset. He clung to his pigtail for many years after the army had forsaken that ornament. and could never be brought to think much of the Peninsular men for giving it up. When he spoke of the duke, he used to call him "My Lord Wellington-I recollect him as Captain Wesley." He swore fearfully in conversation-was most regular at church, and regularly read to his family and domestics the morning and evening prayer; he bullied his daughters, seemed to bully his wife, who led him whither she chose; gave grand entertainments, and never asked a friend by chance; had splendid liveries, and starved his people; and was as dull, stingy, pompous, insolent, cringing, illtempered a little creature as ever was known.

With such qualities you may fancy that he was generally admired in society and by his country. So he was: and I never knew a man so endowed whose way through life was not safe—who had fewer pangs of conscience—more positive enjoyments—more respect shown to him—more favours granted to him, than such a one as my friend the General.

Her ladyship was just suited to him, and they did in reality admire each other hugely. Previously to her marriage with the baronet, many love-passages had passed between her and William Pitt Scully, Esq., the attorney, and there was especially one story, apropos of certain syllabubs and Sally-Lunn cakes, which seemed to show that matters had gone very far. Be this as it may, no sooner did the General (Major Gorgon he was then) cast an eye on her, than Scully's five years fabric of love was instantly dashed to the ground. She cut him pitilessly, cut Sally Scully, his sister, her dearest friend and confidante, and bestowed her big person upon the little aide-de-camp at the end of a fortnight's wooing. In the course of time, their mutual fathers died; the Gorgon estates were unencumbered: patron of both the seats in the borough of Oldborough, and occupant of one, Sir George Grimsby Gorgon, baronet, was a personage of no small importance.

He was, it scarcely need be said, a Tory; and this was the reason why William Pitt Scully, Esq., of the firm of Perkins and Scully, deserted those principles in which he had been bred and christened; deserted that church which he had frequented, for he could not bear to see Sir John and my lady flaunting in their grand pew ;-deserted, I say, the church, adopted the conventicle, and became one of the most zealous and eloquent supporters that Freedom has known in our time. Scully, of the House of Scully and Perkins, was a dangerous enemy. In five years from that marriage, which snatched from the jilted solicitor his heart's young affections, Sir George Gorgon found that he must actually spend seven hundred pounds to keep his two seats. At the next election, a liberal was set up against his man, and actually run him hard; and finally, at the end of eighteen years, the rejected Scully—the mean attorney-was actually the first member for

Oldborough, Sir George Grimsby Gorgon, Barouet, being only the second!

The agony of that day cannot be imagined—the dreadful curses of Sir George, who saw fifteen hundred a year robbed from under his very nose—the religious resignation of my lady—the hideous window-smashing that took place at the Gorgon Arms, and the discomfiture of the pelted mayor and corporation. The very next Sunday, Scully was reconciled to the church (or attended it in the morning, and the meeting twice in the afternoon), and as Doctor Shorter uttered the prayer for the high court of parliament, his eye-the eye of his whole party—turned towards Lady Gorgon and Sir George in a most unholy triumph. Sir George (who always stood during prayers, like a military man,) fairly sunk down among the hassocks, and Lady Gorgon was heard to sob as audibly as ever did little beadlebelaboured urchin.

Scully, when at Oldborough, came from that day forth to church. "What," said he, "was it to him? were we not all brethren?" Old Perkins, however, kept religiously to the Squaretoes' congregation. In fact, to tell the truth, this subject had been debated between the partners, who saw the advantage of courting both the establishment and the dissenters—a manœuvre which, I need not say, is repeated in almost every country town in England, where a solicitor's house has this kind of power and connexion.

Three months after this election came the races at Oldborough, and the race-ball. Gorgon was so infuriated by this defeat, that he gave "the Gorgon cup and cover," a matter of fifteen pounds. Scully, "although

anxious," as he wrote from town, "anxious beyond measure to preserve the breed of horses for which our beloved country has ever been famous, could attend no such sports as these, which but too often degenerated into vice." It was voted a shabby excuse. Lady Gorgon was radiant in her barouche and four, and gladly became the patroness of the ball that was to ensue; and which all the gentry and townspeople, Tory and Whig, were in the custom of attending, The ball took place on the last day of the races—on that day, the walls of the market-house, the principal public buildings, and the Gorgon Arms hotel itself, were plastered with the following—

LETTER FROM OUR DISTINGUISHED REPRESENTATIVE WILLIAM P. SCULLY, ESQ., ETC., ETC.

House of Commons, Wednesday, June 9, 18-.

"My dear Heeltap,—You know my opinion about horse-racing, and though I blame neither you nor any brother Englishman who enjoys that manly sport, you will, I am sure, appreciate the conscientious motives which induce me not to appear among my friends and constituents on the festival of the 3d, 4th, and 5th instant. If I, however, cannot allow my name to appear among your list of stewards, one at least of the representatives of Oldborough has no such scruples. Sir George Gorgon is among you; and though I differ from that honourable baronet on more than one vital point, I am glad to think that he is with you—a gentleman, a soldier, a man of property in the county, how can he be better employed than in forwarding the

county's amusements, and in forwarding the happiness of all?

"Had I no such scruples as those to which I have just alluded, I must still have refrained from coming among you. Your great Oldborough common-drainage and inclosure bill comes on to-night, and I shall be at my post. I am sure, if Sir George Gorgon were here, he and I should on this occasion vote side by side, and that party strife would be forgotten in the object of our common interest—our dear native town.

"There is, however, another occasion at hand, in which I shall be proud to meet him. Your ball is on the night of the 6th. Party forgotten—brotherly union—innocent mirth—beauty, our dear town's beauty, our daughters in the joy of their expanding loveliness, our matrons in the exquisite contemplation of their children's bliss,—can you, can I, can Whig or Tory, can any Briton be indifferent to a scene like this, or refuse to join in this heart-stirring festival? If there be such let them pardon me,—I, for one, my dear Heeltap, will be among you on Friday night,—ay, and hereby invite all pretty Tory Misses, who are in want of a partner.

"I am here in the very midst of good things, you know, and we old folks like a supper after a dance. Please to accept a brace of bucks and a turtle, which come herewith. My worthy colleague, who was so liberal last year of his soup to the poor, will not, I trust, refuse to taste a little of Alderman Birch's—'tis offered on my part with hearty good will. Hey for the 6th, and vive la joie.

"Ever, my dear Heeltap, your faithful,
"W. PITT SCULLY.

"P. S. Of course this letter is strictly private. Say that the venison, &c., came from a well-wisher to Oldborough.

This amazing letter was published in defiance of Mr. Scully's injunctions by the enthusiastic Heeltan who said bluntly in a preface, "That he saw no reason why Mr. Scully should be ashamed of his action, and he, for his part, was glad to let all friends at Oldborough know of it."

The allusion about the Gorgon soup was killing; thirteen paupers in Oldborough had, it was confidently asserted, died of it. Lady Gorgon, on the reading of this letter, was struck completely dumb—Sir George Gorgon was wild—ten dozen of champagne was he obliged to send down to the Gorgon Arms, to be added to the festival. He would have stayed away if he could, but he dared not.

At nine o'clock, he in general's uniform, his wife in blue satin and diamonds, his daughters in blue crape and white roses, his niece, Lucy Gorgon, in white muslin, his son, George Augustus Frederic Grimsby Gorgon, in a blue velvet jacket, sugar-loaf buttons, and nankeens, entered the north door of the ball-room to much cheering, and the sound of "God save the King!"

At that very same moment, and from the south door, issued William Pitt Scully, Esq., M.P., and his staff. Mr. Scully had a bran-new blue coat and brass buttons, buff waistcoat, white kerseymere tights, pumps with large rosettes, and pink silk stockings.

"This wool," said he to a friend, "was grown on Oldborough sheep, this cloth was spun in Oldborough looms, these buttons were cast in an Oldborough manu factory, these shoes were made by an Oldborough tradesman, this *heart* first beat in Oldborough town, and pray Heaven may be buried there!

Could any thing resist a man like this? John Perkins, who had come down as one of Scully's aides-decamp, in a fit of generous enthusiasm, leaped on a whist-table, flung up a pocket-handkerchief, and shrieked—"Scully for ever!"

Heeltap, who was generally drunk, fairly burst into tears, and the grave tradesmen and Whig gentry, who had dined with the member at his inn, and accompanied him thence to the Gorgon Arms, lifted their deep voices and shouted, "Hear! Good! Bravo! Noble! Scully for ever! God bless him! and Hurra!"

The scene was tumultuously affecting, and when young Perkins sprung down from the table, and came blushing up to the member, that gentleman said,

"Thank you, Jack! thank you, my boy! THANK you," in a way which made Perkins think that his supreme cup of bliss was quaffed, that he had but to die; for that life had no other such joy in store for him. Scully was Perkins's Napoleon—he yielded himself up to the attorney, body and soul.

Whilst this scene was going on under one chandelier of the ball-room; beneath the other, scarlet little General Gorgon, sumptuous Lady Gorgon, the daughter and niece Gorgons were standing, surrounded by their Tory court, who affected to sneer and titter at the Whig demonstrations which were taking place.

"What a howwid thmell of withkey!" lisped Cornet Fitch of the dragoons to Miss Lucy, confidentially. "and thethe are what they call Whigth, are they is he!"

- "They are drunk,—me—drunk by ———!" said the General to the Mayor.
- "Which is Scully?" said Lady Gorgon, lifting her glass gravely (she was at that very moment thinking of the syllabubs). "Is it that tipsy man in the green coat, or that vulgar creature in the blue one?"

"Law, my lady!" said the Mayoress; "have you forgotten him? Why that's him in blue and buff."

"And a monthous fine man too," said Cornet Fitch; I wish we had him in our twoop—he'th thix feet thwee, if he'th an inch; ain't he, genewal?"

No reply.

"And Heavens! mamma," shrieked the three Gorgons in a breath, "see, one creature is on the whist-table. Oh, the wretch!"

"I'm sure he's very good looking," said Lucy, simply.

Lady Gorgon darted at her an angry look, and was about to say something very contemptuous, when, at that instant, John Perkins's shout taking effect, Master George Augustus Frederic Grimsby Gorgon, not knowing better, incontinently raised a small shout on his side.

"Hear! good! bravo!" exclaimed he! "Scully or ever! Hurra-a-a-ay!" and fell skipping about like the Whigs opposite.

"Silence, you brute, you!" groaned Lady Gorgon; and seizing him by the shirt-frill and coat-collar, carried him away to his nurse, who, with many other maids of the Whig and Tory parties, stood giggling and peeping at the landing place.

Fancy how all these small incidents augmented the heap of Lady Gorgon's anger and injuries! She was a dull phlegmatic woman, for the most part, and contented herself generally with merely despising her neighbours; but oh! what a fine active hatred raged in her bosom for victorious Scully! At this moment Mr. Perkins had finished shaking hands with his Napoleon—Napoleon seemed bent upon some tremendous enterprise. He was looking at Lady Gorgon very hard.

"She's a fine woman," said Scully, thoughtfully; he was still holding the hand of Perkins. And then, after a pause, "Gad! I think I'll try."

"Try what, sir ?"

'She's a deuced fine woman!" burst out again the tender solicitor. "I will go. Springer, tell the fiddlers to strike up."

Springer scuttled across the room, and gave the leader of the band a knowing nod. Suddenly, "God save the King" ceased, and "Sir Roger de Coverley" began. The rival forces eyed each other; Mr. Scully, accompanied by his friend, came forward, looking very red, and fumbling two large kid gloves.

"He's going to ask me to dance," hissed out Lady Gorgon, with a dreadful intuition, and she drew back behind her lord.

"General!" cried Lady Gorgon, but could say no more. Scully was before her.

"Madam!" exclaimed the liberal member for Oldborough, "in a moment like this—I say—that is—that on the present occasion—your ladyship—unaccustomed as I am—pooh, psha—will your ladyship give me the distinguished honour and pleasure of going down the country-dance with your ladyship?"

An immense heave of her ladyship's ample chest was perceptible. Yards of blond-lace, which might be compared to a foam of the sea, were agitated at the same moment, and by the same mighty emotion. The river of diamonds which flowed round her ladyship's neck, seemed to swell and to shine more than ever. The tall plumes on her ambrosial head bowed down beneath the storm. In other words, Lady Gorgon, in a furious rage, which she was compelled to restrain, trembled, drew up, and bowing majestically said.

"Sir, I shall have much pleasure." With this, she extended her hand. Scully, trembling, thrust forward one of his huge kid gloves, and led her to the head of the country-dance. John Perkins, who I presume had been drinking pretty freely so as to have forgotten his ordinary bashfulness, looked at the three Gorgons in blue, then at the pretty smiling one in white, and stepping up to her, without the smallest hesitation, asked her if she would dance with him. The young lady smilingly agreed. The great example of Scully and Lady Gorgon was followed by all dancing men and women. Political enmitties were forgotten. Whig voters invited Tory voters' wives to the dance. The daughters of Reform accepted the hands of the sons of Conservatives. The reconciliation of the Romans and Sabines was not more touching than this sweet fusion. Whack! whack!

Mr. Springer clapped his hands; and the fiddlers adroitly obeying the cheerful signal, began playing "Sir Roger de Coverley" louder than ever.

I do not know by what extraordinary charm (nescio qua prater solitum, &c.); but young Perkins, who all his life had hated country-dances, was delighted with this one, and skipped, and laughed, poussetting, crossing, down-the-middling, with his merry little partner, till every one of the better-most sort of the thirty-nine couples had dropped panting away, and till the youngest Miss Gorgon, coming up to his partner, said, in a loud hissing, scornful, whisper, "Lucy, mamma thinks you have danced quite enough with this—this person." And Lucy, blushing, starting back, and looking at Perkins in a very melancholy way, made him a little curtesy, and went off to the Gorgonian party with her cousin. Perkins was too frightened to lead her back to her place—too frightened at first, and then too angry. "Person!" said he: his soul swelled with a desperate republicanism: he went back to his patron more of a radical than ever.

He found that gentleman in the solitary tea-room, pacing up and down before the observant landlady and handmaidens of the Gorgon Arms, wiping his brows, gnawing his fingers—his ears looming over his stiff white shirt-collar, as red as fire. Once more the great man seized John Perkins's hand as the latter came up.

[&]quot;D— the pristocrats!" roared the ex-follower of Squaretoes.

[&]quot;And so say I; but what's the matter, sir?"

[&]quot;What's the matter?-Why, that woman-that

infernal, haughty, straight-laced, cold-blooded, brewer's daughter! I loved that woman, sir-I kissed that woman, sir, twenty years ago-we were all but engaged, sir-we've walked for hours and hours, sir: us and the governess-Pve got a lock of her hair, sir, among my papers now—and to-night, would you believe it?—as soon as she got to the bottom of the set, away she went-not one word would she speak to me all the way down: and when I wanted to lead her to her place, and asked her if she would have a glass of negus, 'Sir.' says she, 'I have done my duty; I bear no malice: but I consider you a traitor to Sir George Gorgon's family—a traitor and an upstart! I consider your speaking to me as a piece of insolent vulgarity, and beg you will leave me to myself!' There's her speech, sir. Twenty people heard it, and all of her Tory set, too. I'll tell you what, Jack, at the next election I'll put you up. Oh! that woman! that woman!—and to think that I love her still!" Here Mr. Scully paused, and fiercely consoled himself by swallowing three cups of Mrs. Rincer's green tea.

The fact is, that Lady Gorgon's passion had completely got the better of her reason. Her ladyship was naturally cold and artificially extremely squeamish, and when this great red-faced enemy of hers, looked tenderly at her through his red little eyes, and squeezed her hand, and attempted to renew old acquaintance, she felt such an intolerable disgust at his triumph, at his familiarity, and at the remembrance of her own former liking for him, that she gave utterance to the speech above correctly reported. The Tories were delighted with her spirit, and Cornet Fitch, with much glee, told

the story to the general; but that officer, who was at whist with some of his friends, flung down his cards, and coming up to his lady, said briefly,

"Madam, you are a fool!"

"I will not stay here to be bearded by that disgusting man!—Mr. Fitch, call my people.—Henrietta, bring Miss Lucy from that linendraper with whom she is dancing. I will not stay, General, once for all."

Henrietta ran—she hated her cousin; Cornet Fitch was departing. "Stop, Fitch," said Sir George, seizing him by the arm.—"You are a fool, Lady Gorgon," said he, "and I repeat it—a ——fool! This fellow, Scully, is carrying all before him: he has talked with every body, laughed with every body—and you, with your infernal airs—a brewer's daughter, by ——, must sit like a queen, and not speak to a soul! You've lost me one seat of my borough, with your infernal pride—fifteen hundred a year, by Jove!—and you think you will bully me out of another. No, madam, you shall stay, and stay supper too—and the girls shall dance with every cursed chimneysweep and butcher in the room: they shall, confound me!"

Her ladyship saw that it was necessary to submit; and Mr. Springer, the master of the ceremonies was called, and requested to point out some eligible partners for the young ladies. One went off with a whig auctioneer; another figured in a quadrille with a very liberal apothecary, and the third, Miss Henrietta, remained.

"Hallo! you sir," roared the little general to John Perkins, who was passing by. John turned round and faced him.

- "You were dancing with my niece just now—show us your skill now, and dance with one of my daughters. Stand up, Miss Henrietta Gorgon—Mr. What's-yourname?"
- "My name," said John, with marked and majestic emphasis, "is Perkins," and he looked towards Lucy who dared not look again.
- "Miss Gorgon-Mr. Perkins. There, now go and dance."
- "Mr. Perkins regrets, madam," said John, making a bow to Miss Henrietta, "that he is not able to dance this evening. I am this moment obliged to look to the supper, but you will find, no doubt, some other PERSON who will have much pleasure."
- "Go to —, sir!" screamed the General, starting up, and shaking his cane.
- "Calm yourself, dearest George," said Lady Gorgon, clinging fondly to him. Fitch twiddled his mustaches. Miss Henrietta Gorgon stared with open mouth. The silks of the surrounding dowagers rustled—the countenances of all looked grave.
- "I will follow you, sir, wherever you please; and you may hear of me whenever you like," said Mr. Perkins, bowing and retiring. He heard little Lucy sobbing in a corner. He was lost at once—lost in love; he felt as if he could combat fifty generals! he never was so happy in his life!

The supper came; but as that meal cost five shillings a head, General Gorgon dismissed the four spinsters of his family homewards in the carriage, and so saved himself a pound. This added to Jack Perkins's wrath; he had hoped to have seen Miss Lucy once

more. He was a steward, and, in the General's teeth, would have done his duty. He was thinking how he would have helped her to the most delicate chickenwings and blanc-manges, how he would have made her take champagne. Under the noses of indignant aunt and uncle, what glorious fun it would have been!

Out of place as Mr. Scully's present was, and though Lady Gorgon and her party sneered at the vulgar notion of venison and turtle for supper, all the world at Oldborough ate very greedily of those two substantial dishes; and the mayor's wife became from that day forth a mortal enemy of the Gorgons: for, sitting near her ladyship, who refused the proffered soup and meat, the mayoress thought herself obliged to follow this disagreeable example. She sent away the plate of turtle with a sigh, saying, however, to the baronet's lady, "I thought, mem, that the Lord Mayor of London always had turtle to his supper."

"And what if he didn't, Biddy?" said his honour the mayor; "a good thing's a good thing, and here goes!" wherewith he plunged his spoon into the savoury mess. The mayoress, as we have said, dared not; but she hated Lady Gorgon, and remembered it at the next election.

The pride, in fact, and insolence of the Gorgon party, rendered every person in the room hostile to them; so soon as, gorged with meat, they began to find that courage which Britons invariably derive from their victuals. The show of the Gorgon plate seemed to offend the people. The Gorgon champagne was a long time, too, in making its appearance. Arrive, however, it did; the people were waiting for it. The

young ladies not accustomed to that drink, declined pledging their admirers until it was produced: the men, too, despised the bucellas and sherry-and were looking continually towards the door. At last Mr. Rincer, the landlord, Mr. Hock, Sir George's butler, and sundry others, entered the room. Bang went the corks ---fizz the foamy liquor sparkled into all sorts of glasses that were held out for its reception. Mr. Hock helped Sir George and his party, who drank with great gusto: the wine which was administered to the persons immediately around Mr. Scully, was likewise pronounced to be good. But Mr. Perkins, who had taken his seat among the humbler individuals, and in the very middle of the table, observed that all these persons after drinking. made to each other very wry and ominous faces, and whispered much. He tasted his wine—it was a villanous compound of sugar, vitriol, soda, water, and green gooseberries. At this moment a great clatter of forks was made by the president's and vice-president's party. Silence for a toast—'twas silence all.

"Landlord," said Mr. Perkins, starting up (the rogue, where did his impudence come from?) "have you any champagne of your own?"

"Silence! down!" roared the Tories, the ladies looking aghast. "Silence, sit down, you!" shrieked the well-known voice of the General.

"I beg your pardon, General," said young John Perkins; but where could you have bought this champagne? My worthy friend I know is going to propose the ladies; let us at any rate drink such a toast in good wine." (Hear, hear!) "Drink her ladyship's health in this stuff? I declare to goodness I would sooner drink it in beer?"

No pen can describe the uproar which arose; the anguish of the Gorgonites—the shrieks, jeers, cheers, ironic cries of "Swipes, &c.!" which proceeded from the less genteel, but more enthusiastic Scullyites.

"This vulgarity is too much," said Lady Gorgon, rising; and Mrs. Mayoress, and the ladies of the party did so too.

The General, two squires, the clergyman, the Gorgon apothecary and attorney, with their respective ladies, followed her—they were plainly beaten from the field. Such of the Tories as dared, remained, and in inglorious compromise shared the jovial Whig feast.

"Gentlemen and ladies," hiccupped Mr. Heeltap, "I'll give you a toast, 'Champagne to our real—hic—friends,' no, 'real champagne to our friends,' and—hic—pooh! 'Champagne to our friends, and real pain to our enemies,'—huzzay!"

The Scully faction on this day bore the victory away, and if the polite reader has been shocked by certain vulgarities on the part of Mr. Scully and his friends, he must remember imprimis that Oldborough was an inconsiderable place—that the inhabitants thereof were chiefly trades-people, not of refined habits—that Mr. Scully himself had only for three months mingled among the aristocracy—that his young friend, Perkins, was violently angry—and finally, and to conclude, that the proud vulgarity of the great Sir George Gorgon and his family, were infinitely more odious and contemptible than the mean vulgarity of the Scullyites and their leader.

Immediately after this event, Mr. Scully and his young friend, Perkins, returned to town; the latter to

uis garrets in Bedford-row—the former to his apartments on the first floor of the same house. He lived here to superintend his legal business, of which the London agents, Messrs. Higgs, Biggs & Blatherwick, occupied the ground-floor—the junior partner, Mr. Gustavus Blatherwick, occupying the second-flat of the house. Scully made no secret of his profession or residence—he was an attorney, and proud of it—he was the grandson of a labourer, and thanked God for it—he had made his fortune by his own honest labour, and why should he be ashamed of it?

And now, having explained at full length who the several heroes and heroines of this history were, and how they conducted themselves in the country, let us describe their behaviour in London, and the great events which occurred there.

You must know that Mr. Perkins bore away the tenderest recollections of the young lady with whom he had danced at the Oldborough ball, and, having taken particular care to find out where she dwelt when in the metropolis, managed soon to become acquainted with aunt Biggs, and made himself so amiable to that lady, that she begged he would pass all his disengaged evenings at her lodgings in Carolineplace. Mrs. Biggs was perfectly aware that the young gentleman did not come for her bohea and muffins, so much as for the sweeter conversation of her niece, Miss Gorgon; but seeing that these two young people were of an age when ideas of love and marriage will spring up, do what you will; seeing that her niece had a fortune, and Mr. Perkins had the prospect of a place, and was moreover a very amiable and well-disposed young fellow, she thought her niece could not do better than marry him; and Miss Gorgon thought so too. Now the public will be able to understand the meaning of that important conversation which is recorded at the very commencement of this history.

Lady Gorgon and her family were likewise in town; but when in the metropolis, they never took notice of their relative, Miss Lucy; the idea of acknowledging an ex-schoolmistress, living in Mecklenburgh-square, being much too preposterous for a person of my Lady Gorgon's breeding and fashion. She did not, therefore, know of the progress which sly Perkins was making all this while; for Lucy Gorgon did not think it was at all necessary to inform her ladyship how deeply she was smitten by the wicked young gentleman, who had made all the disturbance at the Oldborough ball.

The intimacy of these young persons had, in fact, become so close, that on a certain sunshiny Sunday in December, after having accompanied aunt Biggs to church, they had pursued their walk as far as that rendezvous of lovers—the Regent's Park, and were talking of their coming marriage with much confidential tenderness, before the bears in the Zoological Gardens.

Miss Lucy was ever and anon feeding those interesting animals with buns, to perform which act of charity, she had clambered up on the parapet which surrounds their den. Mr. Perkins was below; and Miss Lucy, having distributed her buns, was on the point of following,—but whether from timidity, or whether from a desire to do young Perkins an essential service, I know not; however, she found herself quite unwilling to jump down unaided.

"My dearest John," said she, "I never can jump that."

Whereupon, John stepped up, put one hand round Lucy's waist; and as one of hers gently fell upon his shoulder, Mr. Perkins took the other, and said,—

" Now jump."

Hoop! jump she did, and so excessively active and clever was Mr. John Perkins, that he jumped Miss Lucy plump into the middle of a group formed of

Lady Gorgon,

The Misses Gorgon,

Master George Augustus Frederic Grimsby Gorgon, And a footman, poodle, and French governess, who had all been for two or three minutes listening to the billings and cooings of these imprudent young lovers.

CHAPTER II.

SHOWS HOW THE PLOT BEGAN TO THICKEN IN OR ABOUT BEDFORD-ROW.

- " Miss Lucy !"
- "Upon my word!"
- "I'm hanged if it arn't Lucy! How do, Lucy?" uttered Lady, the Misses, and Master Gorgon in a breath.

Lucy came forward, bending down her ambrosial curls, and blushing, as a modest young woman should; for, in truth, the scrape was very awkward, and as for John Perkins, he made a start, and then a step for-

wards, and then two backwards, and then began laying hands upon his black satin stock—in short, the sun did not shine at that moment upon a man who looked so exquisitely foolish.

"Miss Lucy Gorgon, is your aunt—is Mrs. Briggs here?" said Gorgon, drawing herself up with much state.

"Mrs. Biggs, aunt," said Lucy demurely.

"Biggs or Briggs, madam, it is not of the slightest consequence. I presume that persons in my rank of life are not expected to know every body's name in Magdeburg-square?" (Lady Gorgon had a house in Baker-street, and a dismal house it was.) "Not here," continued she, rightly interpreting Lucy's silence, "nor here?—and may I ask how long is it that young ladies have been allowed to walk abroad without chaperons, and to—to take a part in such scenes as that which we have just seen acted?"

To this question—and indeed it was rather difficult to answer—Miss Gorgon had no reply. There were the six grey eyes of her cousins glowering at her—there was George Augustus Frederic examining her with an air of extreme wonder, Mademoiselle the governess turning her looks demurely away, and awful Lady Gorgon glancing fiercely at her in front. Not mentioning the footman and poodle, what could a poor, modest, timid girl plead before such an inquisition, especially when she was clearly guilty? Add to this, that as Lady Gorgon, that majestic woman, always remarkable for her size and insolence of demeanour, had planted herself in the middle of the path, and spoke at the extreme pitch of her voice, many persons walking

in the neighbourhood had heard her ladyship's speech and stopped, and seemed disposed to await the rejoinder.

"For Heaven's sake, aunt, don't draw a crowd around us," said Lucy, who, indeed, was glad of the only escape that lay in her power. "I will tell you of the—of the circumstances of—of my engagement with this gentleman—with Mr. Perkins," added she, in a softer tone—so soft that the 'erkins was quite in-audible.

"A Mr. What? An engagement without consulting your guardians!" screamed her ladyship, "this must be looked to! Jerningham, call round my carriage. Mademoiselle, you will have the goodness to walk home with Master Gorgon, and carry him if you please, where there is wet; and, girls, as the day is fine, you will do likewise. Jerningham, you will attend the young ladies. Miss Gorgon, I will thank you to follow me immediately;" and so saying, and looking at the crowd with ineffable scorn, and at Mr. Perkins not at all, the lady bustled away forwards, the files of Gorgon daughters and governess closing round and enveloping poor Lucy, who found herself carried forward against her will, and in a minute seated in her aunt's coach, along with that tremendous person.

Her case was bad enough, but what was it to Perkins's? Fancy his blank surprise and rage at having his love thus suddenly ravished from him, and his delicious tête-à-tetè interrupted. He managed, in an inconceivably short space of time, to conjure up half a million obstacles to his union. What should he do? he would rush on to Baker-street, and wait there until his Lucy left Lady Gorgon's house.

He could find no vehicle for him in the Regent's Park, and was in consequence obliged to make his journey on foot. Of course, he nearly killed himself with running, and ran so quick, that he was just in time to see the two ladies step out of Lady Gorgon's carriage at her own house, and to hear Jerningham's fellow-footman roar to the Gorgonian coachman, "Halfpast seven!" at which hour we are, to this day, convinced that Lady Gorgon was going out to dine. Mr. Jerningham's associate having banged to the door, with an insolent look towards Perkins, who was prying in with the most suspicious and indecent curiosity, retired, exclaiming, "That chap has a hi to our great-coats, I reckon!" and left John Perkins to pace the street and be miserable.

John Perkins then walked resolutely up and down dismal Baker-street, determined on an *éclaircissement*. He was for some time occupied in thinking how it was that the Gorgons were not at church, they who made such a parade of piety; and John Perkins smiled as he passed the chapel, and saw that two *charity sermons* were to be preached that day—and therefore it was that General Gorgon read prayers to his family at home in the morning.

Perkins, at last, saw that little general, in blue frock-coat and spotless buff gloves, saunter scowling home; and half an hour before his arrival, had witnessed the entrance of Jerningham, and the three gaunt Miss Gorgons, poodle, son-and-heir, and French governess, protected by him, into Sir George's mansion.

"Can she be going to stay all night?" mused poor John, after being on the watch for three hours, "that footman is the only person who has left the house," when presently, to his inexpressible delight, he saw a very dirty hackney-coach clatter up to the Gorgon door, out of which first issued the ruby plush breeches and stalwart calves of Mr. Jerningham; these were followed by his body, and then the gentleman, ringing modestly, was admitted.

Again the door opened—a lady came out, nor was she followed by the footman, who crossed his legs at the door-post, and allowed her to mount the jingling vehicle as best she might. Mr. Jerningham had witnessed the scene in the Park-gardens, had listened to the altercation through the library keyhole, and had been mighty sulky at being ordered to call a coach for this young woman. He did not therefore deign to assist her to mount.

But there was one who did! Perkins was by the side of his Lucy: he had seen her start back, and cry, "La, John!"—had felt her squeeze his arm—had mounted with her into the coach, and then shouted with a voice of thunder to the coachman, "Caroline-place, Mecklenburgh-square."

But Mr. Jerningham would have been much more surprised and puzzled if he had waited one minute longer, and seen this Mr. Perkins, who had so gallantly escaladed the hackney-coach, step out of it with the most mortified, miserable, chapfallen countenance possible.

The fact is, he had found poor Lucy sobbing fit to break her heart, and instead of consoling her as he expected, he only seemed to irritate her further: for she said, "Mr. Perkins—I beg—I insist, that you leave the

carriage;" and when Perkins made some movement, (which, not being in the vehicle at the time, we have never been able to comprehend,) she suddenly sprung from the back-seat, and began pulling at a large piece of cord, which communicated with the wrist of the gentleman driving; and, screaming to him at the top of her voice, bade him immediately stop.

This Mr. Coachman did, with a curious, puzzled,

grinning air.

Perkins descended, and on being asked, "Vere ham I to drive the young 'oman, sir ?" I am sorry to say muttered something like an oath, and uttered the above-mentioned words, "Caroline-place, Mecklenburgh-square," in a tone which I should be inclined to describe as both dogged and sheepish, —very different from that cheery voice, which he had used when he first gave the order.

Poor Lucy, in the course of those fatal three hours which had passed while Mr. Perkins was pacing up and down Baker-street, had received a lecture which lasted exactly one hundred and eighty minutes—from her aunt first, then from her uncle, whom we have seen marching homewards, and often from both together.

Sir George Gorgon and his lady poured out such a flood of advice and abuse against the poor girl, that she came away from the interview quite timid and cowering; and when she saw John Perkins (the sly rogue! how well he thought he had managed the trick!) she shrunk from him as if he had been a demon of wickedness, ordered him out of the carriage, and went home by herself, convinced that she had committed some tremendous sin.

While, then, her coach jingled away to Caroline-place, Perkins, once more alone, bent his steps in the same direction—a desperate heart-stricken man—he passed by the beloved's door—saw lights in the front drawing-room—felt probably that she was there—but he could not go in. Moodily he paced down Doughty-street, and turning abruptly into Bedford-row, rushed into his own chambers, where Mrs. Snooks, the laundress, had prepared his humble sabbath meal.

A cheerful fire blazed in his garret, and Mrs. Snooks had prepared for him the favourite blade-bone he loved (blest four days' dinner for a bachelor, roast, cold, hashed, grilled blade-bone, the fourth being better than the first); but although he usually did rejoice in this meal, ordinarily, indeed, grumbling that there was not enough to satisfy him—he, on this occasion, after two mouthfuls, flung down his knife and fork, and buried his two claws in his hair.

"Snooks," said he at last, very moodily, "remove this d— mutton, give me my writing things, and some hot brandy-and-water."

This was done without much alarm, for you must know that Perkins used to dabble in poetry, and ordinarily prepared himself for composition by this kind of stimulus.

He wrote hastily a few lines.

"Snooks, put on your bonnet," said he, "and carry this—you know where?" he added, in such a hollow, heart-breaking tone of voice, that affected poor Snooks almost to tears. She went, however, with the note, which was to this purpose:—

"Lucy! Lucy! my soul's love—what, what has happened? I am writing this (a gulp of brandy-andwater) in a state bordering on distraction—madness—insanity (another). Why did you send me out of the coach in that cruel, cruel way? Write to me a word, a line—tell me, tell me, I may come to you—and leave me not in this agonizing condition; your faithful (glog—glog—glog,—the whole glass).

"J. P."

He never signed John Perkins in full—he couldn't, it was so unromantic.

Well, this missive was despatched by Mrs. Snooks, and Perkins, in a fearful state of excitement, haggard, wild, and with more brandy-and-water, awaited the return of his messenger.

When at length, after about an absence of forty years, as it seemed to him, the old lady returned with a large packet, Perkins seized it with a trembling hand, and was yet more frightened to see the handwriting of Mrs. or Miss Biggs.

"My dear Mr. Perkins," she began, "although I am not your soul's adored, I performed her part for ence, since I have read your letter, as I told her;—you need not be very much alarmed, although Lucy is at this moment in bed and unwell, for the poor girl has had a sad scene at her grand uncle's house in Bakerstreet, and came home very much affected. Rest, however, will restore her, for she is not one of your nervous sort, and I hope when you come in the morning, you will see her as blooming as she was when you went out to-day on that unlucky walk.

- "See what Sir George Gorgon says of us all! You won't challenge him I know, as he is to be your uncle, and so I may show you his letter.
- "Good night, my dear John; do not go quite distracted before morning; and believe me your loving aunt, "BARBARA BIGGS."

" Baker-street, 11 December.

- "Major-General Sir George Gorgon has heard with the utmost disgust and surprise of the engagement which Miss Lucy Gorgon has thought fit to form.
- "The major-general cannot conceal his indignation at the share which Miss Biggs has taken in this disgraceful transaction.
- "Sir George Gorgon puts an absolute veto upon all further communication between his niece and the low-born adventurer who has been admitted into her society, and begs to say that Lieutenant Fitch, of the Lifeguards, is the gentleman who he intends shall marry-Miss Gorgon.
- "It is the major-general's wish, that on the 28th Miss Gorgon should be ready to come to his house, in Baker-street, where she will be more safe from impertinent intrusions than she has been in Mucklebury-square.
 - "Mrs. Biggs,
 - "Caroline-place,
 - "Mecklenburgh-square."

When poor John Perkins read this epistle, blank rage and wonder filled his soul, at the audacity of the little general, who thus, without the smallest title in the

world, pretended to dispose of the hand and fortune of his niece. The fact is, that Sir George had such a transcendent notion of his own dignity and station, that it never for a moment entered his head that his niece, or anybody else connected with him, should take a single step in life without previously receiving his orders, and Mr. Fitch, a baronet's son, having expressed an admiration of Lucy, Sir George had determined that his suit should be accepted, and really considered Lucy's preference of another as downright treason.

John Perkins determined on the death of Fitch as the very least reparation that should satisfy him; and vowed too that some of the general's blood should be shed for the words which he had dared to utter.

We have said that William Pitt Scully, Esq., M.P., occupied the first floor of Mr. Perkins's house, in Bedford-row; and the reader is further to be informed that an immense friendship had sprung up between these two gentlemen. The fact is, that poor John was very much flattered by Scully's notice, and began in a very short time to fancy himself a political personage; for he had made several of Scully's speeches, written more than one letter from him to his constituents, and, in a word, acted as his gratis clerk. At least a guinea a week did Mr. Perkins save to the pockets of Mr. Scully, and with hearty good will too, for he adored the great William Pitt, and believed every word that dropped from the pompous lips of that gentleman.

Well, after having discussed Sir George Gorgon's letter, poor Perkins, in the utmost fury of mind that his darling should be slandered so, feeling a desire for fresh air, determined to descend to the garden, and

smoke a cigar in that rural, quiet spot. The night was very calm. The moonbeams slept softly upon the herbage of Gray's Inn-gardens, and bathed with silver splendour Tibbald's-row. A million of little frisky twinkling stars attended their queen, who looked with bland round face upon their gambols, as they peeped in and out from the azure heavens. Along Gray's-inn wall a lazy row of cabs stood listlessly, for who would call a cab on such a night? Meanwhile their drivers, at the alchouse near, smoked the short pipe or quaffed the foaming beer. Perhaps from Gray's-inn-lane some broken sounds of Irish revelry might rise. Issuing perhaps from Raymond-buildings gate, six lawyers' clerks might whoop a tipsy song-or the loud watchman yell the passing hour—but beyond this all was silence, and young Perkins, as he sat in the summer-house at the bottom of the garden, and contemplated the peaceful heaven, felt some influences of it entering into his soul, and almost forgetting revenge, thought but of peace and love.

Presently, he was aware there was some one else pacing the garden. Who could it be?—Not Blatherwick, for he passed the Sabbath with his grandmamma at Clapham—not Scully surely, for he always went to Bethesda chapel, and to a select prayer-meeting afterwards. Alas! it was Scully—for though that gentleman said that he went to chapel, we have it for a fact that he did not always keep his promise, and was at this moment employed in rehearsing an extempore speech which he proposed to deliver at St. Stephen's.

"Had I, sir," spouted he, with folded arms, slowly pacing to and fro, "had I, sir, entertained the smallest

possible intention of addressing the House on the present occasion—hum, on the present occasion—I would have endeavoured to prepare myself in a way that should have at least shown my sense of the greatness of the subject before the House's consideration, and the nature of the distinguished audience I have the honour to address. I am, sir, a plain man—born of the people—myself one of the people, having won, thank Heaven, an honourable fortune and position by my own honest labour; and standing here as I do—"

* * * *

Here Mr. Scully (it may be said that he never made a speech without bragging about himself, and an excellent plan it is, for people cannot help believing you at last)—here, I say, Mr. Scully, who had one arm raised, felt himself suddenly tipped on the shoulder, and heard a voice saying, "Your money or your life!"

The honourable gentleman twirled round as if he had been shot—the papers on which a great part of this impromptu were written dropped from his lifted hand, and some of them were actually borne on the air into neighbouring gardens. The man was, in fact, in the direst fright.

"It's only I," said Perkins, with rather a forced laugh, when he saw the effect that his wit had produced.

"Only you! And pray what the dev—what right have you to—to come upon a man of my rank in that way, and disturb me in the midst of very important meditations?" asked Mr. Scully, beginning to grow fierce.

"I want your advice," said Perkins, "on a matter

of the very greatest importance to me. You know my idea of marrying !"

- "Marry!" said Scully; "I thought you had given up that silly scheme. And how, pray, do you intend to live!"
- "Why, my intended has a couple of hundreds a year, and my clerkship in the Tape-and-Sealing Wax Office will be as much more."
- "Clerkship Tape-and-Sealing-Wax Office—government sinecure!—Why, good Heavens! John Perkins, you don't tell me that you are going to accept any such thing?"
- "It is a very small salary, certainly," said John, who had a decent notion of his own merits; "but consider, six months' vacation, two hours in the day, and those spent over the newspapers. After all, it's—"
- "After all, it's a swindle," roared out Mr. Scully, "a swindle upon the country; an infamous tax upon the people, who starve that you may fatten in idleness. But take this clerkship in the Tape-and-Sealing-Wax Office," continued the patriot, his bosom heaving with noble indignation, and his eye flashing the purest fire, -Take this clerkship, John Perkins, and sanction tyranny, by becoming one of its agents; sanction dishonesty by sharing in its plunder—do this, but never more be friend of mine. Had I a child," said the patriot, clasping his hands and raising his eyes to heaven, "I would rather see him-dead, sir-dead, dead at my feet, than the servant of a government which all honest men despise;" and here giving a searching glance at Perkins, Mr. Scully began tramping up and down the garden in a perfect fury.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed the timid John Perkins—"don't say so. My dear Mr. Scully, I'm not the dishonest character you suppose me to be—I never looked at the matter in this light. I'll—I'll consider of it. I'll tell Crampton that I will give up the place; but for Heaven's sake, don't let me forfeit your friendship, which is dearer to me than any place in the world."

Mr. Scully pressed his hand, and said nothing; and though their interview lasted a full half hour longer, during which they paced up and down the gravel-walk, we shall not breathe a single syllable of their conversation, as it has nothing to do with our tale.

The next morning, after an interview with Miss Lucy, John Perkins, Esq., was seen to issue from Mrs. Bigg's house, looking particularly pale, melancholy, and thoughtful; and he did not stop until he reached a certain door in Downing-street, where was the office of a certain great minister, and the offices of the clerks in his lordship's department.

The head of them was Mr. Josiah Crampton, who has now to be introduced to the public. He was a little old gentleman, some sixty years of age, maternal-uncle to John Perkins; a bachelor, who had been about forty-two years employed in the department of which he was now the head.

After waiting four hours in an anteroom, where a number of Irishmen, some newspaper-editors, many pompous-looking political personages, asking for the "first lord;" a few sauntering clerks, and numbers of swift active messengers passed to and fro. After waiting for four hours, making drawings on the blotting

book, and reading the *Morning Post* for that day week, Mr. Perkins was informed that he might go into his uncle's room, and did so accordingly.

He found a little hard old gentleman seated at a table covered with every variety of sealing-wax, blotting-paper, envelopes, despatch-boxes, green-tapers, &c. &c. An immense fire was blazing in the grate, an immense sheet-almanac hung over that, a screen, three or four chairs, and a faded Turkey carpet, formed the rest of the furniture of this remarkable room, which I have described thus particularly, because, in the course of a long official life, I have remarked that such is the invariable decoration of political rooms.

"Well, John," said the little hard old gentleman, pointing to an arm-chair, "I'm told you've been here since eleven. Why the deuce do you come so early?"

"I had important business," answered Mr. Perkins, stoutly; and as his uncle looked up with a comical expression of wonder, John began in a solemn tone to deliver a little speech which he had composed, and which proved him to be a very worthy, easy, silly fellow.

"Sir," said Mr. Perkins, "you have known for some time past the nature of my political opinions, and the intimacy which I have had the honour to form with one—with some, of the leading members of the liberal party. (A grin from Mr. Crampton.) When first, by your kindness, I was promised the clerkship in the Tape-and-Sealing-Wax Office, my opinions were not formed as they are now; and having taken the advice of the gentlemen with whom I act,—(an enormous grin,)—the advice, I say, of the gentlemen with whom

I act, and the counsel likewise of my own conscience, I am compelled, with the deepest grief, to say, my dear uncle, that I—I—"

"That you—what, sir?" exclaimed little Mr. Crampton, bouncing off his chair. "You don't mean to say that you are such a fool as to decline the place?"

"I do decline the place," said Perkins, whose blood rose at the word "fool;" "as a man of honour, I cannot take it."

"Not take it! and how are you to live! On the rent of that house of yours! For by gad, sir, if you give up the clerkship, I never will give you a shilling."

"It cannot be helped," said Mr. Perkins, looking as much like a martyr as he possibly could, and thinking himself a very fine fellow. "I have talents, sir, which I hope to cultivate; and am member of a profession by which a man may hope to rise to the very highest offices of the state."

"Profession, talents, offices of the state! Are you mad, John Perkins, that you come to me with such insufferable twaddle as this?" Why, do you think if you had been capable of rising at the bar, I would have taken so much trouble about getting you a place? No, sir; you are too fond of pleasure, and bed, and tea-parties, and small-talk, and reading novels, and playing the flute, and writing sonnets. You would no more rise at the har than my messenger, sir; it was because I knew your disposition—that hopeless, careless, irresolute, good humour of yours, that I had determined to keep you out of danger, by placing you in a snug shelter, where the storms of the world would not come near

you. You must have principles, forsooth! and you must marry Miss Gorgon, of course; and by the time you have gone ten circuits, and had six children, you will have eaten up every shilling of your wife's fortune, and be as briefless as you are now. Who the deuce has put all this nonsense into your head? I think I know."

Mr. Perkins's ears tingled as these hard words saluted them; and he scarcely knew whether he ought to knock his uncle down or fall at his feet, and say, "Uncle, I have been a fool, and I know it." The fact is, that in his interview with Miss Gorgon and her aunt in the morning, when he came to tell them of the resolution he had formed to give up the place, both the ladies and John himself had agreed, with a thousand rapturous tears and exclamations, that he was one of the noblest young men that ever lived, had acted as became himself, and might with perfect propriety give up the place, his talents being so prodigious that no power on earth could hinder him from being lord chancellor. Indeed, John and Lucy had always thought the clerkship quite beneath him, and were not a little glad, perbaps, at finding a pretext for decently refusing it. But as Perkins was a young gentleman whose candour was such that he was always swayed by the opinions of the last speaker, he did begin to feel now the truth of his uncle's statements, however disagreeable they might be.

Mr. Crampton continued:—

"I think I know the cause of your patriotism. Has not William Pitt Scully, Esq., had something to do with it?"

Mr. Perkins could not turn any redder than he was, but confessed with deep humiliation that "he had consulted Mr. Scully, among other friends."

Mr. Crampton smiled—drew a letter from a heap before him, and, tearing off the signature, handed over the document to his nephew. It contained the following paragraphs:—

"Hawksby has sounded Scully: we can have him any day we want him. He talks very big at present, and says he would not take anything under a * * *. This is absurd. He has a Yorkshire nephew coming up to town, and wants a place for him. There is one vacant in the Tape Office, he says: have you not a promise of it?"

"I can't—I can't believe it," said John; "this, sir, is some weak invention of the enemy. Scully is the most honourable man breathing."

"Mr. Scully is a gentleman in a very fair way to make a fortune," answered Mr. Crampton. "Look you, John—it is just as well for your sake that I should give you the news a few weeks before the papera, for I don't want you to be ruined if I can help it, as I don't wish to have you on my hands. We know all the particulars of Scully's history. He was a Tory attorney at Oldborough; he was jilted by the present Lady Gorgon! turned Radical, and fought Sir George in his own borough. Sir George would have had the peerage he is dying for, had he not lost that second seat (bythe-by, my lady will be here in five minutes), and Scully is now quite firm there. Well, my dear lad, we have bought your incorruptible Scully. Look here,"—and Mr. Crampton produced three Morning Posts.

"'THE HONOURABLE HENRY HAWKSBY'S DINNER PARTY—Lord So-and-so—Duke of So-and-So—W. Pitt Scully, Esq., M.P.'

"Hawksby is our neutral, our dinner-giver.

"' LADY DIANA DOLDRUM'S ROUT.—W. Pitt Scully, Esq., again.'

"'THE EARL OF MANTRAP'S GRAND DINNER.—A duke—four lords—Mr. Scully, and Sir George Gorgon."

"Well, but I don't see how you have bought him; look at his votes."

"My dear John," said Mr. Crampton, jingling his watch-seals very complacently, "I am letting you into fearful secrets. The great common end of party is to buy your opponents—the great statesman buys them for nothing."

Here the attendant genius of Mr. Crampton made his appearance, and whispered something, to which the little gentleman said, "Show her ladyship in,"—when the attendant disappeared.

"John," said Mr. Crampton, with a very queer smile, "you can't stay in this room while Lady Gorgon is with me; but there is a little clerk's room behind the screen there, where you can wait until I call you."

John retired, and as he closed the door of communication, strange to say, little Mr. Crampton sprung up and said, "Confound the young ninny, he has shut the door!"

Mr. Crampton then, remembering that he wanted a map in the next room, sprang into it, left the door half open in coming out, and was in time to receive her ladyship with smiling face as she, ushered by Mr Strongitharm, majestically sailed in.

CHAPTER III.

In issuing from, and leaving open, the door of the inner room, Mr. Crampton had bestowed upon Mr. Perkins a look so peculiarly arch, that even he, simple as he was, began to imagine that some mystery was about to be cleared up, or some mighty matter to be discussed. Presently he heard the well-known voice of Lady Gorgon in conversation with his uncle. What could their talk be about? Mr. Perkins was dying to know, and, shall we say it? advanced to the door on tiptoe and listened with all his might.

Her ladyship, that Juno of a woman, if she had not borrowed Venus's girdle to render herself irresistible, at least had adopted a tender, coaxing, wheedling, frisky tone, quite different from her ordinary dignified style of conversation. She called Mr. Crampton a naughty man, for neglecting his old friends, vowed that Sir George was quite hurt at his not coming to dine—nor fixing a day when he would come—and added with a most engaging ogle, that she had three fine girls at home, who would perhaps make an evening pass pleasantly, even to such a gay bachelor as Mr. Crampton.

"Madam," said he, with much gravity, "the daughters of such a mother must be charming, but I, who have seen your ladyship, am, alas! proof against even them."

Both parties here heaved tremendous sighs, and affected to be wonderfully unhappy about something.

"I wish," after a pause, said Lady Gorgon—"I wish, dear Mr. Crampton, you would not use that odious title 'my ladyship,' you know it always makes me melancholv."

"Melancholy, my dear Lady Gorgon, and why?"

"Because it makes me think of another title that ought to have been mine—ours (I speak for dear Sir George's and my darling boy's sake, heaven knows, not mine). What a sad disappointment it has been to my husband, that after all his services, all the promises he has had, they have never given him his peerage. As for me, you know—"

"For you, my dear madam, I know quite well that you care for no such bauble as a coronet, except in so far as it may confer honour upon those most dear to you—excellent wife and noble mother as you are. Heigho! what a happy man is Sir George!"

Here there was another pause, and if Mr. Perkins could have seen what was taking place behind the screen, he would have beheld little Mr. Crampton looking into Lady Gorgon's face, with as love-sick a Romeo-gaze as he could possibly counterfeit, while her ladyship, blushing somewhat and turning her own grey gogglers up to heaven, received all his words for gospel, and sat fancying herself to be the best, most meritorious, and most beautiful creature in the three kingdoms.

"You men are terrible flatterers," continued she, "but you say right, for myself I value not these empty distinctions. I am growing old, Mr. Crampton,—yes, indeed, I am, although you smile so incredulously,—and let me add, that my thoughts are fixed upon

higher things than earthly crowns. But tell me, you who are all-in-all with Lord Bagwig, are we never to have our peerage? His majesty, I know, is not averse; the services of dear Sir George to a member of his majesty's august family, I know, have been appreciated in the highest quarter. Ever since the peace we have had a promise. Four hundred pounds has Sir George spent at the herald's office, (I, myself, am of one of the most ancient families in the kingdom, Mr. Crampton,) and the poor dear man's health is really ruined by the anxious, sickening feeling of hope so long delayed."

Mr. Crampton now assumed an air of much solemnity.

"My dear Lady Gorgon," said he, "will you let me be frank with you, and will you promise solemnly that what I am going to tell you shall never be repeated to a single soul?"

Lady Gorgon promised.

"Well, then, since the truth you must know, you yourselves have been in part the cause of the delay of which you complain. You gave us two votes five years ago, you now only give us one. If Sir George were to go up to the Peers, we should lose even that one vote; and would it be common sense in us to incur such a loss? Mr. Scully, the Liberal, would return another member of his own way of thinking; and as for the Lords, we have, you know, a majority there."

"Oh, that horrid man!" said Lady Gorgon, cursing Mr. Scully in her heart, and beginning to play a rapid tattoo with her feet, "that miscreant, that traitor, that—that attorney has been our ruin."

١

"Horrid man if you please, but give me leave to tell you that the horrid man is not the sole cause of your ruin—if ruin you will call it. I am sorry to say that I do candidly think ministers think that Sir George Gorgon has lost his influence in Oldborough as much through his own fault, as through Mr. Scully's cleverness."

"Our own fault! Good heavens! Have we not done everything—everything that persons of our station in the county could do, to keep those misguided men! Have we not remonstrated, threatened, taken away our custom from the mayor, established a Conservative apothecary—in fact done all that gentlemen could do! But these are such times, Mr. Crampton, the spirit of revolution is abroad, and the great families of England are menaced by democratic insolence."

This was Sir George Gorgon's speech always after dinner, and was delivered by his lady with a great deal of stateliness. Somewhat, perhaps, to her annoyance, Mr. Crampton only smiled, shook his head, and said—

"Nonsense, my dear Lady Gorgon—pardon the phrase, but I am a plain old man, and call things by their names. Now, will you let me whisper in your ear one word of truth? You have tried all sorts of emonstrances, and exerted yourself to maintain your mfluence in every way, except the right one, and that is!—"

[&]quot;What, in Heaven's name?"

[&]quot;Conciliation. We know your situation in the. borough. Mr. Scully's whole history, and, pardon me

for saying so, (but we men in office know everything,)

Lady Gorgon's ears and cheeks now assumed the hottest hue of crimson. She thought of her former passages with Scully, and of the days when—but never mind when, for she suffered her veil to fall, and buried her head in the folds of her handkerchief. Vain folds! The wily little Mr. Crampton could see all that passed behind the cambric, and continued—

- "Yes, madam, we know the absurd hopes that were formed by a certain attorney twenty years since. We know how, up to this moment, he boasts of certain walks—"
- "With the governess—we were always with the governess!" shricked out Lady Gorgon, clasping her hands. She was not the wisest of women."
- "With the governess, of course," said Mr. Crampton, firmly. "Do you suppose that any man dare breathe a syllable against your spotless reputation? Never, my dear madam; but what I would urge is this—you have treated your disappointed admirer too cruelly."
- "What, the traitor who has robbed us of our rights?"
- "He never would have robbed you of your rights if you had been more kind to him. You should be gentle, madam; you should forgive him—you should be friends with him."
 - "With a traitor, never!"
- "Think what made him a traitor, Lady Gorgon; look in your glass, and say if there be not some excuse for him. Think of the feelings of the man who saw

beauty such as yours—I am a plain man and must speak—Virtue such as yours, in the possession of a rival. By heavens, madam, I think he was right to hate Sir George Gorgon! Would you have him allow such a prize to be ravished from him without a pang on his part?"

"He was, I believe, very much attached to me," said Lady Gorgon quite delighted; "but you must be aware that a young man of his station in life, could not look up to a person of my rank."

"Surely not; it was monstrous pride and arrogance in Mr. Scully; but que voulez vous? Such is the world's way—Scully could not help loving you—who that knows you can? I am a plain man, and say what I think. He loves you still. Why make an enemy of him, who would at a word be at your feet? Dearest Lady Gorgon, listen to me. Sir George Gorgon and Mr. Scully have already met—their meeting was our contrivance, it is for our interest, for yours, that they should be friends; if there were two ministerial members for Oldborough, do you think your husband's peerage would be less secure? I am not at liberty to tell you all I know on this subject; but do, I entreat you, do be reconciled to him."

And after a little more conversation which was carried on by Mr. Crampton in the same tender way, this important interview closed, and Lady Gorgon, folding her shawl round her, threaded certain mysterious passages, and found her way to her carriage in Whitehall.

"I hope you have not been listening, you rogue," said Mr. Crampton to his nephew, who blushed most

absurdly by way of answer. "You would have heard great state secrets, if you had dared to do so. That woman is perpetually here, and if peerages are to be had for the asking, she ought to have been a duchess by this time. I would not have admitted her but for a reason that I have. Go you now and ponder upon what you have heard and seen. Be on good terms with Scully, and above all, speak not a word concerning our interview—no, not a word even to your mistress. By the way, I presume, sir, you will recall your resignation?"

The bewildered Perkins was about to stammer out a speech, when his uncle, cutting it short, pushed him gently out of the door.

At the period when the important events occurred which have been recorded here, parties ran very high, and a mighty struggle for the vacant speakership was about to come on. The Right Honourable Robert Pincher was the ministerial candidate, and Sir Charles Macabaw was patronised by the opposition. The two members for Oldborough of course took different sides, the baronet being of the Pincher faction, while Mr. William Pitt Scully strongly supported the Macabaw party.

It was Mr. Scully's intention to deliver an impromptu speech upon the occasion of the election, and he and his faithful Perkins prepared it between them; for the latter gentleman had wisely kept his uncle's counsel and his own, and Mr. Scully was quite ignorant of the conspiracy that was brooding. Indeed, so artfully had that young Machiavel of a Perkins conducted

himself, that when asked by his patron whether he had given up his place in the Tape-and-Sealing-Wax Office, he replied that, "he had tendered his resignation," but did not say one word about having recalled it.

"You were right, my boy, quite right," said Mr Scully; "a man of uncompromising principles should make no compromise;" and herewith he sat down and wrote off a couple of letters, one to Mr. Ringwood, telling him that the place in the Sealing-Wax Office was, as he had reason to know, vacant; and the other to his nephew, stating that it was to be his. "Under the rose, my dear Bob," added Mr. Scully, "it will cost you five hundred pounds, but you cannot invest your money better."

It is needless to state that the affair was to be conducted "with the strictest secrecy and honour," and that the money was to pass through Mr. Scully's hands.

While, however, the great Pincher and Macabaw question was yet undecided, an event occurred to Mr. Scully which had a great influence upon his after-life. A second grand banquet was given at the Earl of Man trap's; Lady Mantrap requested him to conduct Lady Gorgon to dinner, and the latter, with a charming timidity, and a gracious melancholy look into his face, (after which her veined eyelids veiled her azure eyes,) put her hand into the trembling one of Mr. Scully, and said, as much as looks could say, "Forgive and forget."

Down went Scully to dinner; there were dukes on his right hand, and earls on his left; there were but two persons without title in the midst of that glittering assemblage; the very servants looked like noblemen, the cook had done wonders, the wines were cool and rich, and Lady Gorgon was splendid! What attention did every body pay to her and to him! Why would she go on gazing into his face with that tender, imploring look? In other words, Scully, after partaking of soup and fish, (he, during their discussion, had been thinking over all the former love-and-hate passages between himself and Lady Gorgon,) turned very red, and began talking to her.

"Were you not at the opera on Tuesday?" began he, assuming at once the airs of a man of fashion. "I thought I caught a glimpse of you in the Duchess of Diddlebury's box."

"Scully" with the utmost softness.) "Ah, no! we seldom go, and yet too often. For serious persons the enchantments of that place are too dangerous—I am so nervous—so delicate; the smallest trifle so agitates, depresses, or irritates me, that I dare not yield myself up to the excitement of music. I am too passionately attached to it; and shall I tell you, it has such a strange influence upon me, that the smallest false note almost drives me to distraction, and for that very reason I hardly ever go to a concert or a ball."

"Egad," thought Scully, "I recollect when she would dance down a matter of five-and-forty couple, and jingle away at the Battle of Prague all day."

She continued, "Don't you recollect, I do—with, oh, what regret!—that day at Oldborough race-ball, when I behaved with such sad rudeness to you; you will scarcely believe me, and yet I assure you 'tis the fact, the music had made me almost mad; do let me

ask your pardon for my conduct, I was not myself. Oh, Mr. Scully! I am no worldly woman; I know my duties, and I feel my wrongs. Nights and nights have I lain awake weeping and thinking of that unhappy day. That I should ever speak so to an old friend, for we were old friends, were we not!"

Scully did not speak; but his eyes were bursting out of his head, and his face was the exact colour of a deputy-lieutenant's uniform.

"That I should ever forget myself and you so! How I have been longing for this opportunity to ask you to forgive me! I asked Lady Mantrap, when I heard you were to be here, to invite me to her party. Come, I know you will forgive me—your eyes say you will. You used to look so in old days, and forgive me my caprices then. Do give me a little wine—we will drink to the memory of old days."

Her eyes filled with tears, and poor Scully's hand caused such a rattling and trembling of the glass and the decanter, that the Duke of Doldrum, who had been, during the course of this whispered sentimentality, describing a famous run with the queen's hounds at the top of his voice, stopped at the jingling of the glass, and his tale was lost for ever. Scully hastily drank his wine, and Lady Gorgon turned round to her next neighbour, a little gentleman in black, between whom and herself certain conscious looks passed.

 "I am glad poor Sir George is not here," said he, smiling.

Lady Gorgon said, "Pooh, for shame!" The little gentleman was no other than Josiah Crampton, Esq., that eminent financier, and he was now going through the curious calculation which we mentioned in our last, and by which you buy a man for nothing. He intended to pay the very same price for Sir George Gorgon too, but there was no need to tell the baronet so; only of this the reader must be made aware.

While Mr. Crampton was conducting this intrigue. which was to bring a new recruit to the ministerial ranks, his mighty spirit condescended to ponder upon subjects of infinitely less importance, and to arrange plans for the welfare of his nephew and the young woman to whom he had made a present of his heart. These young persons, as we said before, had arranged to live in Mr. Perkins's own house in Bedford-row. It was of a peculiar construction, and might more properly be called a house and a half; for a snug little tenement of four chambers protruded from the back of the house into the garden. These rooms communicated with the drawing-rooms occupied by Mr. Scully; and Perkins, who acted as his friend and secretary, used frequently to sit in the one nearest the member's study, in order that he might be close at hand to confer with that great man. The rooms had a private entrance, too, were newly decorated, and in them the young couple proposed to live; the kitchen and garrets being theirs likewise. What more could they need? We are obliged to be particular in describing these apartments, for extraordinary events occurred therein.

To say the truth, until the present period Mr. Crampton had taken no great interest in his nephew's marriage, or, indeed, in the young man himself. The old gentleman was of a saturnine turn, and inclined to undervalue the qualities of Mr. Perkins, which

were, idleness, simplicity, enthusiasm, and easy good nature.

"Such fellows never do any thing in the world," he would say, and for such he had accordingly the most profound contempt. But when, after John Perkins's repeated entreaties, he had been induced to make the acquaintance of Miss Gorgon, he became instantly charmed with her, and warmly espoused her cause against her overbearing relations.

At his suggestion, she wrote back to decline Sir George Gorgon's peremptory invitation, and hinted at the same time that she had attained an age and a position which enabled her to be the mistress of her own actions. To this letter there came an answer from Lady Gorgon which we shall not copy, but which simply stated, that Miss Lucy Gorgon's conduct was unchristian, ungrateful, unladylike, and immodest; that the Gorgon family disowned her for the future, and left her at liberty to form whatever base connections she pleased.

"A pretty world this," said Mr. Crampton, in a great rage, when the letter was shown to him. "This same fellow, Scully, dissuades my nephew from taking a place, because Scully wants it for himself. This prude of a Lady Gorgon cries out shame, and disowns an innocent amiable girl; she, a heartless jilt herself once, and a heartless firt now. The Pharisees, the Pharisees! And to call mine a base family, too!"

Now, Lady Gorgon did not in the least know Mr. Crampton's connection with Mr. Perkins, or she would have been much more guarded in her language; but whether she knew it or not, the old gentleman felt a

huge indignation, and determined to have his revenge.

"That's right, uncle; shall I call Gorgon out?" said the impetuous young Perkins, who was all for blood.

"John, you are a fool," said his uncle. "You shall have a better revenge; you shall be married from Sir George Gorgon's house, and you shall see Mr. William Pitt Scully sold for nothing." This to the veteran diplomatist, seemed to be the highest triumph which man could possibly enjoy.

It was very soon to take place; and as has been the case ever since the world began, woman, lovely woman was to be the cause of Scully's fall. The tender scene at Lord Mantrap's was followed by many others equally sentimental. Sir George Gorgon called upon his colleague the very next day, and brought with him a card from Lady Gorgon, inviting Mr. Scully to dinner. The attorney eagerly accepted the invitation, was received in Baker-street by the whole amiable family with much respectful cordiality, and was pressed to repeat his visits as country neighbours should. More than once did he call, and somehow always at the hour when Sir George was away at his club, or riding in the park, or elsewhere engaged. Sir George Gorgon was very old, very feeble, very much shattered in constitution. Lady Gorgon used to impart her fears to Mr. Scully every time he called there, and the sympathizing attorney used to console her as best he might. George's country agent neglected the property—his lady consulted Mr. Scully concerning it; he knew to a fraction how large her jointure was; how she was to have Gorgon Castle for her life; and how, in the event of the young baronet's death, (he, too, was a sickly poor boy,) the chief part of the estates, bought by her money, would be at her absolute disposal.

"What a pity these odious politics prevent me from having you for our agent," would Lady Gorgon say; and indeed Scully thought it was a pity too. Ambitious Scully! what wild notions filled his brain. He used to take leave of Lady Gorgon and ruminate upon these things; and when he was gone, Sir George and her ladyship used to laugh.

"If we can but commit him—if we can but make him vote for Pincher," said the General, "my peerage is secure. Hawksby and Crampton as good as told me so."

The point had been urged upon Mr. Scully repeatedly and adroitly. "Is not Pincher a more experienced man than Macabaw?" would Sir George say to his guest over their wine. Scully allowed it. "Can't you vote for him on personal grounds, and say so in the Scully wished he could,—how he wished he could! Every time the general coughed, Scully saw his friend's desperate situation more and more, and thought how pleasant it would be to be Lord of Gorgon Castle. "Knowing my property," cried Sir George, "as you do, and with your talents and integrity, what a comfort it would be could I leave you as guardian to my boy! But these cursed politics prevent it, my dear fellow. Why will you be a Radical?" And Scully cursed politics too. "Hang the low-bred rogue," added Sir George, when William Pitt Scully left the house, "he will do every thing but promise."

"My dear General," said Lady Gorgon, sidling up

to him and patting him on his old yellow cheek-"my dear Georgy, tell me one thing,—are you jealous?"

"Jealous, my dear! and jealous of that fellow—pshaw!"

"Well, then, give me leave, and you shall have the promise to-morrow."

To-morrow arrived. It was a remarkably fine day, and in the forencon Mr. Perkins gave his accustomed knock at Scully's study, which was only separated from his own sitting-room by a double door. John had wisely followed his uncle's advice, and was on the best terms with the honourable member.

"Here are a few sentences," said he, "which I think may suit your purpose. Great public services—undeniable merit—years of integrity—cause of reform, and Macabaw for ever!" He put down the paper. It was, in fact, a speech in favour of Mr. Macabaw.

"Hush," said Scully, rather surlily, for he was thinking how disagreeable it was to support Macabaw, and besides, there were clerks in the room, whom the thoughtless Perkins had not at first perceived. As soon as that gentleman saw them, "You are busy, I see," continued he, in a lower tone. "I came to say, that I must be off duty to-day, for I am engaged to take a walk with some ladies of my acquaintance."

So saying, the light-hearted young man placed his hat unceremoniously on his head, and went off through his own door, humming a song. He was in such high spirits, that he did not even think of closing the doors of communication, and Scully looked after him with a sneer.

"Ladies, forsooth," thought he; "I know who they are. This precious girl that he is fooling with, for one, I suppose." He was right, Perkins was off on the wings of love, to see Miss Lucy; and she, and aunt Biggs, and uncle Crampton had promised this very day to come and look at the apartments which Mrs. John Perkins was to occupy with her happy husband.

"Poor devil," so continued Mr. Scully's meditations, "it is almost too bad to do him out of his place, but my Bob wants it, and John's girl has, I hear, seven thousand pounds. His uncle will get him another place before all that money is spent;" and herewith Mr. Scully began conning the speech which Perkins had made for him.

He had not read it more than six times,—in truth, he was getting it by heart,—when his head-clerk came to him from the front room, bearing a card: a footman had brought it, who said his lady was waiting below. Lady Gorgon's name was on the card! To seize his hat and rush down stairs was, with Mr. Scully, the work of an infinitesimal portion of time.

It was indeed Lady Gorgon, in her Gorgonian chariot.

"Mr. Scully," said she, popping her head out of window and smiling in a most engaging way, "I want to speak to you on something very particular *indeed*," and she held him out her hand. Scully pressed it most tenderly; he hoped all heads in Bedford-row were at the windows to see him. "I can't ask you into the carriage, for you see the governess is with me, and I want to talk secrets to you."

"Shall I go and make a little promenade?" said

mademoiselle, innocently. And her mistress hated her for that speech.

"No. Mr. Scully, I am sure, will let me come in for five minutes."

Mr. Scully was only too happy. My lady descended, and walked up stairs, leaning on the happy solicitor's arm. But how should he manage? The front room was consecrated to clerks; there were clerks, too, as ill-luck would have it, in his private room. "Perkins is out for the day," thought Scully; "I will take her into his room;" and into Perkins's room he took her—ay, and he shut the double doors after him, too, and trembled as he thought of his own happiness.

"What a charming little study," said Lady Gorgon, seating herself. And indeed it was very pretty, for Perkins had furnished it beautifully, and laid out a neat tray with cakes, a cold fowl, and sherry, to entertain his party withal. "And do you bachelors always live so well?" continued she, pointing to the little cold collation.

Mr. Scully looked rather blank when he saw it, and a dreadful suspicion crossed his soul; but there was no need to trouble Lady Gorgon with explanations, therefore, at once, and with much presence of mind, he asked her to partake of his bachelor's fare (she would refuse Mr. Scully nothing that day). A pretty sight would it have been for young Perkins to see strangers so unceremoniously devouring his feast. She drank—Mr. Scully drank—and so emboldened was he by the draught, that he actually seated himself by the side of Lady Gorgon, on John Perkins's new sofa!

Her ladyship had of course something to say to

him. She was a pious woman, and had suddenly conceived a violent wish for building a chapel-of-ease at Oldborough, to which she entreated him to subscribe. She enlarged upon the benefits that the town would derive from it, spoke of Sunday-schools, sweet spiritual instruction, and the duty of all well-minded persons to give aid to the scheme.

"I will subscribe a hundred pounds," said Scully, at the end of her ladyship's harangue: "would I not do any thing for you?"

"Thank you, thank you, dear Mr. Scully," said the enthusiastic woman. (How the "dear" went burning "Ah!" added she, "if you would through his soul!) but do any thing for me-if you, who are so eminently, so truly distinguished, in a religious point of view, would but see the truth in politics, too; and if I could see your name among those of the true patriot party in this empire, how blest—oh! how blest, should I be! Poor Sir George often says he should go to his grave happy, could he but see you the guardian of his boy, and I, your old friend, (for we were friends, William,) how have I wept to think of you, as one of those who are bringing our monarchy to ruin. Do, do, promise me this too!" and she took his hand and pressed it between hers.

The heart of William Pitt Scully, during this speech, was thumping up and down with a frightful velocity and strength. His old love, the agency of the Gorgon property—the dear widow—five thousand a-year clear—a thousand delicious hopes rushed madly through his brain, and almost took away his reason. And there she sat—she, the loved one, pressing his hand and looking softly into his eyes.

Down, down, he plumped on his knees.

· "Juliana!" shrieked he, "don't take away your hand! My love—my only love!—speak but those blessed words again! Call me William once more, and do with me what you will."

Juliana cast down her eyes and said, in the very smallest type,

« William !"

when the door opened, and in walked Mr. Crampton, leading Mrs. Biggs, who could hardly contain herself for laughing, and Mr. John Perkins, who was squeezing the arm of Miss Lucy. They had heard every word of the two last speeches.

For at the very moment when Lady Gorgon had stopped at Mr. Scully's door, the four above-named individuals had issued from Great James-street into Bedford-row. Lucy cried out that it was her aunt's carriage, and they all saw Mr. Scully come out, bare-headed, in the sunshine, and my lady descend, and the pair go into the house. They meanwhile entered by Mr. Perkins's own private door, and had been occupied in examining the delightful rooms on the ground floor, which were to be his dining-room and library, from which they ascended a stair to visit the other two rooms, which were to form Mrs. John Perkins's drawing-room and bed-room. Now whether it was that they trod softly, or that the stairs were covered with a grand new carpet and drugget, as was the case, or that the party within were too much occupied in themselves to heed any outward disturbances, I know not; but Lucy, who was advancing with John, (he was saying something about one of the apartments, the rogue!)
—Lucy suddenly started, and whispered, "There is somebody in the rooms!" and at that instant began the speech already reported, "Thank you, thank you, dear Mr. Scully," &c., &c., which was delivered by Lady Gorgon, in a full, clear voice; for, to do her ladyship justice, she had not one single grain of love for Mr. Scully, and, during the delivery of her little oration, was as cool as the coolest cucumber.

Then began the impassioned rejoinder to which the four listened on the landing-place; and then the little "William," as narrated above; at which juncture Mr. Crampton thought proper to rattle at the door, and after a brief pause, to enter with his party.

"William" had had time to bounce off his knees, and was on a chair at the other end of the room.

"What, Lady Gorgon!" said Mr. Crampton, with excellent surprise, "how delighted I am to see you! Always, I see, employed in works of charity, (the chapel-of-ease paper was on her knees,) and on such an occasion, too,—it is really the most wonderful coincidence! My dear madam, here is a silly fellow, a nephew of mine, who is going to marry a silly girl, a niece of your own."

"Sir, I—" began Lady Gorgon, rising.

"They heard every word," whispered Mr. Crampton, eagerly. "Come forward, Mr. Perkins, and show yourself." Mr. Perkins made a genteel bow. "Miss Lucy, please to shake hands with your aunt; and this, my dear madam, is Mrs. Biggs, of Mecklenburgh-square, who, if she were not too old, might marry a gentleman in the treasury, who is your very humble servant; and

with this gallant speech, old Mr. Crampton began helping every body to sherry and cake.

As for William Pitt Scully, he had disappeared, evaporated, in the most absurd, sneaking way imaginable. Lady Gorgon made good her retreat presently, with much dignity, her countenance undismayed, and her face turned resolutely to the foe.

About five days afterwards, that memorable contest took place in the House of Commons, in which the partisans of Mr. Macabaw were so very nearly getting him the speakership. On the day that the report of the debate appeared in the *Times*, there appeared also an announcement in the *Gazette* as follows:—

"The king has been pleased to appoint John Perkins, Esq., to be Deputy-subcomptroller of his majesty's Tape-office, and Custos of the Sealing-wax department."

Mr. Crampton showed this to his nephew with great glee, and was chuckling to think how Mr. William Pitt Scully would be annoyed, who had expected the place, when Perkins burst out laughing, and said, "By Heavens! here is my own speech; Scully has spoken every word of it, he has only put in Mr. Pincher's name in the place of Mr. Macabaw's."

"He is ours now," responded his uncle, "and I told you we would have him for nothing. I told you, too, that you should be married from Sir George Gorgon's, and here is proof of it."

It was a letter from Lady Gorgon, in which she said that, "had she known Mr. Perkins to be a nephew of her friend Mr. Crampton, she never for a moment would have opposed his marriage with her niece, and she had written that morning to her dear Lucy, begging that the marriage breakfast should take place in Baker-street."

"It shall be in Mecklenburgh-square," said John Perkins, stoutly; and in Mecklenburgh-square it was.

William Pitt Scully, Esq., was, as Mr. Crampton aid, hugely annoyed at the loss of the place for his nephew. He had still, however, his hopes to look forward to, but these were unluckily dashed by the coming in of the Whigs. As for Sir George Gorgon, when he came to ask about his peerage, Hawksby told him that they could not afford to lose him in the Commons, for a liberal member would infallibly fill his place.

And now that the Tories are out and the Whigs are in, strange to say a Liberal does fill his place. This Liberal is no other than Sir George Gorgon himself, who is still longing to be a lord, and his lady is still devout and intriguing. So that the members for Oldborough have changed sides, and taunt each other with apostacy, and hate each other cordially. Mr. Crampton still chuckles over the manner in which he tricked them both, and talks of those five minutes during which he stood on the landing-place, and hatched and executed his "Bedford-row Conspiracy."

A LITTLE DINNER AT TIMMINS'S.

T

MR. and MRS. FITZROY TIMMINS live in Lilliput Street, that neat little street which runs at right angles with the Park and Brobdingnag Gardens. It is a very genteel neighbourhood, and I need not say they are of a good family.

Especially Mrs. TIMMINS, as her mamma is always telling Mr. T. They are Suffolk people, and distantly related to the Right Honorable the Earl of Bungay.

Besides his house in Lilliput Street, Mr. TIMMINS has Chambers in Figtree Court, Temple, and goes the Northern Circuit.

The other day, when there was a slight difference about the payment of fees between the great Parliamentary Counsel and the Solicitors, Stoke and Pogers, of Great George Street, sent the papers of the Lough Foyle and Lough Corrib Junction Railway to Mr. Fitzroy Timmins, who was so elated that he instantly purchased a couple of looking-glasses for his drawing-rooms (the front room is 16 by 12, and the back a tight but elegant apartment, 10 ft. 6 by 8 ft. 4), a coral for the baby, two new dresses for Mrs. Timmins, and a little rosewood desk, at the Pantechnicon, for which Rosa had been long sighing, with crumpled

legs, emerald-green and gold morocco top, and drawers all over.

Mrs. Timmins is a very pretty poetess (her "Lines to a Faded Tulip," and her "Plaint of Plinlimmon," appeared in one of last year's Keepsakes), and Fitzroy, as he impressed a kiss on the snowy forehead of his bride, pointed out to her, in one of the innumerable pockets of the desk, an elegant ruby-tipped pen, and six charming little gilt blank books, marked "My Books," which Mrs. Fitzrox might fill, he said (he is an Oxford man, and very polite), "with the delightful productions of her Muse." Besides these books, there was pink paper, paper with crimson edges, lace paper, all stamped with R. F. T. (Rosa Fitzroy Timmins), and the hand and battle-axe, the crest of the TIMMINSES. and borne at Ascalon by Roaldus de Timmins, a crusader, who is now buried in the Temple Church, next to Serjeant Snooks), and yellow, pink, light blue, and other scented sealing-waxes, at the service of Rosa when she chose to correspond with her friends.

Rosa, you may be sure, jumped with joy at the sight of this sweet present; called her Charles (his first name is Samuel, but they have sunk that) the best of men! embraced him a great number of times, to the edification of her buttony little page, who stood at the landing; and as soon as he was gone to Chambers, took the new pen and a sweet sheet of paper, and began to compose a poem.

"What shall it be about?" was naturally her first thought. "What should be a young mother's first inspiration?" Her child lay on the sofa asleep, before her; and she began in her neatest hand—

LINES

ON MY SON, BUNGAY DE BRACY GASHLEIGH TYMMYNS, AGED TEN MONTHS.

Tuesday.

"How beautiful! how beautiful thou seemest,
My boy, my precious one, my rosy babe!
Kind angels hover round thee, as thou dreamest:
Soft lashes hide thy beauteous azure eye which gleamest."

"Gleamest? thine eye which gleamest? Is that grammar?" thought Rosa, who had puzzled her little brains for some time with this absurd question, when baby woke; then the cook came up to ask about dinner; then Mrs. Fundy slipped over from No. 27, (they are opposite neighbours, and made an acquaintance through Mrs. Fundy's macaw): and a thousand things happened. Finally, there was no rhyme to babe except Tippo Saib (against whom Major Gashleigh, Rosa's grandfather, had distinguished himself,) and so she gave up the little poem about her De Bracy.

Nevertheless, when Fitzroy returned from Chambers to take a walk with his wife in the Park, as he peeped through the rich tapestry hanging which divided the two drawing-rooms, he found his dear girl still seated at the desk, and writing, writing away with her ruby pen as fast as it could scribble.

"What a genius that child has!" he said; "why, she is a second Mrs. Norron!" and advanced smiling to peep over her shoulder and see what pretty thing Rosa was composing.

It was not poetry, though, that she was writing, and Friz read as follows:—

" Lilliput Street, Tuesday, 22d May.

- "Mr. and Mrs. Fitzroy Tymmyns request the pleasure of Sir Thomas and Lady Kicklebury's company at dinner on Wednesday, at 7½ o'clock."
- "My dear!" exclaimed the barrister, pulling a long face.
- "Law, Fitzrov!" cried the beloved of his bosom, "how you do startle one!"
 - "Give a dinner party with our means!' said he.
- "Ain't you making a fortune, you miser?" Rosa said. "Fifteen guineas a day is four thousand five hundred a year; I've calculated it." And, so saying, she rose, and taking hold of his whiskers, (which are as fine as those of any man of his circuit,) she put her mouth close up against his, and did something to his long face, which quite changed the expression of it: and which the little page heard outside the door.
 - "Our dining-room won't hold ten," he said.
- "We'll only ask twenty, my love; ten are sure to refuse in this season, when everybody is giving parties. Look, here is the list."
- "EARL AND COUNTESS OF BUNGAY, and LADY BAR-BARA SAINT MARY'S."
- "You are dying to get a Lord into the house," Trumins said (he has not altered his name in Fig-tree Court yet, and therefore I am not so affected as to call him *Tymmyns*.) "Law, my dear, they are our cousins, and must be asked." Rosa said.
- "Let us put down my sister and Tom Crowder, then."

247

"BLANCHE CROWDER is really so very fat, FITZROY," his wife said, "and our rooms are so very small."

FITZ laughed. "You little rogue," he said, "LADY BUNGAY weighs two of BLANCHE, even when she's not in the f----"

"Fiddlestick!" Rosa cried out. "Doctor Crow-DER really cannot be admitted; he makes such a noise eating his soup, that it is really quite disagreeable;" and she imitated the gurgling noise performed by the Doctor while inhausting his soup, in such a funny way, that Frzz saw inviting him was out of the question.

"Besides, we mustn't have too many relations," Rosa went on. "Mamma, of course, is coming. She doesn't like to be asked in the evening; and she'll bring her silver bread-basket, and her candlesticks, which are very rich and handsome."

"And you complain of Blanche for being too stout!" groaned out Timmins.

"Well, well, don't be in a pet," said little Rosa.

"The girls won't come to dinner; but will bring their music afterwards." And she went on with the list.

"Sir Thomas and Lady Kicklebury, 2. No saying no: we must ask them, Charles. They are rich people, and any room in their house in Brobdingnag Gardens would swallow up our humble cot. But to people in our position in society, they will be glad enough to come. The City people are glad to mix with the old families."

"Very good," said Friz, with a sad face of assent—and Mrs. Timmins went on reading her list.

Mr. and Mrs. Topham Sawyer, Belgravine Place."

"Mrs. Sawyer hasn't asked you all the season. She gives herself the airs of an Empress; and when"—

"One's Member, you know, my dear, one must have," Rosa replied, with much dignity; as if the presence of the representative of her native place would be a protection to her dinner; and a note was written and transported by the page early next morning to the mansion of the Sawyers, in Belgravine Place.

The TOPHAM SAWYERS had just come down to breakfast. Mrs. T. in her large dust-coloured morning dress and Madonna front (she looks rather scraggy of a morning, but I promise you her ringlets and figure will stun you of an evening); and having read the note, the following dialogue passed:—

Mrs. Topham Sawyer. "Well, upon my word, I don't know where things will end. Mr. Sawyer, the Timmings have asked us to dinner."

Mr. Topham Sawyer. "Ask us to dinner! What d— impudence!"

Mrs. Topham Sawyer. "The most dangerous and insolent revolutionary principles are abroad, Mr. Sawyer; and I shall write and hint as much to these persons."

Mr. Topham Sawyer. "No, d—it, Joanna, they are my constituents, and we must go. Write a civil note, and say we will come to their party." (He resumes the perusal of the "Times," and Mrs. Topham Sawyer writes)—

"My DEAR ROSA,

"We shall have great pleasure in joining your little party. I do not reply in the third person,

as we are old friends, you know, and country neighbours. I hope your mamma is well: present my kindest remembrances to her, and I hope we shall see much MORE of each other in the summer, when we go down to the Sawpits (for going abroad is out of the question in these dreadful times). With a hundred kisses to your dear little pet,

"Believe me your attached

"J. T. S."

She said *Pet*, because she did not know whether Rosa's child was a girl or boy: and Mrs. Timmins was very much pleased with the kind and gracious nature of the reply to her invitation.

II.

The next persons whom little Mrs. Timmins was bent upon asking, were Mr. and Mrs. John Rowdy, of the firm of Stumpy, Rowdy, and Co., of Brobdingnag Gardens, of the Prairie, Putney, and of Lombard Street, City.

MRS. TIMMINS and MRS. ROWDY had been brought up at the same school together, and there was always a little rivalry between them, from the day when they contended for the French prize at school, to last week, when each had a stall at the Fancy Fair for the benefit of the Daughters of Decayed Muffin-Men; and when MRS. TIMMINS danced against MRS. RowDY in the Scythe Mazurka at the Polish Ball, headed by MRS. HUGH SLASHER. ROWDY took twenty-three pounds more than TIMMINS in the Muffin transaction (for she

had possession of a kettle-holder worked by the hands of R—y—lty, which brought crowds to her stall); but in the Mazourk Rosa conquered; she has the prettiest little foot possible (which in a red boot and silver heel looked so lovely that even the Chinese Ambassador remarked it), whereas Mrs. Rowdy's foot is no trifle, as LORD CORNBURY acknowledged when it came down on his Lordship's boot tip as they danced together amongst the Scythes.

"Those people are ruining themselves," said Mrs. John Rowdy to her husband, on receiving the pink note. It was carried round by that rogue of a buttony page in the evening, and he walked to Brobdingnag Gardens and in the Park afterwards, with a young lady who is kitchen-maid at 27, and who is not more than fourteen years older than little Buttons.

"Those people are ruining themselves," said Mrs. John to her husband. "Rosa says she has asked the Bungays."

"Bungays, indeed! Timmins was always a tufthunter," said Rowdy, who had been at college with the barrister, and who, for his own part, has no more objection to a Lord than you or I have; and adding, "Hang him, what business has he to be giving parties?" allowed Mrs. Rowdy, nevertheless, to accept Rosa's invitation.

"When I go to business to-morrow, I will just have a look at Mr. Firz's account," Mr. Rowdy thought, and if it is overdrawn, as it usually is, why".

brougham here put an end to this disagreeable train of thought, and the banker and his lady stepped into it to

join a snug little family party of two-and-twenty, given by Mr. and Mrs. SECONDCHOP, at their great house on the other side of the Park.

- "Rowdys 2, Bungays 3, ourselves and mamma 3, 2 Sawyers," calculated little Rosa.
- "General Gulpin," Rosa continued, "ents a great deal, and is very stupid, but he looks well at a table, with his star and ribbon; let us put him down!" and she noted down "Sir Thomas and Lady Gulpin, 2. Lord Castlenoodle, 1."
- "You will make your party abominably genteel and stupid," groaned Timmins. "Why don't you ask some of our old friends? Old Mrs. Portman has asked us twenty times, I am sure, within the last two years."
- "And the last time we went there, there was peasoup for dinner!" Mrs. Timmins said, with a look of ineffable scorn.
- "Nobody can have been kinder than the Hodges have always been to us; and some sort of return we might make, I think."
- "Return, indeed! A pretty sound it is on the staircase to hear Mr. and Mrs. Odge and the Miss Odges, pronounced by Billiter, who always leaves his h's out. No, no; see attornies at your Chambers, my dear—but what could the poor creatures do in our society?" And so, one by one, Timmins's old friends were tried and eliminated by Mrs. Timmins, just as if she had been an Irish Attorney-General, and they so many Catholics on Mr. MITCHELL'S Jury.

MRS. FITZROY insisted that the party should be of her very best company. FUNNYMAN, the Great Wit, was asked because of his jokes; and Mrs. Butt, on whom he practises; and Potter, who is asked because everybody else asks him; and Mr. Ranville Ranville of the Foreign Office, who might give some news of the Spanish squabble; and Botherby, who has suddenly sprung up into note because he is intimate with the French Revolution, and visits Ledru-Rollin and Lamartine. And these, with a couple more who are amis de la maison, made up the twenty, whom Mrs. Timmins thought she might safely invite to her little dinner.

But the deuce of it was, that when the answers to the invitations came back, everybody accepted! Here was a pretty quandary. How they were to get twenty into their dining-room, was a calculation which poor TIMMINS could not solve at all; and he paced up and down the little room in dismay.

"Pooh!" said Rosa with a laugh; "your sister Blanche looked very well in one of my dresses, last year; and you know how stout she is. We will find some means to accommodate them all, depend upon it."

MRS. JOHN ROWDY'S note to dear ROSA, accepting the latter's invitation, was a very gracious and kind one: and MRS. Firz showed it to her husbaud when he came back from Chambers. But there was another note which had arrived for him by this time from MR. ROWDY—or rather from the firm: and to the effect that MR. F. TIMMINS had overdrawn his account £62 18s. 6d., and was requested to pay that sum to his obedient servants, STUMPY, ROWDY, and Co.

And TIMMINS did not like to tell his wife that the contending parties in the Lough Neagh and Lough Corrib Railroad had come to a settlement, and that the fifteen guineas a day had consequently determined. "I have had seven days of it, though," he thought; "and that will be enough to pay for the desk, the dinner, and the glasses, and make all right with STUMPY AND ROWDY."

TIT.

THE cards for dinner having been issued, it became the duty of Mrs. Timmins to make further arrangements respecting the invitations to the tea-party which was to follow the more substantial meal.

These arrangements are difficult, as any lady knows who is in the habit of entertaining her friends. There are—

People who are offended if you ask them to tea whilst others have been asked to dinner—

People who are offended if you ask them to tea at all; and cry out furiously, "Good Heavens! Jane, my love, why do these Timminses suppose that I am to leave my dinner-table to attend their —— soirée?" (the dear reader may fill up the —— to any strength, according to his liking)—or, "Upon my word, William, my dear, it is too much to ask us to pay twelve shillings for a Brougham, and to spend I don't know how much in gloves, just to make our curtsies in Mrs. Timmins's little drawing-room." Mrs. Moser made the latter remark about the Timmins affair, while the former was uttered by Mr. Grumpley, Barrister-at-Law, to his lady, in Gloucester-Place.

That there are people who are offended if you don't ask them at all, is a point which I suppose nobody will question. TIMMINS'S earliest friend in life was SIMMINS, whose wife and family have taken a cottage at Mortlake for the season.

"We can't ask them to come out of the country," Rosa said to her Fitzroy—(between ourselves, she was delighted that Mrs. Simmins was out of the way, and was as jealous of her as every well-regulated woman should be of her husband's female friends)—we can't ask them to come so far for the evening."

"Why no, certainly," said FITZROY, who has himself no very great opinion of a tea-party; and so the SIM-MINSES were cut out of the list.

And what was the consequence? The consequence was, that Simmins and Timmins cut when they meet at Westminster; that Mrs. Simmins sent back all the books which she had borrowed from Rosa, with a withering note of thanks; that Rosa goes about saying that Mrs. Simmins squints; that Mrs. S., on her side, declares that Rosa is crooked, and behaved shamefully to Captain Hicks, in marrying Fitzrov over him, though she was forced to do it by her mother, and prefers the Captain to her husband to this day. If, in a word, these two men could be made to fight, I believe their wives would not be displeased; and the reason of all this misery, rage, and dissension, lies in a poor little two-penny dinner-party in Lilliput Street.

Well, the guests, both for before and after meat, having been asked—old Mrs. Gashleigh, Rosa's mother—(and, by consequence, Fitzror's dear mother-in-law, though I promise you that "dear" is particularly sar-

castic)—Mrs. Gashleigh of course was sent for, and came with Miss Eliza Gashleigh, who plays on the guitar, and Emily, who limps a little, but plays sweetly on the concertina. They live close by—trust them for that. Your mother-in-law is always within hearing, thank our stars for the attentions of the dear woman. The Gashleighs, I say, live close by, and came early on the morning after Rosa's notes had been issued for the dinner.

When Firzroy, who was in his little study, which opens into the little dining-room—one of those absurd little rooms that ought to be called a Gentleman's Pantry, and is scarcely bigger than a shower-bath, or a state cabin in a ship-when Fitzroy heard his mother-inlaw's knock, and her well-known scuffling and chattering in the passage, in which she squeezed up young But-TONS, the page, while she put questions to him regarding baby, and the cook's health, and whether she had taken what Mrs. Gashleigh had sent over night, and the housemaid's health, and whether Mr. Timmins had gone to Chambers or not ! and when, after this preliminary chatter, Burrons flung open the door, announcing-"Mrs. Gashleigh and the young ladies," Fitzroy laid down his Times newspaper with an expression that had best not be printed in a Journal which young people read, and took his hat and walked away.

MRS. GASHLEIGH has never liked him since he left off calling her Mamma, and kissing her. But he said he could not stand it any longer—he was hanged if he would. So he went away to Chambers, leaving the field clear to Rosa, Mamma, and the two dear girls.

-Or to one of them, rather; for before leaving the

house, he thought he would have a look at little Firz-ROY up-stairs in the Nursery, and he found the child in the hands of his maternal aunt ELIZA, who was holding him and pinching him as if he had been her guitar, I suppose; so that the little fellow bawled pitifully—and his father finally quitted the premises.

No sooner was he gone, and although the party was still a fortnight off, yet the women pounced upon his little Study, and began to put it in order. Some of his papers they pushed up over the bookcase, some they put behind the Encyclopædia, some they crammed into the drawers, where Mrs. Gashleigh found three cigars, which she pocketed, and some letters, over which she cast her eye; and by Frzz's return they had the room as neat as possible, and the best glass and dessert-service mustered on the study-table.

It was a very neat and handsome service, as you may be sure Mrs. Gashleigh thought, whose rich uncle had purchased it for the young couple, at Spode and Copeland's; but it was only for twelve persons.

It was agreed that it would be, in all respects, cheaper and better to purchase a dozen more dessert plates; and with "my silver basket in the centre," Mrs. G. said (she is always bragging about that confounded bread-basket), "we need not have any extra china dishes, and the table will look very pretty."

On making a roll-call of the glass, it was calculated that at least a dozen or so tumblers, four or five dozen wines, eight water-bottles, and a proper quantity of ice-plates, were requisite; and that, as they would always be useful, it would be best to purchase the articles immediately. Firz tumbled over the basket containing them, which stood in the hall, as he came in from Cham-

bers, and over the boy who had brought them—and the little bill.

The women had had a long debate, and something like a quarrel, it must be owned, over the bill of fare. Mrs. Gashleigh, who had lived a great part of her life in Devonshire, and kept house in great state there, was famous for making some dishes, without which, she thought, no dinner could be perfect. When she proposed her mock-turtle, and stewed pigeons, and gooseberry-cream, Rosa turned up her nose—a pretty little nose it was, by the way, and with a natural turn in that direction.

"Mock-turtle in June, mamma!" she said.

"It was good enough for your grandfather, Rosa," the mamma replied; "it was good enough for the Lord High Admiral, when he was at Plymouth; it was good enough for the first men in the county, and relished by LORD FORTYSKEWER and LORD ROLLS; SIR LAWRENCE PORKER ate twice of it after Exeter Races; and I think it might be good enough for"——

"I will not have it, mamma!" said Rosa, with a stamp of her foot—and Mrs. Gashleigh knew what resolution there was in that; once, when she had tried to physic the baby, there had been a similar fight between them.

So Mrs. Gashleigh made out a carte, in which the soup was left with a dash—a melancholy vacuum; and in which the pigeons were certainly thrust in among the entrées; but Rosa determined they never should make an entrée at all into her dinner-party, but that she would have the dinner her own way.

When Firz returned, then, and after he had paid the little bill of £6 14s. 6d. for the glass, Rosa flew to him

with her sweetest smiles, and the baby in her arms. And after she had made him remark how the child grew every day more and more like him, and after she had treated him to a number of compliments and caresses, which it were positively fulsome to exhibit in public, and after she had soothed him into good humour by her artless tenderness, she began to speak to him about some little points which she had at heart.

She pointed out with a sigh how shabby the old curtains looked since the dear new glasses which her darling Frrz had given her had been put up in the drawing-room. Muslin curtains cost nothing, and she must and would have them.

The muslin curtains were accorded. She and Fitz went and bought them at Shoolbred's, when you may be sure she treated herself likewise to a neat, sweet, pretty half-mourning (for the Court, you know, is in mourning)—a neat sweet barège, or calimanco, or bombazine, or tiffany, or some such thing; but Madame Camille of Regent Street made it up, and Rosa looked like an angel in it on the night of her little dinner.

"And my sweet," she continued, after the curtains had been given in, "Mamma and I have been talking about the dinner. She wants to make it very expensive, which I cannot allow. I have been thinking of a delightful and economical plan, and you, my sweetest Frrz, must put it into execution."

"I have cooked a mutton-chop, when I was in Chambers," Firz said, with a laugh. "Am I to put on a cap and an apron?"

"No; but you are to go to the Megatherium Club (where, you wretch, you are always going without my leave), and you are to beg Monsieur Mirobolant, your

famous cook, to send you one of his best aides de-camp, as I know he will, and with his aid we can dress the dinner and the confectionery at home for almost nothing, and we can show those purse-proud TOPHAM SAWYERS and Rowdys that the humble cottage can furnish forth an elegant entertainment as well as the gilded halls of wealth."

Firz agreed to speak to Monsieur Mirobolant. If Rosa had had a fancy for the cook of the Prime Minister, I believe the deluded creature of a husband would have asked Lord John for the loan of him.

IV.

FITZROY TIMMINS, whose taste for wine is remarkable for so young a man, is a member of the Committee of the Megatherium Club, and the great Mirobolant, good-natured as all great men are, was only too happy to oblige him. A young friend and protégé of his, of considerable merit, M. CAVALCADOUR, happened to be disengaged through the lamented death of LORD HAUNCHER, with whom young CAVALCADOUR had made his débût as an artist. He had nothing to refuse to his master, MIROBOLANT, and would impress himself to be useful to a gourme so distinguished as Monsieur Timmins. Firz went away as pleased as Punch with this encomium of the great MIROBOLANT, and was one of those who voted against the decreasing of Mirobo-LANT'S salary, when the measure was proposed by Mr. Parings, Colonel Close, and the Screw party in the Committee of the Club.

Faithful to the promise of his great master, the

youthful Cavalcadour called in Lilliput Street the next day. A rich crimson velvet waistcoat, with buttons of blue glass and gold, a variegated blue satin stock, over which a graceful mosaic chain hung in glittering folds, a white hat worn on one side of his long curling ringlets, redolent with the most delightful hair oil—one of those white hats which looks as if it had been just skinned—and a pair of gloves not exactly of the colour of beurre frais, but of beurre that has been up the chimney, with a natty cane with a gilt knob, completed the upper part, at any rate, of the costume of the young fellow whom the page introduced to Mrs. Timmins.

Her mamma and she had been just having a dispute about the gooseberry cream when Cavalcadour arrived. His presence silenced Mrs. Gashleigh; and Rosa, in carrying on a conversation with him in the French language, which she had acquired perfectly in an elegant finishing establishment in Kensington Square, had a great advantage over her mother, who could only pursue the dialogue with very much difficulty, eyeing one or other interlocutor with an alarmed and suspicious look, and gasping out "We" whenever she thought a proper opportunity arose for the use of that affirmative.

- "I have two leetl menus weez me," said CAVALCA-DOUR to MRS. GASHLEIGH.
 - "Minews—yes O indeed," answered the lady.
 - "Two little cartes."
- "O two carts! O we," she said—"coming, I suppose;" and she looked out of the window to see if they were there.

CAVALCADOUR smiled; he produced from a pocket book a pink paper and a blue paper, on which he had written two bills of fare, the last two which he had composed for the lamented HAUNCHER, and he handed these over to Mrs. Fitzroy.

The poor little woman was dreadfully puzzled with these documents, (she has them in her possession still,) and began to read from the pink one as follows:—

"DINER POUR 16 PERSONNES.

Potage (clair) à la Rigodon. Do. à la Prince de Tombuctou.

Deux Poissons.

Saumon de Severne, a la Boadicée. Rougets Gratinés à la Cléopâtre.

Deux Relevés. Le Chapeau-a-trois-cornes farci à la Robespierre. Le Tire-botte à l'Odalisque.

Six Entrées,
Sauté de Hannetons à l'Epingilère.
Cotelettes à la Megatherium.
Bourrasque de Veau à la Palsambleu.
Laitances de Carpe en goguette à la Reine Pomaré.
Turban de Volaille à l'Archévêque de Cantorbéry."

And so on with the entremets, and hors d'œuvre, and the rotis, and the relevés.

- "Madame will see that the dinners are quite simple," said M. CAVALCADOUR.
 - "O quite!" said Rosa, dreadfully puzzled.
 - "Which would Madame like?"
- "Which would we like, Mamma?" Rosa asked; adding, as if after a little thought, "I think, Sir, we should prefer the blue one." At which Mrs. Gashleigh nodded as knowingly as she could; though, pink

or blue, I defy anybody to know what these cooks mean by their jargon.

"If you please, Madam, we will go down below and examine the scene of operations," Monsieur Cavalcadour said; and so he was marshalled down the stairs to the kitchen, which he didn't like to name, and appeared before the Cook in all his splendour.

He cast a rapid glance round the premises, and a smile of something like contempt lighted up his features. "Will you bring pen and ink, if you please, and I will write down a few of the articles which will be necessary for us? We shall require, if you please, eight more stew-pans, a couple of braising pans, eight sauté pans, six bain-marie pans, a freezing-pot with accessories, and a few more articles of which I will inscribe the names;" and Mr. Cavalcadour did so, dashing down, with the rapidity of genius, a tremendous list of ironmongery goods, which he handed over to Mrs. Timmins. She and her mamma were quite frightened by the awful catalogue.

"I will call three days hence and superintend the progress of matters; and we will make the stock for the soup the day before the dinner."

"Don't you think, Sir," here interposed Mrs. Gashleigh, "that one soup—a fine rich mock-turtle, such as I have seen in the best houses in the West of England, and such as the late Lord Fortyskewer—"

"You will get what is wanted for the soups, if you please," MR. CAVALCADOUR continued, not heeding this interruption, and as bold as a captain on his own quarter-deck; "for the stock of clear soup, you will get a leg of beef, a leg of veal, and a ham."

- "We Munseer," said the cook, dropping a terrified curtsey. "A leg of beef, a leg of veal, and a ham."
- "You can't serve a leg of veal at a party," said Mrs. Gashleigh; "and a leg of beef is not a company dish."
- "Madam, they are to make the stock of the clear soup," Mr. CAVALGADOUR said.
- "What?" cried Mrs. Gashleigh; and the cook repeated his former expression.
- "Never, whilst I am in this house," cried out Mrs. Gashleigh indignantly; "never in a Christian English household; never shall such sinful waste be permitted by me. If you wish me to dine, Rosa, you must get a dinner less expensive. The RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD FORTYSKEWER could dine, Sir, without these wicked luxuries, and I presume my daughter's guests can."
- "Madame is perfectly at liberty to decide," said M. CAVALCADOUR. "I came to oblige Madame and my good friend MIROBOLANT, not myself."
- "Thank you, Sir, I think it will be too expensive,"
 Rosa stammered in a great flutter; "but I am very
 much obliged to you."
- "In 'y a point d' obligation, Madame," said Mon-SIEUR ALCIDE CAMILLE CAVALGADOUR in his most superb manner; and, making a splendid bow to the lady of the house, was respectfully conducted to the upper regions by little Burrons, leaving Rosa frightened, the cook amazed and silent, and Mrs. Gashleigh boiling with indignation against the dresser.

Up to that moment, Mrs. Blowser, the cook, who had come out of Devonshire with Mrs. Gashleigh (of course that lady garrisoned her daughter's house with

servants, and expected them to give her information of everything which took place there); up to that moment, I say, the cook had been quite contented with that subterraneous station which she occupied in life, and had a pride in keeping her kitchen neat, bright, and clean. It was, in her opinion, the comfortablest room in the house (we all thought so when we came down of a night to smoke there); and the handsomest kitchen in Lilliput Street.

But after the visit of CAVALCADOUR, the cook became quite discontented and uneasy in her mind. talked in a melancholy manner over the area railings to the cooks at twenty-three and twenty-five. stepped over the way, and conferred with the cook there. She made inquiries at the baker's and at other places about the kitchens in the great houses in Brobdingnag Gardens, and how many spits, bangmarry pans, and stoo pans they had. She thought she could not do with an occasional help, but must have a kitchenmaid. And she was often discovered by a gentleman of the police force, who was, I believe, her cousin, and occasionally visited her when Mrs. Gashleigh was not in the house or spying it;—she was discovered, seated with Mrs. Rundell in her lap, its leaves bespattered with her tears. "My Pease be gone, Pelisse," she said, "zins I zaw that ther Franchman:" and it was all the faithful fellow could do to console her.

"——the dinner," said TIMMINS, in a rage at last:

"having it cooked in the house is out of the question:
the bother of it: and the row your mother makes are
enough to drive one mad. It won't happen again, I
can promise you, ROSA—order it at FUESEY's at once.

You can have everything from Fubbr's—from footmen to saltspoons. Let's go and order it at Fubbr's." "Darling, if you don't mind the expense, and it will be any relief to you, let us do as you wish," Rosa said; and she put on her bonnet, and they went off to the grand cook and confectioner of the Brobdingnag quarter.

V.

On the arm of her Fitzrov, Rosa went off to Fubbry's, that magnificent shop at the corner of Parliament Place and Alycompayne Square,—a shop into which the rogue had often cast a glance of approbation as he passed; for there are not only the most wonderful and delicious cakes and confections in the window, but at the counter there are almost sure to be three or four of the prettiest women in the whole of this world, with little darling caps of the last French make, with beautiful wavy hair, and the neatest possible waists and aprons.

Yes, there they sit; and others, perhaps, besides Firz have cast a sheep's eye through those enormous plate-glass window panes. I suppose it is the fact of perpetually living amongst such a quantity of good things that makes those young ladies so beautiful. They come into the place, let us say, like ordinary people, and gradually grow handsomer and handsomer, until they blow out into the perfect angels you see. It can't be otherwise: if you and I, my dear fellow, were to have a course of that place, we should become beauti-

They live in an atmosphere of the most delicious pine-apples, blancmanges, creams, (some whipt, and some so good that of course they don't want whipping.) jellies, tipsy-cakes, cherry-brandy-one hundred thousand sweet and lovely things. Look at the preserved fruits, look at the golden ginger, the outspreading ananas, the darling little rogues of China oranges, ranged in the gleaming crystal cylinders. Mon Dieu! Look at the strawberries in the leaves. Each of them is as large nearly as a lady's reticule, and looks as if it had been brought up in a nursery to itself. One of those strawberries is a meal for those young ladies behind the counter; they nibble off a little from the side, and if they are very hungry, which can scarcely ever happen, they are allowed to go to the crystal canisters and take out a rout-cake or macaroon. In the evening they sit and tell each other little riddles out of the bonbons; and when they wish to amuse themselves, they read the most delightful remarks, in the French language, about Love, and Cupid, and Beauty, before they place them inside the crackers. They always are writing down good things into Mr. Fubsby's ledgers. It must be a perfect feast to read them. Talk of the Garden of Eden! I believe it was nothing to Mr. Fubs-By's house; and I have no doubt that after those young ladies have been there a certain time, they get to such a pitch of loveliness at last, that they become complete angels, with wings sprouting out of their lovely shoulders, when (after giving just a preparatory balance or two) they fly up to the counter and perch there for a minute, hop down again, and affectionately kiss the other young ladies, and say "Good bye, dears, we shall meet again la haut," and then with a whirr of their deliciously scented wings, away they fly for good, whisking over the trees of Brobdingnag Square, and up into the sky, as the policeman touches his hat.

It is up there that they invent the legends for the crackers, and the wonderful riddles and remarks on the bon-bons. No mortal, I am sure, could write them.

I never saw a man in such a state as FITZROY TIM-MINS in the presence of those ravishing houris. Mrs. FITZ having explained that they required a dinner for twenty persons, the young ladies asked what Mr. and Mrs. FITZ would like, and named a thousand things, each better than the other, to all of which FITZ instantly said yes. The wretch was in such a state of infatuation that I believe if that lady had proposed to him a fricaseed elephant, or a boa-constrictor in jelly, he would have said, "Oh yes, certainly; put it down."

That Peri wrote down in her album a list of things which it would make your mouth water to listen to. But she took it all quite calmly. Heaven bless you! They don't care about things that are no delicacies to them! But whatever she chose to write down, Firz-Roy let her.

After the dinner and dessert were ordered (at Fubsby's they furnish everything; dinner and dessert, plate and china, servants in your own livery, and if you please, guests of title too), the married couple retreated from that shop of wonders; Rosa delighted that the trouble of the dinner was all off their hands, but she was afraid it would be rather expensive.

"Nothing can be too expensive which pleases you, dear," Frzz said.

"By the way, one of those young women was rather good-looking," Rosa remarked; "the one in the cap with the blue ribbons." (And she cast about the shape of the cap in her mind, and determined to have exactly such another.)

"Think so? I didn't observe," said the miserable hypocrite by her side; and when he had seen Rosa home, he went back, like an infamous fiend, to order something else which he had forgotten, he said, at Fubsev's. Get out of that Paradise, you cowardly, creeping, vile serpent, you!

Until the day of the dinner, the infatuated fop was always going to Fubbris. He was remarked there. He used to go before he went to Chambers in the morning, and sometimes on his return from the Temple; but the morning was the time which he preferred; and one day, when he went on one of his eternal pretexts, and was chattering and flirting at the counter, a lady who had been reading yesterday's paper and eating a half-penny bun for an hour in the back shop (if that paradise may be called a shop)—a lady stepped forward, laid down the Morning Herald, and confronted him.

That lady was Mrs. Gashleigh. From that day the miserable Frizhov was in her power; and she resumed a sway over his house, to shake off which had been the object of his life, and the result of many battles. And for a mere freak—(for, on going into Fussev's a week afterwards he found the Peris drinking tea out of blue cups, and eating stale bread and butter, when his absurd passion instantly vanished)—I say, for a mere freak, the most intolerable burden of his

life was put on his shoulders again—his mother-in law.

On the day before the LITTLE DINNER took place—and I promise you we shall come to it in the very next chapter—a tall and elegant middle-aged gentleman, who might have passed for an Earl, but that there was a slight incompleteness about his hands and feet, the former being uncommonly red, and the latter large and irregular, was introduced to Mrs. Timmins by the page, who announced him as Mr. Truncheon.

"I'm Truncheon, Ma'am," he said, with a low bow.

"Indeed!" said Rosa.

"About the dinner, M'm, from Fubber's, M'm. As you have no butler, M'm, I presume you will wish me to act as sich. I shall bring two persons as haids to-morrow; both answers to the name of John. I'd best, if you please, inspect the primisis, and will think you to allow your young man to show me the pantry and kitching."

TRUNCHEON spoke in a low voice, and with the deepest, and most respectful melancholy. There is not much expression in his eyes, but from what there is, you would fancy that he was oppressed by a secret sorrow. Rosa trembled as she surveyed this gentleman's size, his splendid appearance, and gravity. "I am sure," she said, "I never shall dare to ask him to hand a glass of water." Even Mrs. Gashleigh, when she came on the morning of the actual dinner-party, to superintend matters, was cowed, and retreated from the kitchen before the calm majesty of Truncheon.

And yet that great man was, like all the truly great—affable.

He put aside his coat and waistcoat (both of evening cut, and looking prematurely splendid as he walked the streets in noon-day), and did not disdain to rub the glasses and polish the decanters, and to show young Buttons the proper mode of preparing these articles for a dinner. And while he operated, the maids, and Buttons, and Cook, when she could—and what had she but the vegetables to boil?—crowded round him, and listened with wonder as he talked of the great families as he had lived with. That man, as they saw him there before them, had been cab-boy to Lord TANTALLAN, Valet to the EARL of BAREACRES, and Groom of the Chambers to the Duchess Dowager. OF FITZBATTLEAKE. O, it was delightful to hear Mr. Truncheon!

VI.

On the great, momentous, stupendous day of the dinner, my beloved female reader may imagine that Fitzroy Timmins was sent about his business at an early hour in the morning, while the women began to make preparations to receive their guests. "There will be no need of your going to Fubshy's," Mrs. Gashleigh said to him, with a look that drove him out of doors. "Every thing that we require has been ordered there! You will please to be back here at 6 o'clock, and not sooner: and I presume you will acquiesce in my arrangements about the wine."

"O yes, mamma," said the prostrate son-in-law.

[&]quot;In so large a party—a party beyond some folks'

means—expensive wines are absurd. The light Sherry at 26s., the Champagne at 42s.; and you are not to go beyond 36s. for the Claret and Port after dinner. Mind, coffee will be served; and you come up stairs after two rounds of the Claret."

"Of course, of course," acquiesced the wretch: and hurried out of the house to his Chambers, and to discharge the commissions with which the womankind had intrusted him.

As for Mrs. Gashleigh, you might have heard her pawling over the house the whole day long. mirable woman was every where; in the kitchen, until the arrival of Truncheon, before whom she would not retreat without a battle; on the stairs; in Fitzroy's dressing-room; and in Fitzrov minor's nursery, to whom she gave a dose of her own composition, while the nurse was sent out on a pretext to make purchases of garnish for the dishes to be served for the Little As if the folks at Dinner. Garnish for the dishes! FUBSBY's could not garnish dishes better than GASH-LEIGH, with her stupid old-world devices of laurel leaves, parsley, and cut turnips! Why, there was not a dish served that day that was not covered over with skewers, on which troufles, crayfish, mushrooms, and forced-meat. were impaled. When old Gashleigh went down with her barbarian bunches of holly and greens to stick about the meats, even the cook saw their incongruity, and, at TRUNCHEON'S orders, flung the whole shrubbery into the dust-house, where, while poking about the premises, you may be sure Mrs. G. saw it.

Every candle which was to be burned that night (including the tallow candle, which she said was a good enough bed-light for FITZROY) she stuck into the candlesticks with her own hands, giving her own high-shouldered plated candlesticks of the year 1798 the place of honour. She upset all poor Rosa's floral arrangements, turning the nosegays from one vase into the other without any pity, and was never tired of beating, and pushing, and patting, and wapping the curtain and sofa draperies into shape in the little drawing-room.

In Frzz's own apartments she revelled with peculiar pleasure. It has been described how she had sacked his Study and pushed away his papers, some of which, including three cigars, and the commencement of an article for the Law Magazine, "Lives of the Sheriff's Officers," he has never been able to find to this day. Mamma now went into the little room in the back regions, which is Firz's dressing-room, (and was destined to be a cloak-room,) and here she rummaged to her heart's delight.

In an incredibly short space of time she examined all his outlying pockets, drawers, and letters; she inspected his socks and handkerchiefs in the top drawers; and on the dressing-table, his razors, shaving-strop, and hair-oil. She carried off his silver-topped scent-bottle out of his dressing-case, and a half-dozen of his favourite pills (which Frzz possesses in common with every well-regulated man), and probably administered them to her own family. His boots, glossy pumps, and slippers, she pushed into the shower-bath, where the poor fellow stepped into them the next morning, in the midst of a pool in which they were lying. The baby was found sucking his boot-hooks the next day in the nursery

and as for the bottle of varnish for his shoes, (which he generally paints upon the trees himself, having a pretty taste in that way,) it could never be found to the present hour; but it was remarked that the young Master Gashleighs, when they came home for the holidays, always were lacquered highlows; and the reader may draw his conclusions from that fact.

In the course of the day all the servants gave Mrs. Timmins warning.

The cook said she coodn't abear it no longer, aving Mrs. G. always about her kitching, with her fingers in all the saucepans. Mrs. G. had got her the place, but she preferred one as Mrs. G. didn't get for her.

The nurse said she was come to nuss MASTER FITZ-ROY, and knew her duty; his grandmamma wasn't his nuss, and was always aggrawating her.—Missus must shoot herself elsewhere.

The housemaid gave utterance to the same sentiments in language more violent.

Little Burrons bounced up to his mistress, said he was butler of the family, Mrs. G. was always poking about his pantry, and dam if he'd stand it.

At every moment Rosa grew more and more bewildered. The baby howled a great deal during theday. His large china Christening-bowl was cracked by Mrs. Gashleigh altering the flowers in it, and pretending to be very cool, whilst her hands shook with rage.

"Pray go on, Mamma," Rosa said with tears in her eyes. "Should you like to break the Chandelier?"

"Ungrateful, unnatural child!" bellowed the other; "only that I know you couldn't do without me, I'd leave the house this minute." "As you wish," said Rosa; but Mrs. G. didn't wish: and in this juncture Truncheon arrived.

That officer surveyed the dining-room, laid the cloth there with admirable precision and neatness; ranged the plate on the sideboard with graceful accuracy, but objected to that old thing in the centre, as he called Mrs. Gashleigh's silver basket, as cumbrous and useless for the table, where they would want all the room they could get.

Order was not restored to the house, nor, indeed, any decent progress made, until this great man came: but where there was a revolt before, and a general disposition to strike work and to yell out defiance against Mrs. Gashleigh, who was sitting bewildered and furious in the drawing-room—where there was before commotion, at the appearance of the master-spirit, all was peace and unanimity: the cook went back to her pans, the housemaid busied herself with the china and glass, cleaning some articles and breaking others, Buttons sprang up and down the stairs, obedient to the orders of his chief, and all things went well and in their season.

At six, the man with the wine came from BINNEY AND LATHAM'S. At a quarter-past six, TIMMINS himself arrived.

At half-past six, he might have been heard shouting out for his varnished boots—but we know where those had been hidden—and for his dressing things; but Mrs. Gashleigh had put them away.

As in his vain inquiries for these articles he stood shouting, "Nurse! Buttons! Rosa, my dear!" and the most fearful execrations up and down the stairs, Mr. Truncheon came out on him.

- "Igscuse me, Sir," says he, "but it's impawsable. We can't dine twenty at that table—not if you set 'em out awinder, we can't."
- "What's to be done?" asked Fitzror, in an agony; "they've all said they'd come."
- "Can't do it," said the other; "with two top and bottom—and your table is as narrow as a bench—we can't hold more than heighteen, and then each person's helbows will be into his neighbour's cheer."
- "Rosa! Mrs. Gashleigh!" cried out Timmins, "come down and speak to this gent!—this—"
 - "TRUNCHEON, Sir," said the man.

The women descended from the drawing-room. "Look and see, ladies," he said, inducting them into the dining-room; "there's the room, there's the table laid for heighteen, and I defy you to squeege in more."

"One person in a party always fails," said Mrs. Gashleigh, getting alarmed.

"That's nineteen," Mr. Truncheon remarked; "we must knock another hoff, mam;" and he looked her hard in the face.

MRS. GASHLEIGH was very red and nervous, and paced, or rather squeezed round the table (it was as much as she could do)—the chairs could not be put any closer than they were. It was impossible, unless the convive sat as a centre-piece in the middle, to put another guest at that table.

"Look at that lady movin round, Sir. You see now the difficklty; if my men wasn't thinner, they couldn't hoperate at all," Mr. Truncheon observed, who seemed to have a spite to Mrs. Gashleigh.

"What is to be done?" she said, with purple accents.

"My dearerst Mamma," Rosa cried out, "you must stop at home—how sorry I am!" And she shot one glance at Fitzrox, who shot another at the great Truncheon, who held down his eyes. "We could manage with heighteen," he said mildly.

Mrs. Gashleigh gave a hideous laugh.

. . . .

She went away. At eight o'clock she was pacing at the corner of the street, and actually saw the company arrive. First came the Topham Sawyers in their light blue carriage, with the white hammer-cloth, and blue and white ribbons—their footmen drove the house down with the knocking.

Then followed the ponderous and snuff-coloured vehicle, with faded gilded wheels and brass Earl's coronets all over it, the conveyance of the House of Bungar. The Countess of Bungar and daughter stepped out of the carriage. The fourteenth Earl of Bungar couldn't come.

SIR THOMAS and LADY GULPIN'S fly made its appearance, from which issued the General with his star, and LADY GULPIN in yellow satin. The Rowdy's Brougham followed next; after which Mrs. Burr's handsome equipage drove up.

The two friends of the house, young gentlemen from the Temple, now arrived in cab No. 9996. We tossed up, in fact, which should pay the fare.

MR. RANVILLE RANVILLE walked, and was dusting his boots as the Templars drove up. Lord Castle-NODDY came out of a twopenny omnibus. Funnyman, the wag, came last, whirling up rapidly in a Hansom,

277

just as Mrs. Gashleigh, with rage in her heart, was counting that two people had failed, and that there were only seventeen after all.

MR. TRUNCHEON passed our names to MR. BILLITER, who bawled them out on the stairs. Rosa was smiling in a pink dress, and looking as fresh as an angel, and received her company with that grace which has always characterized her.

The moment of The DINNER arrived, old Lady Bungay scuffled off on the arm of Fitzroy, while the rear was brought up by Rosa and Lord Castlemouldy, of Ballyshanvanvoght Castle, Co. Tipperary. Some fellows who had the luck, took down ladies to dinner. I was not sorry to be out of the way of Mrs. Rowdy, with her dandyfied airs, or of that high and mighty County Princess, Mrs. Topham Sawyer.

VII.

Or course it does not become the present writer, who has partaken of the best entertainment which his friends could supply, to make fun of their (somewhat ostentatious, as it must be confessed) hospitality. If they gave a dinner beyond their means, it is no business of mine. I hate a man who goes and eats a friend's meat, and then blabs the secrets of the mahogany. Such a man deserves never to be asked to dinner again; and, though at the close of a London season that seems no great loss, and you sicken of a white-bait as you would of a whale—yet we must al-

ways remember that there's another sesson coming, and hold our tongues for the present.

As for describing, then, the mere victuals on Timmins's table, that would be absurd. Everybody—(I mean of the genteel world, of course, of which I make no doubt the reader is a polite ornament)—everybody has the same everything in London. You see the same coats, the same dinners, the same boiled fowls and mutton, the same cutlets, fish, and cucumbers, the same lumps of Wenham Lake ice, &c. The waiters, with white neck-cloths, are as like each other everywhere as the peas which they hand round with the ducks of the second course. Can't any one invent anything new?

The only difference between Timmins's dinner and his neighbour's was, that he had hired, as we have said, the greater part of the plate, and that his cowardly conscience magnified faults and disasters of which no one else probably took heed.

But Rosa thought, from the supercilious air with which Mrs. Topham Sawyer was eyeing the plate and other arrangements, that she was remarking the difference of the ciphers on the forks and spoons—(which had, in fact, been borrowed from every one of Fitzroy's friends—I know, for instance, that he had my six, among others, and only returned five, along with a battered, old, black-pronged, plated abomination, which I have no doubt belongs to Mrs. Gashleigh, whom I hereby request to send back mine in exchange)—their guilty consciences, I say, made them fancy that every one was spying out their domestic deficiencies; whereas, it is probable that nobody present thought of their

failings at all. People never do; they never see holes in their neighbours' coats—they are too indolent, simple, and charitable.

Some things, however, one could not help remark ing; for instance, though Firz is my closest friend, yet, could I avoid seeing and being amused by his perplexity and his dismal efforts to be facetious? His eye wandered all round the little room with quick uneasy glances, very different from those frank and jovial looks with which he is accustomed to welcome you to a leg of mutton; and Rosa, from the other end of the table, and over the flowers, entrée dishes, and wine-coolers, telegraphed him with signals of corresponding alarm. Poor devils! why did they ever go beyond that leg of mutton?

Funnyman was not brilliant in conversation, scarcely opening his mouth, except for the purposes of feasting. The fact is our friend Tom Dawson was at table, who knew all his stories, and in his presence the great wag is always silent and uneasy.

Firz has a very pretty wit of his own, and a good reputation on Circuit; but he is timid before great people. And indeed the presence of that awful Lady Bungay on his right hand, was enough to damp him. She was in Court-mourning (for the late Prince of Schlippen-schloppen). She had on a large black funereal turban and appurtenances, and a vast breast-plate of twinkling, twiddling, black bugles. No wonder a man could not be gay in talking to her.

MRS. ROWDY and MRS. TOPHAM SAWYER love each other as women do who have the same receiving nights, and ask the same society; they were only separated by

RANVILLE RANVILLE, who tries to be well with both: and they talked at each other across him.

TOPHAM and ROWDY growled out a conversation about Rum, Ireland, and the Navigation Laws, quite unfit for print. SAWYER never speaks three words without mentioning the House and the Speaker.

The Irish Peer said nothing (which was a comfort); but he ate and drank of everything which came in his way; and cut his usual absurd figure in dyed whiskers and a yellow under-waistcoat.

GENERAL GULFIN sported his star, and looked fat and florid, but melancholy. His wife ordered away his dinner, just like honest Sancho's physician at Bara taria.

BOTHERBY'S stories about LAMARTINE are as old as the hills, since the barricades of last month; and he could not get in a word or cut the slightest figure. And as for Tom Dawson, he was carrying on an un dertoned small talk with Lady Barbara St. Mary's, so that there was not much conversation worth record going on within the dining-room.

Outside, it was different. Those houses in Lilliput Street are so uncommonly compact, that you can hear everything which takes place all over the tenement; and so.

In the awful pauses of the banquet, and the hall-door being furthermore open, we had the benefit of hearing

The cook, and the occasional cook, below stairs, exchanging rapid phrases regarding the dinner;

The smash of the soup-tureen, and swift descent of the kitchen-maid and soup-ladle down the stairs to the lower regions. This accident created a laugh, and rather amused Fitzen and the company, and caused Funnyman to say, bowing to Rosa, that she was mistress of herself, though China fall. But she did not heed him, for at that moment another noise commenced, namely, that of

The baby in the upper rooms, who commenced a series of piercing yells, which, though stopped by the sudden clapping to of the nursery-door, were only more dreadful to the mother when suppressed. She would have given a guinea to go upstairs and have done with the whole entertainment.

A thundering knock came at the door very early after the dessert, and the poor soul took a speedy opportunity of summoning the ladies to depart, though you may be sure it was only old Mrs. Gashleigh, who had come with her daughters—of course the first person to come. I saw her red gown whisking up the stairs, which were covered with plates and dishes, overwhich she trampled.

Instead of having any quiet after the retreat of the ladies, the house was kept in a rattle, and the glasses jingled on the table, as the flymen and coachmen plied the knocker, and the soirée came in. From my place I could see everything; the guests as they arrived (I remarked very few carriages, mostly cabs and flies), and a little crowd of blackguard boys and children, who were formed round the door, and gave ironical cheers to the folks as they stepped out of their vehicles.

As for the evening party, if a crowd in the dogdays is pleasant, poor Mrs. Timmins certainly had a successful soirée. You could hardly move on the stair. MRS. STERNHOLD broke in the banisters, and nearly fell through. There was such a noise and chatter you could not hear the singing of the MISS GASHLEIGHS, which was no great loss. LADY BUNGAY could hardly get to her carriage, being entangled with Colonel Wedgewood in the passage. An absurd attempt was made to get up a dance of some kind, but before MRS. CROWDER, had got round the room, the hanging-lamp in the dining-room below was stove in, and fell with a crash on the table, now prepared for refreshment.

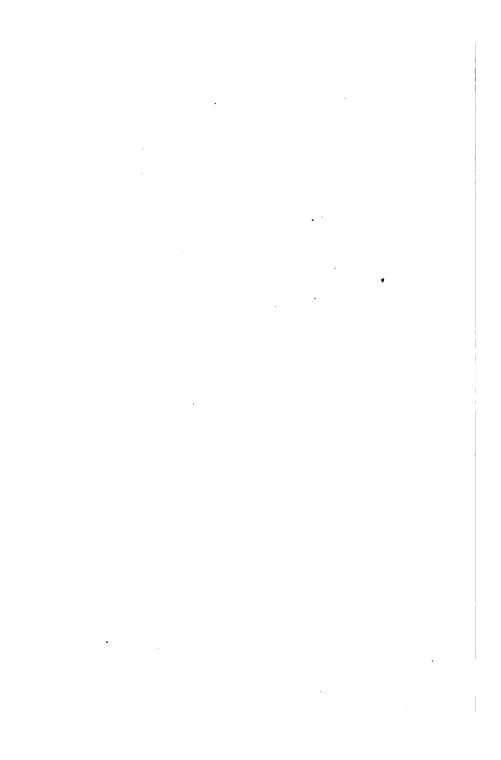
Why, in fact, did the Timminses give that party at all? It was quite beyond their means. They have offended a score of their old friends, and pleased none of their acquaintances. So angry were many who were not asked, that poor Rosa says she must now give a couple more parties and take in those not previously invited. And I know for a fact that Fubsby's bill is not yet paid; nor Binney and Latham's, the wine-merchants; that the breakage and hire of glass and china cost ever so much money; that every true friend of Timmins has cried out against his absurd extravagance, and that now, when every one is going out of town, Fitz has hardly money to pay his Circuit, much more to take Rosa to a watering-place, as he wished and promised.

As for Mrs. Gashleigh, the only feasible plan of economy which she can suggest, is that she should come and live with her daughter and son-in-law, and that they should keep house together. If he agrees to this, she has a little sum at the banker's, with which she would not mind easing his present difficulties; and the

poor wretch is so utterly bewildered and crest-fallen that it is very likely he will become her victim.

The Topham Sawyers, when they go down into the country, will represent Firz as a ruined man and reckless prodigal; his uncle, the attorney, from whom he has expectations, will most likely withdraw his business, and adopt some other member of his family—Blanch Crowder for instance, whose husband, the doctor, has had high words with poor Firzrov already, of course at the women's instigation—and all these accumulated miseries fall upon the unfortunate wretch because he was good-natured, and his wife would have a Little Dinner.

THE END.



POPULAR WORKS OF FICTION

PUBLISHED BY

D. APPLETON & CO.,

90, 92 & 94 Grand St., New York.

APPLETONS'

ILLUSTRATED LIBRARY OF ROMANCE.

In uniform octavo volumes,

Handsomely illustrated, and bound either in paper covers, or in muslin.

Price, in Paper, \$1.50; in Cloth, \$2.00.

- *.* In this series of Romances are included the famous novels of LOUISA MUHLBACH. Since the time when Sir Walter Scott produced so profound a sensation in the reading world, no historical novels have achieved a success so great as those from the pen of Miss MUHLBACH.
 - TOO STRANGE NOT TO BE TRUE. A Novel. By Lady Georgiana Fullerton.
 - THE CLEVER WOMAN OF THE FAMILY. By Miss Yonge, author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," "Heartsease," etc.
- 3. JOSEPH II. AND HIS COURT. By Louisa Muhlbach.
- 4. FREDERICK THE GREAT AND HIS COURT, By... Louisa Muhlbach.
- 5. BERLIN AND SANS-SOUCI; or, FREDERICK THE GREAT AND HIS FRIENDS. By Louisa Muhlbach.
- 6. THE MERCHANT OF BERLIN. By Louisa Muhlbach.
- FREDERICK THE GREAT AND HIS FAMILY. By Louisa Muhlbach.
- 8. HENRY VIII. AND CATHARINE PARR. By Louisa Muhlbach.
- LOUISA OF PRUSSIA AND HER TIMES. By Louisa Muhlbach.
- MARIE ANTOINETTE AND HER SON. By Louisa Muhlbach.

- 11. THE DAUGHTER OF AN EMPRESS. By Louise. Muhlbach.
- 12. NAPOLEON AND THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA. By Louisa Muhlbach.
- 13. THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE. By Louisa Muhlbach.
- 14. NAPOLEON AND BLUCHER. An Historical Romance. By Louisa Muhlbach.
- 15. COUNT MIRABEAU. An Historical Novel. By Theodor Mundt.
- 16. A STORMY LIFE. A Novel. By Lady Georgiana Fullerton, author of "Too Strange not to be True."
- 17. OLD FRITZ AND THE NEW ERA. By Louisa Muhlbach.
- 18. ANDREAS HOFER. By Louisa Muhlbach.
- 19. DORA. By Julia Kavanagh.
- 20. JOHN MILTON AND HIS TIMES. By Max Ring.
- 21. BEAUMARCHAIS. An Historical Tale. By A. R. Brachvogel.
- 22. GOETHE AND SCHILLER. By Louisa Muhlbach.
- 23. A CHAPLET OF PEARLS. By Miss Yonge.

Grace Aguilar.

Cloth. \$1.50.

MOTHER'S RECOMPENSE. 12mo. Cloth. \$1.50.

HOME SCENES AND HEART STUDIES. 12mo. Cloth. \$1.50.

HOME INFLUENCE. 12mo. | DAYS OF BRUCE. 2 vols., 12mo. Cloth. \$8.00.

R'MAMOW FRIENDSHIP. 12mo. Cloth. \$1.50.

WOMEN OF ISRAEL. 2 vols., 12mo. Cloth. \$8.00.

VALE OF CEDARS. Cloth. \$1.50.

"Grace Aguilar's works possess attractions which will always place them among the standard writings which no library can be without. 'Mother's Recompense' and 'Woman's Friendship' should be read by both young and old."

W. Arthur.

THE SUCCESSFUL MERCHANT. 1 vol., 19mo. Cloth. \$1.50.

J. B. Bouton.

ROUND THE BLOCK. A new American Novel. Illustrated. 1 vol., 12mo. Cloth. \$2.00.

"Unlike most novels that now appear, it has no 'mission,' the author being neither a politician nor a reformer, but a story-teller, according to the old pattern; and a capital story he has produced, written in the happiest style."

F. Caballero.

ELIA; or, Spain Fifty Years Ago. A Novel. 1 vol., 12mo. Cloth, \$1.75.

Mary Cowden Clarke.

THE IRON COUSIN. A Tale 1 vol., 12mo. Cloth. \$2.00.

"The story is too deeply interesting to allow the reader to lay it down till he has read it to the end."

Charles Dickens.

The Cheap Popular Edition of the Works of Chas.

Dickens. Clear type, handsomely printed, and of convenient size. 18 vols., 8vo. Paper.

Pages. Cts.	Pages. Cta
OLIVER TWIST17225	NICHOLAS NIC-
AMERICAN NOTES 10415	KLEBY34035
DOMBEY & SON35635	LITTLE DORRIT38035
MARTIN CHUZZLE-	PICKWICK PAPERS 32635
WIT342 .35	DAVID COPPER-
OUR MUTUAL	FIELD35135
FRIEND38035	BARNABY RUDGE 25730
CHRISTMAS STO-	OLD CURIOSITY
RIES16225	SHOP22180
TALE OF TWO CI-	SKETCHES19625
TIES14420	GREAT EXPECTA-
HARD TIMES, and	TIONS18425
ADDITIONAL	UNCOMMERCIAL
CHRISTMAS STO-	TRAVELLER,
RIES20025	PICTURES FROM
BLEAK HOUSE34035	ITALY, etc30035

THE COMPLETE POPULAR LIBRARY EDITION. Handsomely printed in good, clear type. Illustrated with 32 Engravings, and a Steel-plate Portrait of the Author. 6 vols., small 8vo. Cloth, extra. \$10.50.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND. With Illustrations by Marcus Stone. London edition. 2 vols., 12mo. Scarlet Cloth, \$5.00; Half Calf, \$9.

Mrs. Ellis.

HEARTS AND HOMES; or, Social Distinctions. A Story. 1 vol., 8vo. Cloth. \$2.50.

"There is a charm about this lady's productions that is extremely fascinating. For grace and ease of nurrative, she is unsurpassed; her fictions always breathe a healthy moral."

Margaret Field.

BERTHA PERCY; or, L'Esperance. 1 vol., 12mo. Cloth. \$1.50.

"A book of great power and fascination. In its pictures of home life, it reminds one of Fredrika Bremer's earlier and better novels, but it possesses much more than Fredrika Bremer's descriptive power."

Julia Kavanagh.

ADELE. A Tale. 1 thick vol. QUEEN MAB. 12mo. Cloth. 12mo. Cloth. \$2.00. \$2.00. BEATRICE. 12mo. Cloth. \$2.00. SEVEN YEARS, and Other DAISY BURNS. 12mo. Cloth. Tales. 12mo. Cloth. \$1.50. SYBIL'S SECOND LOVE. \$2.00. GRACE LEE Cloth. 12mo. Cloth. \$2.00. 12mo. **\$2.00.** WOMEN OF CHRISTIAN-MADELINE. 12mo. Cloth. ITY, Exemplary for Piety \$1.50. and Charity. 12mo. Cloth. NATHALIE. A Tale. 12mo. \$1.50. Cloth. \$2.00. DORA. Illustrated by Gaston Fay. RACHEL 12mo. 1 vol., Svo. Paper, \$1.50. Cloth. GRAY. \$2.00. Cloth. \$1.50.

"There is a quiet power in the writings of this gifted author, which is as far removed from the sensational school as any of the modern novels can be."

Margaret Lee.

DR. WILMER'S LOVE; or, A Question of Conscience. A Novel. 1 vol., 12mo. Cloth. \$2.00.

Olive Logan.

CHATEAU FRISSAC; or, Home Scenes in France. thoress of "Photographs of Paris Life." 1 vol., 12mo. Cloth. \$2.00.

Maria J. Macintosh.

AUNT KITTY'S TALES. | EVENINGS AT DONALD-12mo, Cloth, \$1.50.

CHARMS AND COUNTER 12mo. Cloth. CHARMS.

TWO PICTURES; or, How We See Ourselves, and How the World Sees Us. 1 vol., 12mo. Cloth. \$2.00.

SON MANOR. 1 vol., 12mo. Gloth. \$1.50.

TWO LIVES; or, To Seem and To Be. 12mo. \$1,50.

THE LOFTY AND LOWLY. 2 vols., 12mo. Cloth. \$8.00.

"Miss Macintosh is one of the best of the female writers of the day. Her stories are always full of lessons of truth, and purity, and goodness, of that serene and gentle wisdom which comes from no source so fitly as from a refined and Christian woman."

Alice B. Haven.

The COOPERS; or Getting | LOSS AND GAIN; or, Mar-Under Way. A Tale of Real Life. 1 vol., 12mo. Cloth. \$1.50.

garet's Home. 1 vol., 12mo. Cloth. \$1.50.

The lamented Cousin Alice, better known as the author of numerous juvenile works of a popular character, only wrote two works of fiction, which evidence that she could have met with equal success in that walk of literature. They both bear the impress of a mind whose purity of heart was proverbial.

Helen Modet.

LIGHT. A Novel. 1 vol., 12mo. Cloth. \$1.50.

Miss Warner.

THE HILLS OF THE SHA- MY BROTHER'S KEEPER. TEMUC. 1 vol., 12mo. Cloth. 1 vol., 12mo. Cloth, \$1.75. \$2,00.

Sarah A. Wentz.

SMILES AND FROWNS. A Novel. 1 vol., 12mo. Cloth. \$1.75.

Anonymous.

- COMETH UP AS A FLOWER. An Autobiography. 1 vol., 8vo. Paper covers. 60 cents.
- NOT WISELY, BUT TOO WELL. By the Author of "Cometh up as a Flower." 1 vol., 8vo. Paper covers. 60 cents.

The name of the author of the above is still buried in obscurity. The sensation which was created by the publication of "Cometh up as a Flower" remains unabated, as the daily increasing demand abundantly testifies. No work, since the appearance of "Jane Eyre," has met with greater success.

- LADY ALICE; or, The New Una. A Novel. New edition. Paper. 50 cents.
- MADGE; or, Night and Morning. A Novel. 1 vol., 12mo. Cloth. \$1.75.
- SHERBROOKE. By H. B. G., author of "Madge." 1 vol., 12mo. Cloth. \$2,00.
- MARY STAUNTON: or, The Pupils of Marvel Hall. By the Author of "Portraits of My Married Friends." 1 vol., 12mo. Cloth. \$1.75.
- MINISTRY OF LIFE. By the Author of "Ministering Children." Illustrated. 1 vol., 12mo. Cloth. \$2.00.
- THE VIRGINIA COMEDIANS; or, Old Days in the Old Dominion. 2 vols., 12mo. Cloth. \$3.00.
- WIFE'S STRATAGEM. A Story for Fireside and Wayside. By Aunt Fanny. Illustrated. 1 vol., 12mo. Cloth. \$1.50.

Captain Marryatt.

Marryatt's Popular Novels and Tales. A new and beautiful edition. 12 vols., 12mo. Cloth. \$21.

Or, separately:

PETER SIMPLE. 12mo. Cloth. MIDSHIPMAN EASY. 12mo. \$1.75. Cloth. \$1 75. JACOB FAITHFUL. 12mo. PACHA OF MANY TALES. 12mo. Cloth. \$1.75. Cloth. \$1.75. THE POACHER. 12mo. Cloth. 12mo. NAVAL OFFICER. Cloth. \$1.75. THE PHANTOM SHIP. 12mo. 12mo. Cloth. KING'S OWN. Cloth. \$1.75. **\$1.75.** JAPHET IN SEARCH OF A SNARLEYOW. 12mo. Cloth. FATHER. 19mo. Cloth. \$1,75. \$1.75. PERCIVAL KEENE. 12mo. Cloth. \$1.75. NEWTON FORSTER. 12mo. Cloth. \$1.75.

Fine edition, printed on tinted paper. 12 vols., large 12mo. Cloth, \$30.00; Half Calf, extra, \$54.00.

THE CHEAP POPULAR EDITION OF MARRYATT'S NOVELS. To be completed in 12 volumes. Printed from new stereotype plates, in clear type, on good paper. Price per volume, 40 cents.

"Capt. Marryatt is a classic among novel-writers. A better idea may be had of the sea, of ship-life, especially in the navy, from these enchanting books, than from any other source. They will continue to be read as long as the language exists."

Miss Jane Porter.

SCOTTISH CHIEFS. A Romance. New and handsome edition. With Engravings. 1 vol., large 8vo. Cloth. \$3.00; Half Calf, extra, \$5.50.

The great popularity of this novel has rendered it necessary to furnish this handsome edition in large, readable type, with appropriate embellishments, for the domestic library.

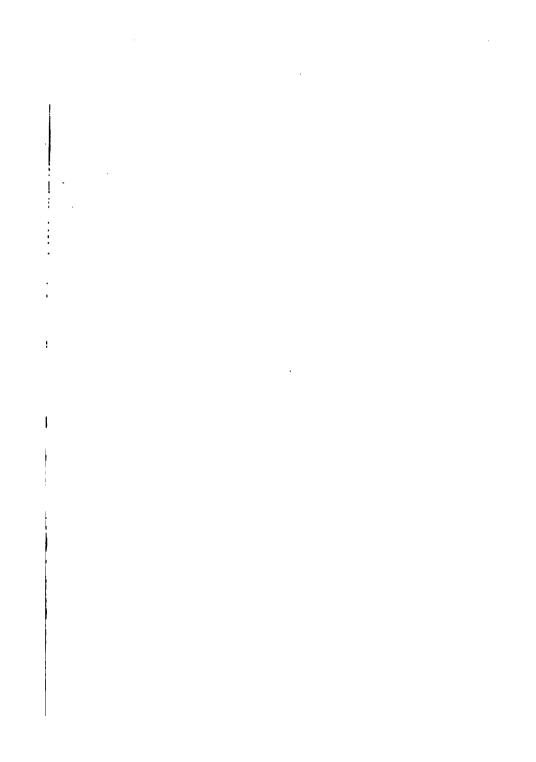
Sir Walter Scott.

WAVERLEY NOVELS. The Cheap Popular Edition of the Waverley Novels. To be completed in Twenty-five Volumes, from New Stereotype Plates, uniform with the New Edition of Dickens, containing all the Notes of the Author, and printed from the latest edition of the Authorized Text, on fine white paper, in clear type, and convenient in size. Each volume illustrated with a Frontispiece. Pronounced "A Miracle of Cheapness."

Order of Issue.

1. WAVERLEY25	15. PEVERIL OF THE
2. IVANHOE25	PEAK 25
3. KENILWORTH25	16. QUENTIN DUR-
4. GUY MANNERING25	WARD25
5. ANTIQUARY25	17. ST. RONAN'S WELL .25
6. ROB ROY25	18. REDGAUNTLET25
7. OLD MORTALITY25	19. THE BETROTHED,
8. THE BLACK DWARF,	and HIGHLAND WI-
and A LEGEND OF	DOW 25
MONTROSE 25	20. THE TALISMAN25
9. BRIDE OF LAMMER-	21. WOODSTOCK25
MOOR25	22. FAIR MAID OF
10. HEART OF MID-LO-	PERTH25
THIAN25	23. ANNE OF GEIER-
11. THE MONASTERY25	STEIN25
12. THE ABBOT25	24 COUNT ROBERT OF
13. THE PIRATE25	PARIS25
	25. THE SURGEON'S
GEL25	PAUGHTER25

The Complete Popular Library Edition of the Waverley Novels. Handsomely printed, in good clear type. Illustrated with numerous Engravings, and a Steel-plate Portrait of the Author. 6 vols., small 8vo. (Uniform with the "Popular Library Edition of Dickens.") Cloth, extra, \$10.50.



. 1

	•	
	•	
·	·	

This book should be returned to the Library on or before the last date stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred by retaining it beyond the specified time.

Please return promptly.

